Saturday Review

September 18, 1965 25¢

THE FAR LANDS GROW NEARER:
A SPECIAL TRAVEL SECTION ON
ASIA AND THE PACIFIC

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BERTA HAMILTON
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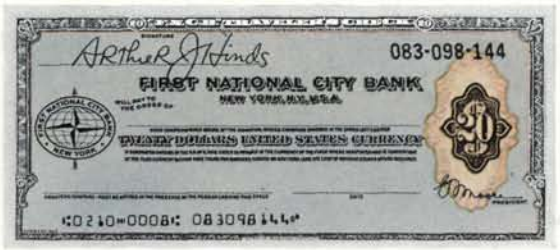
Are all travelers checks alike?



No indeed. And these tests show the reasons why you should use First National City Travelers Checks

These actual tests demonstrate some of the important benefits you get when you carry First National City Travelers Checks. Backed by the leader in world-wide banking, they're *readily available...immediately acceptable...refundable on-the-spot!* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points... principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Cost of this complete safety for your money? Just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.

Test No. 1—Refundability—in Cambridge, Mass.
Gordon P. Polley of New York burned $200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks to a crisp. He then called Western Union Operator 25 and was immediately directed to a nearby branch of the Harvard Trust Company. Result? He received a full refund... right on-the-spot.

Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Italy
Pennsylvanians Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin F. Sawin and Mr. & Mrs. Walter Bell stopped at the Villa d'Este on Lake Como... found First National City Travelers Checks the convenient way to pay.

Test No. 3—Availability—in San Salvador
Banco Salvadoreno officer José Daniel Castellanos (right) greets Mr. & Mrs. Mauricio Castro Aragon who buy First National City Travelers Checks here. They're quick and easy to buy at banks everywhere.

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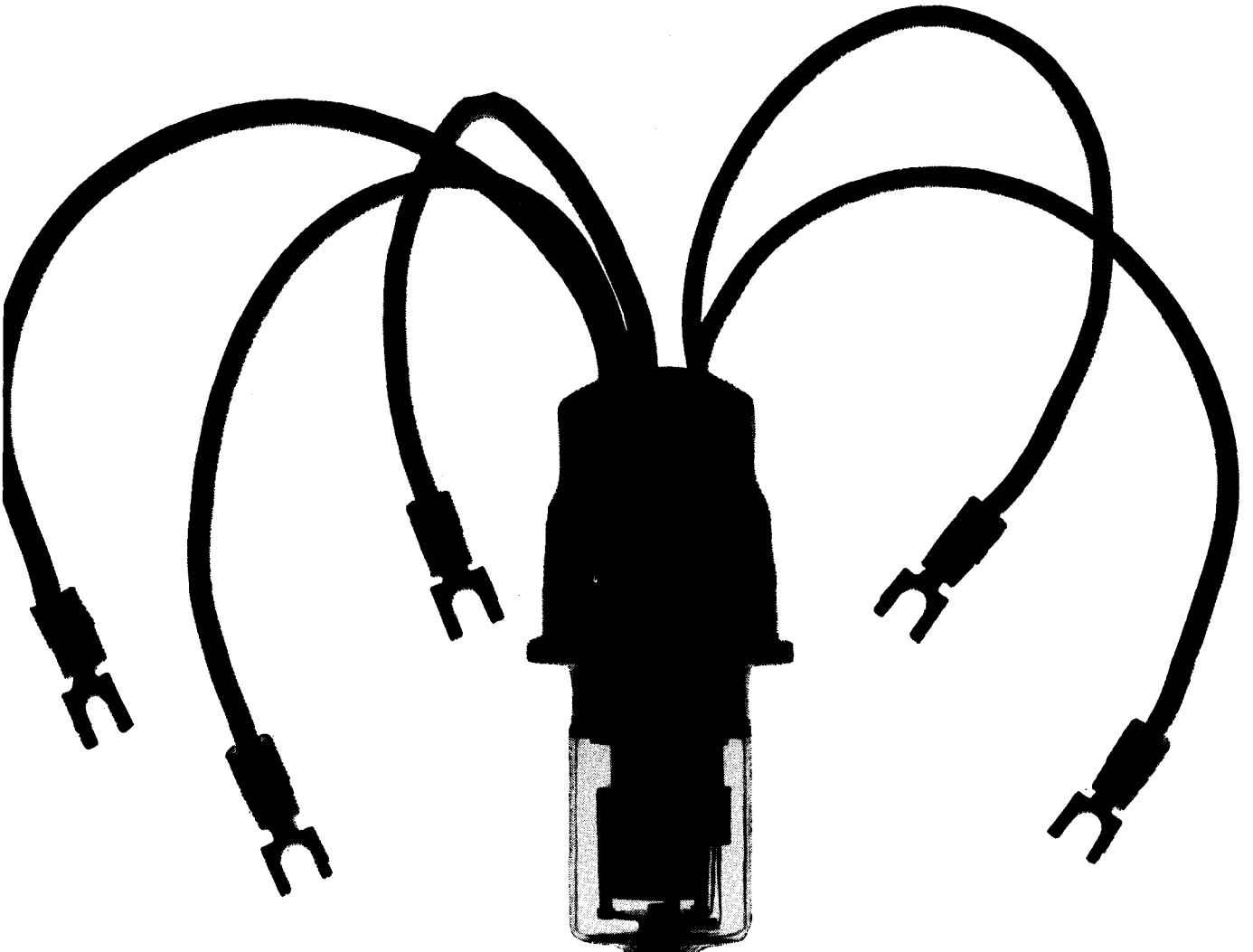

HOW DO YOU MAKE 11,000 VOICES JUMP 30 MILES?

Perhaps the first question to answer is: why?

For Western Electric and its Bell System teammates the answer is simple: Every day Americans make over 11 million long distance telephone calls. Most of these calls are sent part way by air—transformed into microwave signals, crossing the country in 30-mile leaps from tower to tower.

Naturally each tower must handle as many voice signals as possible. An essential element in each tower is the "travelling wave tube" shown here. It can amplify 11,000 voice signals at once, making them strong enough for a 30-mile jump.

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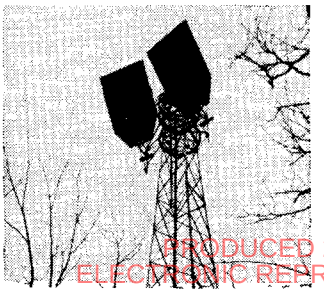

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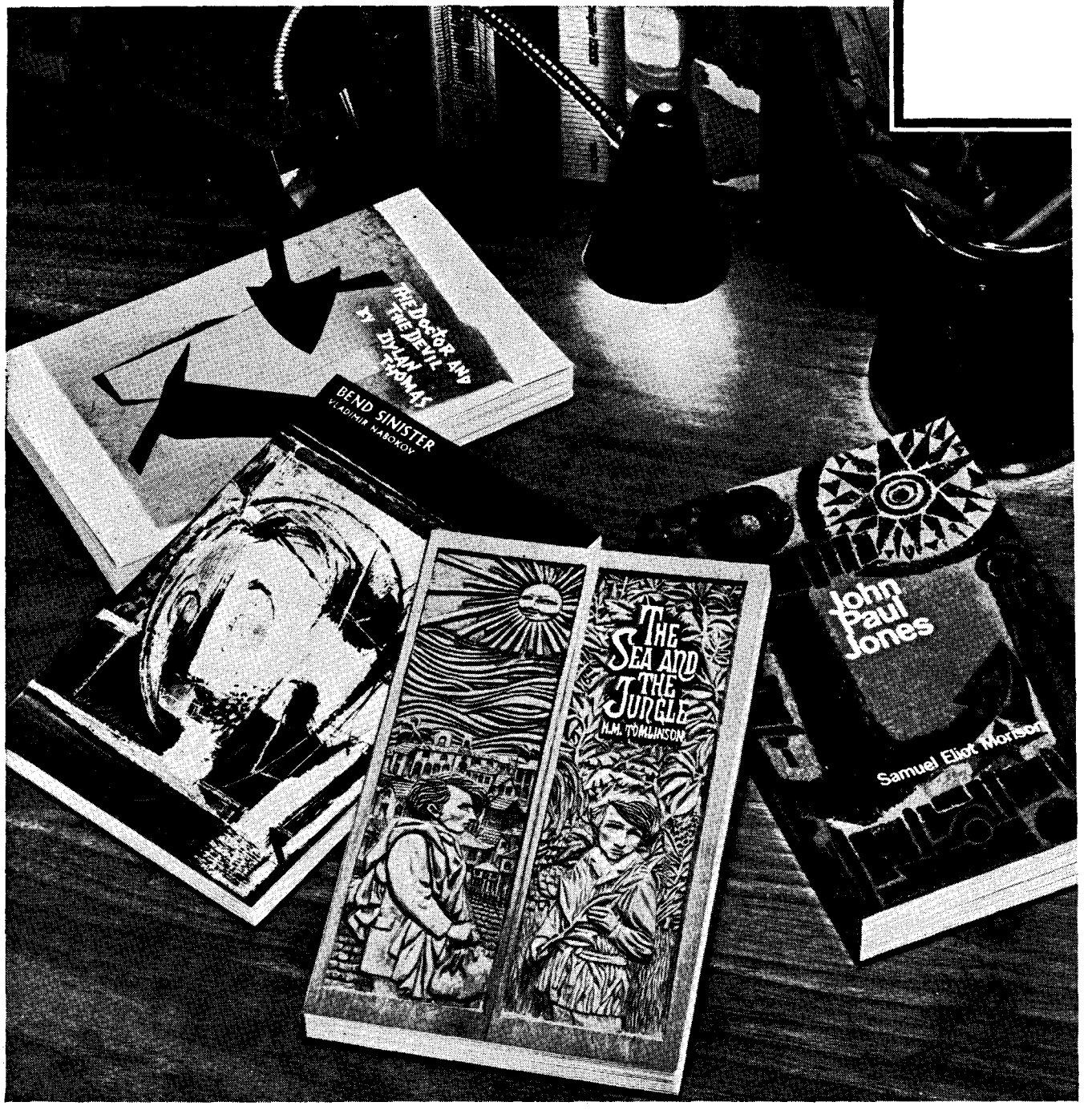
Of all the books ever written...

why have the Editors of TIME



BEND SINISTER
by Vladimir Nabokov

The author of **Lolita** brings the stiletto edge of his superb satirical gift to the story of a philosopher whose faith defied a dictator. With Nabokov's crackling style showing to even greater advantage, **Bend Sinister** dissects the machinery of tyranny much as **Lolita** did the morals of Mrs. Grundy.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS
by Dylan Thomas

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by Samuel Eliot Morison

John Paul Jones won the Pulitzer Prize for its salty portrait of America's first naval hero—a paradoxical genius with an unruly passion for glory and women. How Jones' sea conquests were tragically overshadowed by the other sort make a haunting, all-too-human story.

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by H. M. Tomlinson

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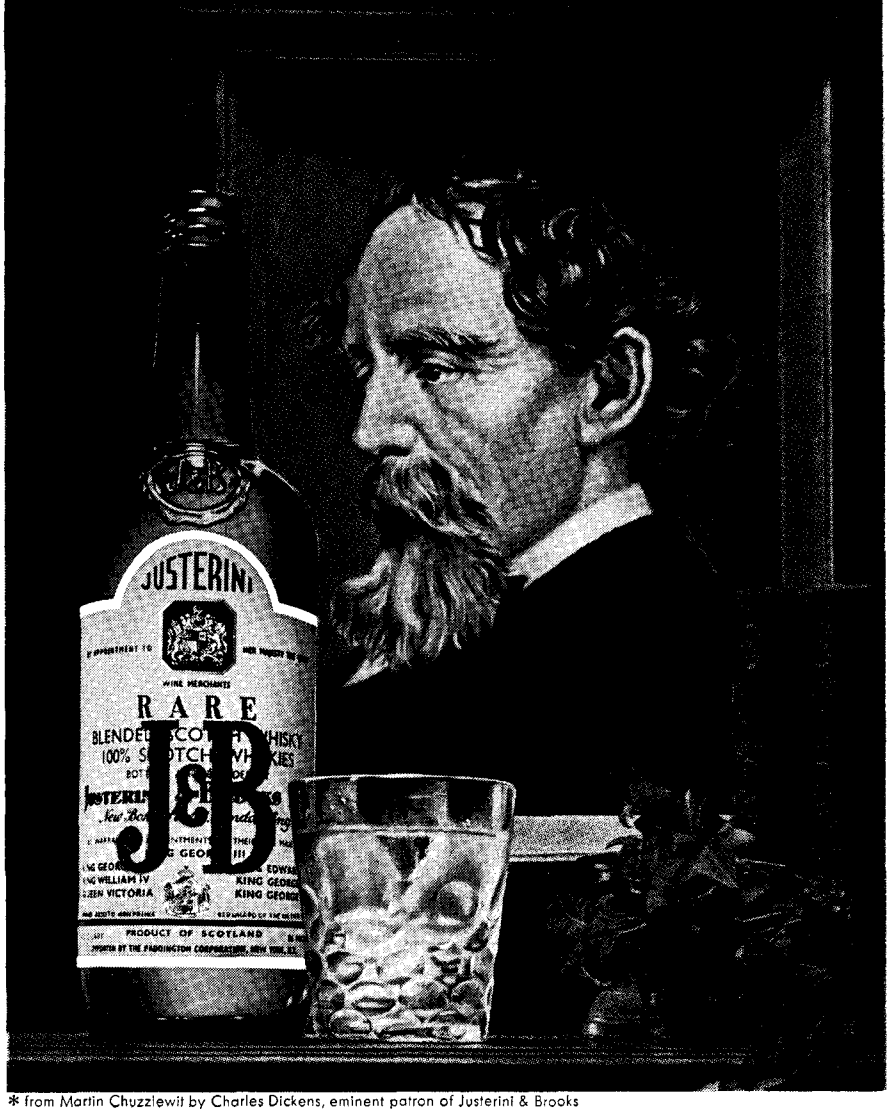

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Saturday Review

September 18, 1965

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SR: Ideas

23 Does Anyone Know What Creative Writing Is? by J. Donald Adams
25 They Never Left Texas, by Frank H. Wardlaw
29 Classics Revisited: Euripides, by Kenneth Rexroth
30 Keeping Faith with the Traveler: An Editorial

SR: Travel

35 Asia and the Pacific: A special section with articles by Bernard Kalb, Richard Hughes, Horace Sutton, Marc Connelly, Fred Sparks, Robert Trumbull, Stanley Karnow, Joel Lieber, Peggy Durdin, Gilbert Thomas, George Chaplin, Arturo and Gloria Gonzalez

SR: Communications

117 The New Front Page, by John Hohenberg

SR: Books

97 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
97 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

8 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
14 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller
18 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
20 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
31 Letters to the Editor
32 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight at Lincoln Center
32 Literary I.Q.
33 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes on the book beat
98 Literary Crypt
136 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1641

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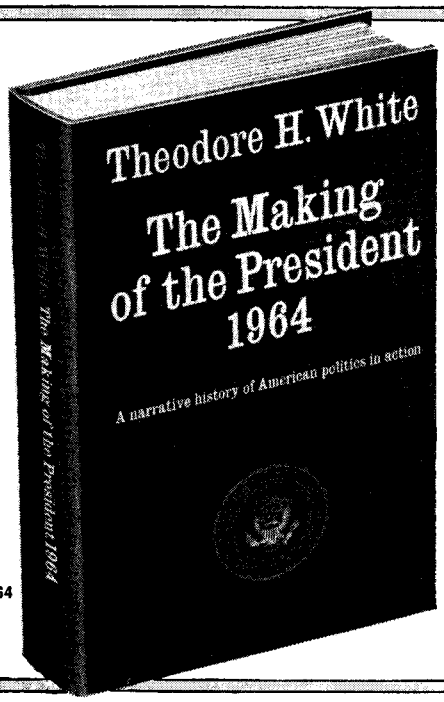

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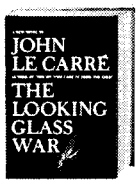

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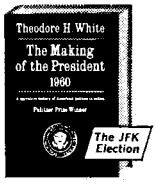

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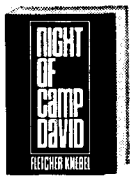

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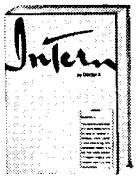

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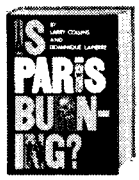

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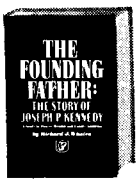

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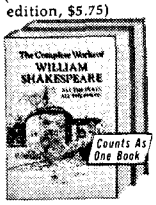

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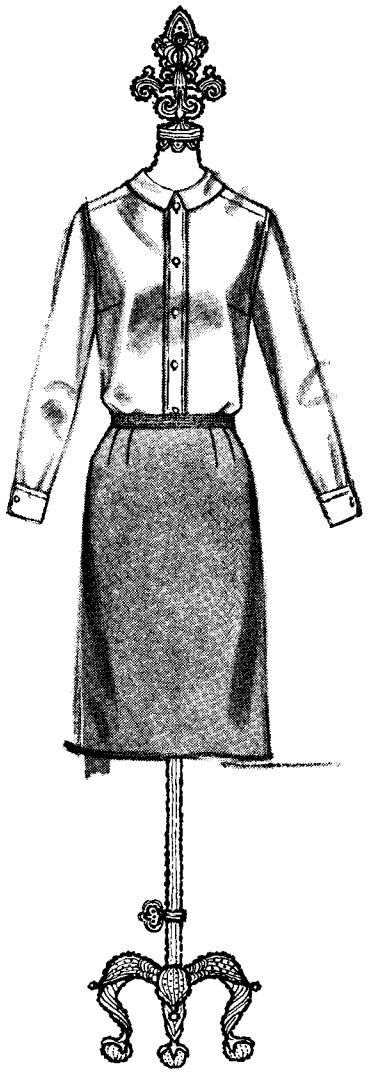

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Of magic from Illyria
To ecophized hysteria
Which Beowulf intones
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And it's really for their good,
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—EDWARD ELISCU.

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He: Sidney Warlock, young apprentice chiropractor. She: Zorba Finlie Warlock, trade school sophomore, enthusiastic hitchhiker. Both short, stocky, quick-witted. Both love: Scriabin, Annette Funicello, twin painted turtles, Michelangelo and Raphael. Both adore town house they found in the East 70's which they converted into a rambling country barn. On the living room walls: paint. In the upstairs bedroom: Mrs. Warlock's brassieres and panty-girdles hanging on rough butcher's pegs, a collage of rayon and spandex. In the kitchen: Mr. Warlock's uninhibited collection of Mexican spiders dashing about unheeded. Evenings: Six or eight friends, large cans of tuna, a loaf of Wonder bread, endless talk into the night.

• • •

The Glenbernies: "We take life seriously. You never know when you may drop dead."

Jenson Glenbernie speaking. Banker husband of Davida Boles Glenbernie. Two daughters, Lysistrata, Agrippa. Irish setter, Herzog. Both Glenbernies tall, whip-smart, alive with dreams. His: to turn Spanish Harlem into a Swiss-style national park. To teach our younger generation the arts of guerilla warfare (a dream that has become a reality, as Mr. Glenbernie has just trained and shipped a planeload of underprivileged children to Rumania for a sneak attack). Hers: to raise the tariff on imported

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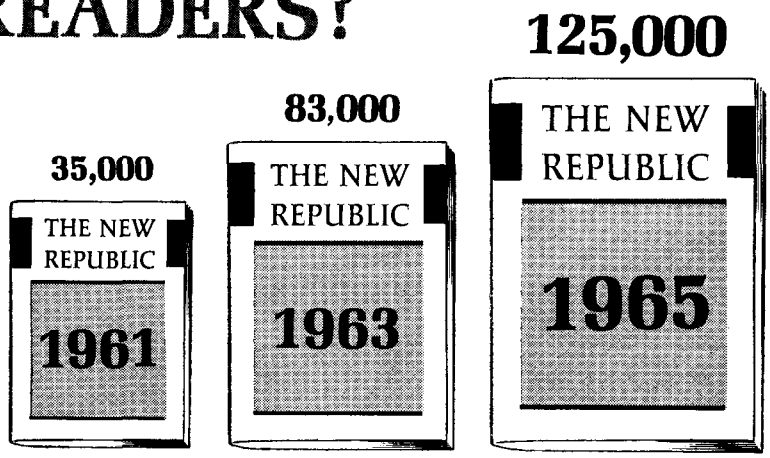

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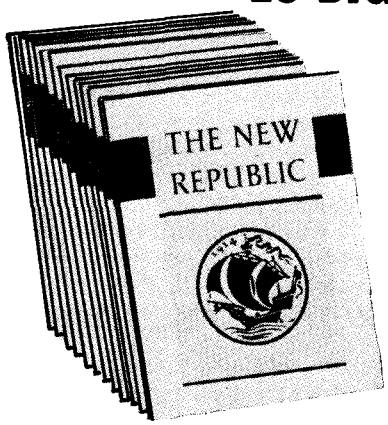

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smoked meats ("a crazy whim I just have to satisfy"), to someday produce free Noel Coward in the Park. Summers in their crazy-quilt pup tent on the Canarsie flats where life is a continuous hunt for food. She loves: walks along the marshes where the children collect grapefruit skins. He loves: hunting for wild milk-fed veal in the moonlight. Winters in their cavernous New York apartment with her passionate collection of night sticks, a huge golden calf they both worship, a delightful old potbellied uncle who waits for scraps from the dinner table. Evenings: a dinner party for twenty or more with cocktail franks, knishes, cold cuts, and a roast turkey, carved and put back on the frame. Typical Glenbernie finale to a party: a chartered bus taking their guests to Muncie, Indiana, where they are blindfolded and given crew cuts.

• • •

The Marascinos: "We try to make our material things come alive with love."

Pamela Stokes Marascino speaking in a lyrical, reedy voice with the barest suggestion of a lisp, the result of a childhood accident that claimed the life of her twin sister. Her husband: Rudolph Marascino, a Yank at Oxford in 1950, an ensign in the Spanish Navy, director of a thriving herring farm, now a promising concert acrobat. Their home: where beautiful things are collected for their material value. A stunning chrome and formica dinette set from Ludwig Baumann; a big, old-fashioned turn-of-the-century banana; Mr. Marascino's lifelong collection of splinters, exquisite in their delicacy, yet sharp as a tack; a portrait of Mrs. Marascino by Marc Mitz; a splendid old fruit crate found on the Lower East Side which Mrs. Marascino plans to make into a signet ring when schedule permits. Schedule pretty tight at the moment. She is up at seven, helps her husband dress, and runs to her tiny antique shop (you can buy an eighteenth-century French beef tomato for $3,500, a shiny button for $3.50). Afternoons they both meet at Mount Sinai for shock treatment and massages. Both love: turpentine, the Sunday papers, home-made margarine, a big, old-fashioned German cannon they use as a cannon, any movie with Patrick Knowles. Dinners usually for ten, not more than twelve, Mr. Marascino usually the cook. Menu: early Boy Scout Camp, with plenty of freshly grated parmesan cheese and Karo syrup over everything. Final touch: everyone jumps on his Honda and distributes Mrs. Marascino's home-made sticky buns to the hungry, chattering shoe shine boys in Times Square.

—GERALD SUSSMAN.

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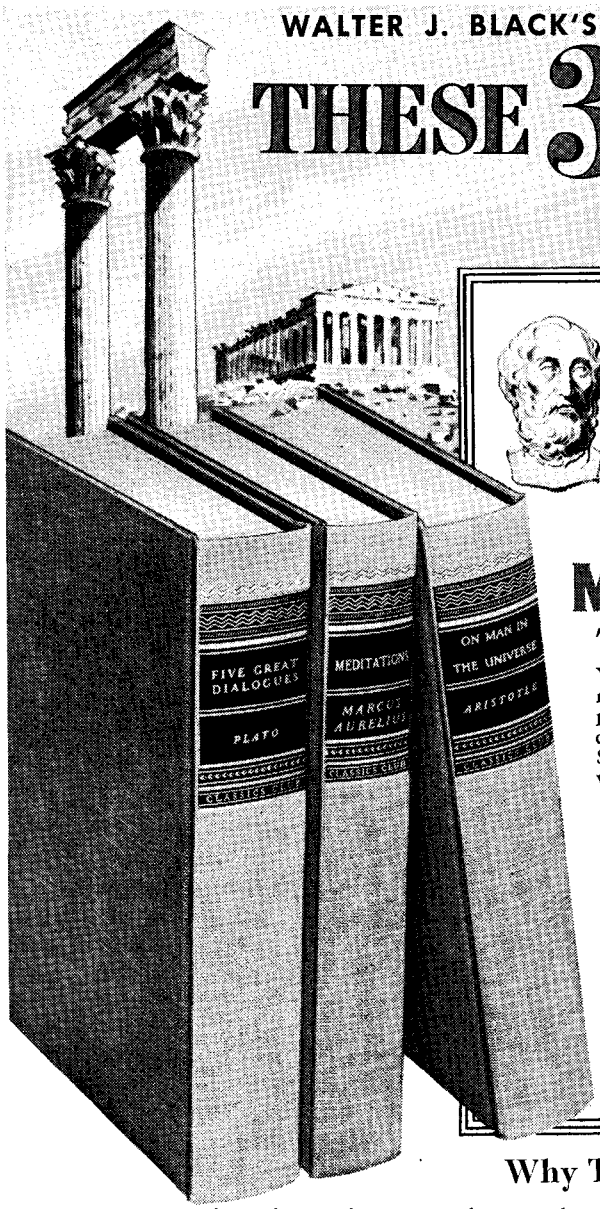

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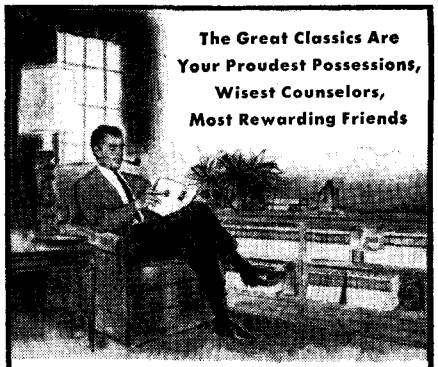

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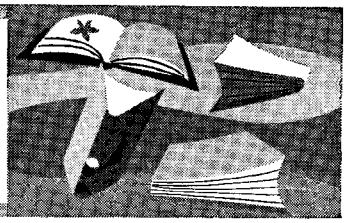

In a single night at Shea Stadium, home of the mauled-over Mets, that throaty group known as the Beatles broke every existing box-office record in the annals of show business. More than $300,000 was drained from adolescent piggy banks, permitting 55,000 frenzied screamers to shout down and obliterate the music they paid so dearly to hear. Within earshot of a *Variety* reporter, a wag turned to his friend and said: "Score—Beatles, 55,000; music, nothing."

Any chronicler of the contemporary scene must, of course, include the Beatles, whether reluctantly or not. If nothing else, the hard-cash figures are enough to make Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & whoever else fills that last spot

at the moment sit up and turn off the stock ticker. *A Hard Day's Night*, the Beatles' first movie, has taken in about $10,000,000 at the box office, on an initial cost of slightly over half a million, and their new picture, *Help!*, is running nearly 50 per cent better than that. While most of the blue chips were tumbling precipitously on the big board in the recent dip, United Artists, distributors of the Beatle films, held up with considerable haughtiness. Northern Songs, the Beatles' British publishing house, has found its stock bolstered in no uncertain terms by the reception of *Help!*

But there still remains the burning question of *why*. Why should this bundle of metallic guitar strings and ragmop hair command such fevered passion that reason drops its eyelids and decorum turns away? The music is often loud, screechy, and cacophonous. The lyrics are often thumpingly insipid. The anvil chorus that joins in from the crowd at a concert literally removes any resemblance whatever to the give-and-take of audience and performer. There is no audience reaction, there is only audience action.

To probe into this frantic phenomenon, we interrogated two young ladies of perception and wit, each of whom knows by heart the lyrics and music of every Broadway show for the last ten years, and neither of whom is blinded by the sheer force of electromagnetism and gravitation of the mass pop mood. The ladies are Miss Victoria Blumenthal and Miss Martha Morgan, both age fourteen.

As to the loud, screechy, and cacophonous accusation, Miss Blumenthal replies: "This does not pertain to the majority of the Beatles' songs. Some of them are done in the Chuck Berry, Larry Williams tradition. You might call these loud, but they would be described more accurately as *driving*. The thing that is so unique about the Beatles is that they don't have to shout to be heard by millions of teen-agers. The Beatles have worked out beautiful harmonics. In none of their songs do they move up in parallel triads for the whole bridge. They get voices moving in opposite directions instead of parallel to each other. As to the lyrics, they make good sense, are sometimes very touching, and apply to the situations and stages a teen-ager would normally go through."

Miss Morgan is inclined to agree: "Loud and screechy? No offense, but that's ridiculous! They create a great deal of depth by making full use of all instruments and voices. They do *not* employ the common idea of constant

thirds and triads. Instead, they use something just a little different, a little off, to create a mood of constant movement very effectively. The main point of their songs is their beat and variations on one melody. The words are of secondary importance but are definitely not second-graded by repetition. Each song has a definite mood or aspect of life to put across and uses its lyrics for this purpose. In the song *Help!* repetition is used for 1) mood and 2) a branching-off for harmonic variations."

The solution to the mystery of the obliterative screams during a concert may

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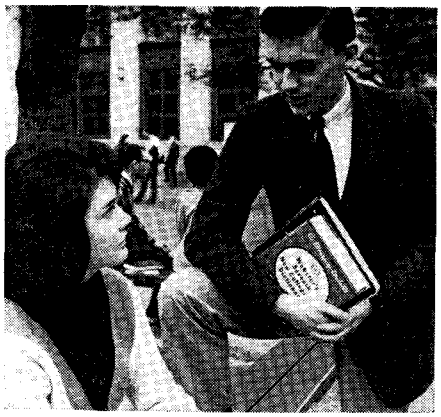

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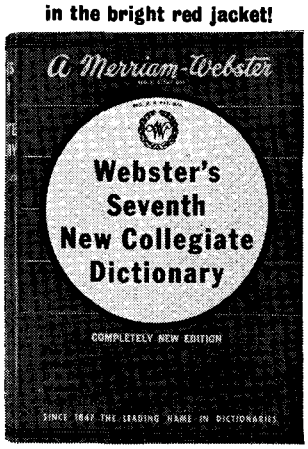
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lie in the further comment from our panel:

"Everybody who comes to a Beatles concert is probably an expert on their music," says Miss Blumenthal. "Just to see them in action can cause 55,000 people to scream and faint for more. Some adults say our screaming is a form of release of all our tensions. Maybe; but I know that all you feel is happiness at a Beatles concert. Scream a little!"

"The audience at such performances is not there to hear favorite songs. They come to *see* the people who make this music," Miss Morgan adds. "Truthfully, it doesn't make much sense, but that's the way it is."

Going beyond the Beatles, neither of the young respondents could explain just why the lyrics to more than 80 per cent of current rock-'n'-roll favorites include the persistent use of the words "baby" and "yeah" as their apparent backbone. However, the Beatles seem to be outgrowing this syndrome, and there

is a strong movement afoot to separate the Beatles from the rock-'n'-roll idiom entirely. There are some disciples who will tell you that the Beatles are much too sophisticated to hang around much longer in the malformed and murky depths of the rock-'n'-roll swamps.

There would seem to be little to worry about, then, for the Beatles and their future. Except for one recent ominous note: The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, playing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Central Park, drew an audience of 70,000 people on a single night—without one screamer among them.

—John G. Fuller.

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Leonard Woolf:

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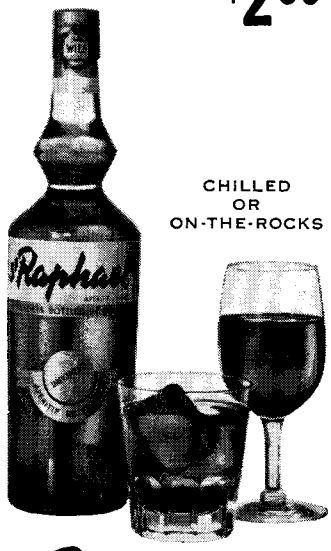

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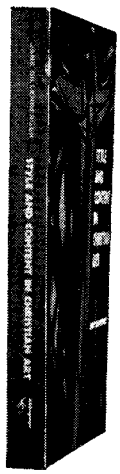

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1 *Did you know Tom is studying the new math in school?*

Oh, yes—we were just discussing Diophantine equations.

2 *I still don't understand the old math.*

I notice you sometimes count on your fingers.

3 *When I was in school, my best subject was lunch.*

How did you ever manage to get a degree?

4 *Plain old horse sense, that's how.*

Well, have you ever used that plain old horse sense to figure out where we're going to get the money to put Tom through college?

5 *I sure have. We're going to get it from my Equitable Living Insurance policy. If something happens to me, the policy will help pay Tom's bills. But since I intend to be around, we can use the policy's cash values to help do the job.*

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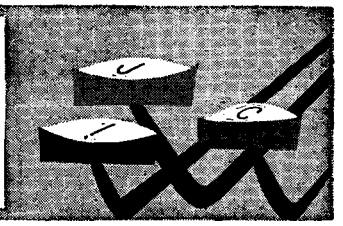
Manner of Speaking



The Marquis de Sade, I: The Marquis de Sade is an aberration that has remained firmly a part of European literature for almost two centuries now despite a haphazard scattering and destruction of his papers and manuscripts, despite the serious intent of most readers of literature to bury him in silence, and despite extraordinary efforts at legal suppression. Nor did outraged society attack only his writings. Sade lived to be seventy-four and died in confinement after having spent most of his adult life either in prison or as a fugitive from various warrants. Whether as a nobleman under the King of France or as a citizen under the rule of the Republic (a transition he made with a whole skin by grace of the fact that he was a prisoner of the wicked monarchy when the Revolution broke out)—as aristocrat or commoner, it was Sade's compulsion to offend society and his vocation to be a prisoner. It seems oddly harmonious with his life that it should be his fate to become a generally misunderstood word in most, if not all, the languages of Europe.

"Sadism" is current today in all psychological jargon to signify a range of sexual perversions that find their gratification in inflicting pain on the sex partner, and by extension it has come to signify in common usage any sort of behavior that finds pleasure in inflicting pain on others. Perhaps common usage is intuitive in sensing that there may be a sexual base to all active cruelty. But what Sade preached—and he was in essence a demented preacher—was no subcategory of perverted behavior. It was nothing less than a total philosophy of life.

One of the premises of that philosophy is an assertion of the sickness of the state. As Sade saw it, law exists only as a means of imposing the will of the aristocracy on the suffering masses of this world's slaves. Only two sorts of men can escape from slavery. They are, first, the aristocrats who make the law and who are thereby above it and, second, the great criminals who break the law and who are thereby beyond it.

All law is understood to be an artificial and largely whimsical imposition. Against it stands Nature (always with a capital N), in whose eyes all men are equal. Sade sees Nature as absolute and godless; no man, in fact, has attacked all religion more fervently and more abusively.

In Nature, each individual exists to seek his own pleasure, which consists simply of imposing his pleasure upon other individuals, as, for example, the lion imposes his pleasure upon the zebra, killing and eating it with no slightest concern for its victim's feelings.

But even the lion moves within its pride. For Sade, each creature is its own solitude. In Nature, it would follow, a man has no real function but to seek his own pleasure. Man's function in Nature is to resist Law, for within it he can only be a victim, whereas outside the Law he can fulfil himself as a victimizer.

Only such an absolute and leonine egoism offers man a life worth living. But Sade goes further: life itself is meaningless except as a man fills it with pleasurable sensations, and for Sade a deliberate and thoughtful criminality is one of the most satisfying of sensations. To impose physical tortures on others (including their painful murder in the act of achieving sexual gratification) is erotically pleasurable, and the more criminally or sacrilegiously outrageous the act, the greater the erotic pleasure.

Finally, of course, there will come the time when the most ravening beast will weaken and itself become prey to a stronger. But Sade embraces even the victimizer's final fate as a victim. The one aim of the individual is pleasurable (*i.e.*, erotic) sensation. To the individual who is utterly true to his perfect denial of all but sensation, therefore, his own final death by torture is nothing to whimper at, but rather a goal to embrace as the exquisite consummation of the ultimate eroticism.

These are Sade's basic declarations. In expounding them, he became the first Western writer to construct an entire philosophy on personal sickness. Such writers as Poe, Baudelaire, Nietzsche, Kafka, Rimbaud, Celine, and on to our present-day Beats, have all, in one way or another, followed Sade's lead. And from Baudelaire and Swinburne down to Simone de Beauvoir, leading writers of every age have found reason to press extraordinary praises upon him. One might think the madmen have identified the world.

And may not that thought identify Sade's relevance? What man of mind has not found reason to wonder if reason itself may not be the cruelest madness? When the perverts and madmen of the world are assembled for judgment and are brought face to face with the chancellors of reason and the doctors of scientific destruction, what evil could the madmen claim as their own without finding it a triviality as compared to the savagery the world has endured in the name of reason and progress and legitimate national aspiration? All terrible thoughts, but where can one hide in what world to escape them?

There is even a sort of sick heroism in the ruthlessness of Sade's preachment. Yet it must be noted that the heroism stops with the preachment. The *soi-disant* beast of his own imagination turns out to have been a sordid sexual bungler in his escapades, and a self-justifying sniveler in his letters. Where is the ruthless splendor of the beast in Sade's letter to his wife written from the Bastille and dated February 20, 1781?

> I am a libertine but I am neither a criminal nor a murderer. . . . I am a libertine, but three families residing in your area have for five years lived off my charity. . . . I am a libertine, but I have saved a deserter from death. . . . I am a libertine, but at Evry, with your whole family looking on, I saved a child—at the risk of my life—who was on the verge of being crushed beneath the wheels of a runaway horse-drawn cart. . . . I am a libertine but I have never compromised my wife's health. Nor have I been guilty of the other kinds of libertinage so often fatal to children's fortunes: have I ruined them by gambling or by other expenses that might have deprived them of, or even by one day foreshortened, their inheritance?. . . . How, therefore, do you presume that, from so innocent a childhood and youth, I have suddenly arrived at the ultimate of premeditated horror? No, you do not believe it. And you who today tyrranize me so cruelly, you do not believe it either: your vengeance has beguiled your mind, you have proceeded blindly to tyrranize, but your heart knows mine, it judges it more fairly, and knows full well it is innocent. (As translated by Richard Seaver and Austryn Wainhouse in *The Marquis de Sade*. Grove Press. p. xiv.)

Yet Sade does refuse to disappear. Something about his madness remains relevant to the thoughtful despite the brashness of his style, and I am more than half inclined to guess the mark of the prison cell may be part of it, that men of our time, if they think at all, have reason to think of themselves as prisoners battering at fantasy for some escape that does not come. And for that, or for whatever other reasons, Sade persists—a bore, a pervert, perhaps even a lunatic, but still a force that whispers what we may not be pleased to hear but must listen to all the same.

—John Ciardi.

(To be continued.)

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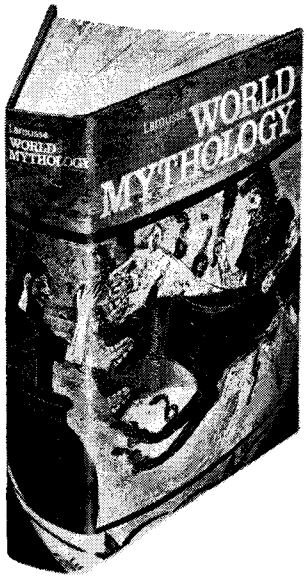

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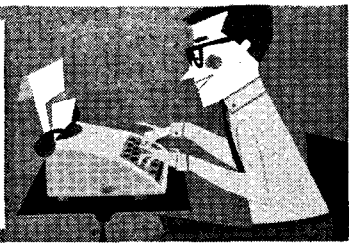

Those That Will Not See

I'M BECOMING disenchanted with those "blind items" that appear in gossip columns that go something like: "Which make of elegant foreign car was parked in front of what TV producer's apartment with which ignition keys at ready, along with a note in what bucket seat from what famous TV star thanking the producer for getting which TV show on what network?"

Hours were spent attempting to unravel the snarls of this badly composed arcana, wondering which adjective modified what pronoun in this syntectic conglomeration of profligate verbiage.

Mostly I would lie awake nights wondering which make of elegant foreign car it was.

Of course the above example is something that could never have happened. Television programs, we like to think, could never get on a mass medium in that shoddy manner. But *TV Guide* a few weeks ago had some charming examples in a documented article in depth written by Neil Hickey and Joseph Finnigan. It demonstrated the adventure and romance and fancy finagling which are rife, as they say, on the colorful sward of the cobaltic marketplace.

One of the programs they researched was *Our Man Higgins*, a 1962 show starring Stanley Holloway. The man from the Hollywood studio had been fruitlessly trying to sell the show to ABC. He came to New York and phoned Oliver Treyz, then president of the network. Mr. Treyz was abrupt.

"Look, John," he interrupted impatiently, "we've been through all this. I don't have time to discuss it further. I'm in a hurry to catch a train to Washington." He hung up.

Our studio man went to Penn Station and bought a ticket. "As the train pulled out he began walking through looking for his prey. Finally in the parlor car he spotted not only Mr. Treyz but also two other ABC executives. He crept up behind them, snapped to attention, and clicked his heels. The trio turned to study him. He saluted briskly and said: 'Higgins reporting, sir.'"

Well, everybody laughed uproariously and decided that a man "who goes to such incredible lengths deserves to be listened to." And they bought the show. One wonders whether that trip was necessary. The show lasted but one brief season, after which it was dropped because of its low rating. Which brings us once again, and in conclusion, to my final stand on the rating system.

(*Oh, there he goes again with those ratings. But stay tuned. There's a poignant story coming up.*)

The television season has just begun. Is it possible for network executives to be a little more patient and tolerant with the new programs? Do one or two low Nielsen ratings early in the season justify a program's demise? Is a show with intrinsic merit to be consigned to the junkheap simply because 1,130 anonymous Nielsen viewers point thumbs down? Is this the ultimate and final yardstick? I hope not.

Perhaps this story will support my hopes. It appeared in the New Haven *Journal-Courier* under an AP credit and somehow did not run in any New York newspaper. The date is August 9, 1965. This is not one of those vague stories mentioned earlier. It has names, places and direct quotes.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, lives a young man named Edward Lemoine, age thirty-one. He was contacted by telephone by the A. C. Nielsen company.

"They asked me," he said, "if I had a television set. I said yes I have. They asked me if it was a color set. I said no."

He was asked if he would fill out some forms for the A. C. Nielsen company indicating which programs he tuned in on his television set. He agreed and they sent him the forms. He did this for Nielsen in February and July of this year and it was a nonpaying job.

Mr. Lemoine's preferences ran to news programs and documentaries. "I don't enjoy situation comedies," he said.

They had asked if he had a television set and they asked if it was in color. One question they didn't ask. And he didn't volunteer the information that his television set had no picture tube.

Because, you see, Mr. Lemoine, from the age of seven, has been blind.

In the interview in the *Journal-Courier* Mr. Lemoine was asked what he thought of being asked to be a judge of television programs.

And Mr. Lemoine, bless him, replied: "I thought it was rather funny."

The only hope is that network vice presidents will share Mr. Lemoine's sense of fun. "None so blind as those that will not see." —GOODMAN ACE.

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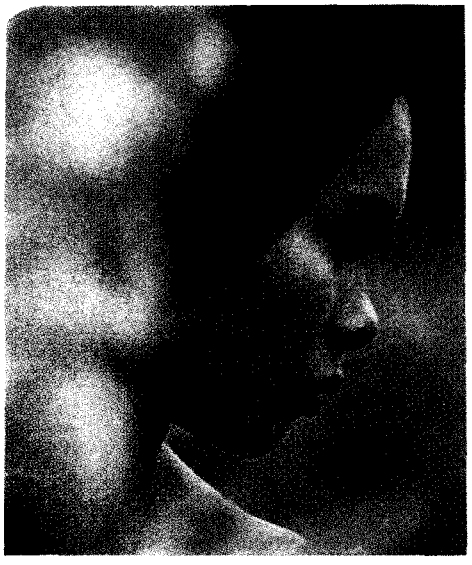

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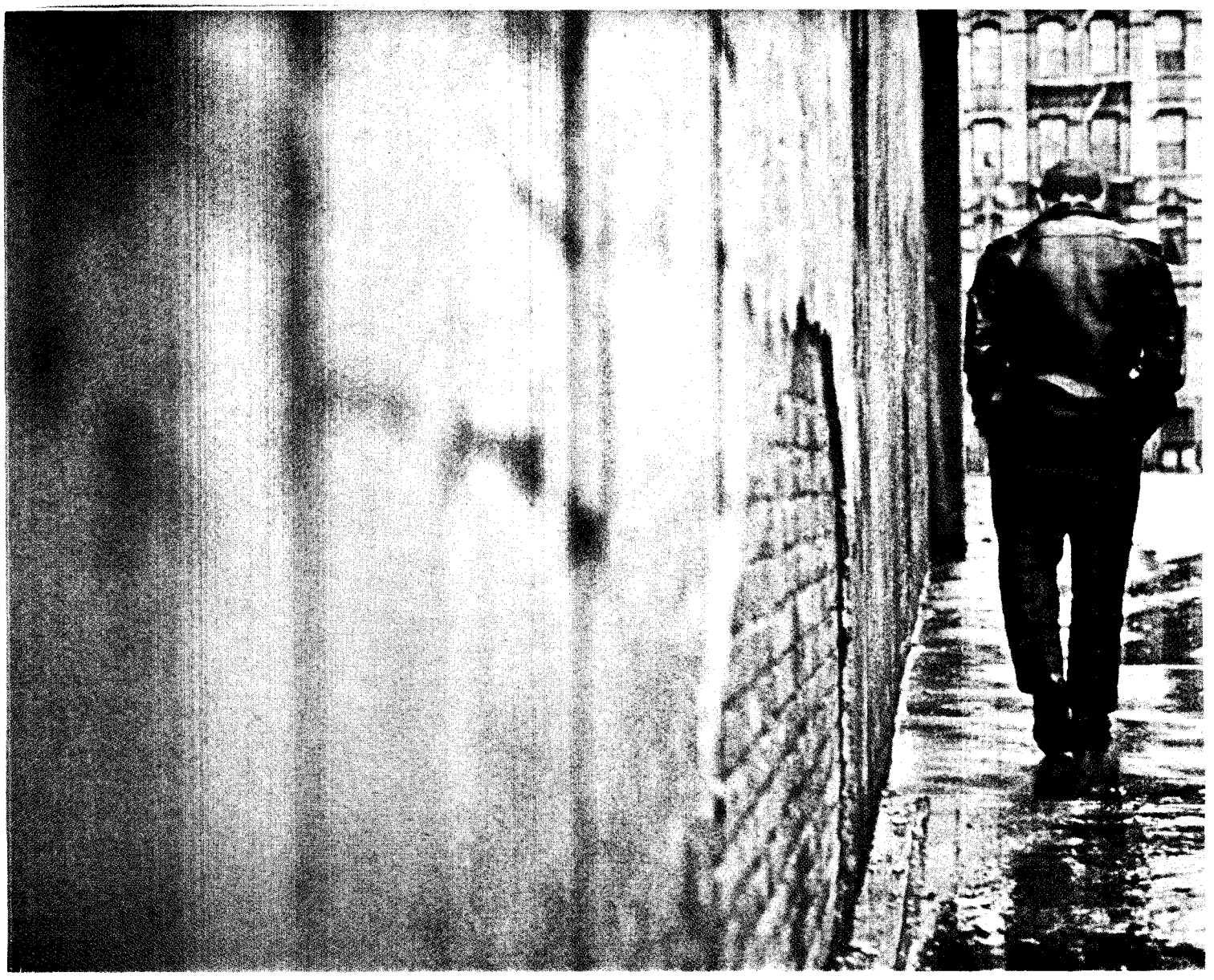

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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Saturday Review
September 18, 1965

Does Anyone Know What Creative Writing Is?

One man's search among the incompetents, the charlatans, and the adherents of Congressionalese and educationese for writing that does its job

By J. DONALD ADAMS

THERE IS no more abused term in literary parlance than the phrase "creative writing." I have not been able to determine just when its use became common, but certainly it has been widely employed for at least the past thirty years. Colleges the country over have courses in "creative writing," and summer schools featuring courses in "creative writing" multiply like rabbits, but instead of feeding on lettuce leaves, they grow fat on the consumption of theories about what constitutes poetry and other theories about the practice of fiction, both in the novel and the short story. Here and there courses in playwriting are offered. So much for one side of the picture I mean to set forth.

For there is a reverse side, and it is not a pretty one; in fact, I find it disturbing. The truth is that, with notable exceptions, chief among them our Quaker and Roman Catholic schools and colleges, the fundamentals of the ordinary skill (let alone the art) of putting words together is ignored. The shade of John Dewey, who wrote some of the muddiest prose concocted this side of Washington, D.C., aided and abetted by his too zealous disciples, darkens the prospect we are viewing.

The results have been dire. Suppose we briefly examine some of them. One, every publishing house annually receives a host of manuscripts from aspiring novelists and poets who are unable to construct a simple English sentence, who consider punctuation unnecessary and a tiresome holdover from preceding centuries that is not worth the trouble to master. In a recent TV interview Alfred A. Knopf, currently celebrating fifty years of distinguished publishing, reported that his lawyer friends complain constantly of their difficulty in finding, among the law school graduates they employ, a sufficient number capable of writing a brief that clearly states the writer's meaning. Asked if he looked for notable prose in the manuscripts submitted to his house, Mr. Knopf said he had long since abandoned any such expectation, and is now satisfied if the writer is able to convey information, tell a coherent story, communicate a mood, or express a thought in terms within the grasp of the average intelligent reader.

WHAT a sorry spectacle! The indictment of American educational practice is implicit, and shameful to behold. To amplify the picture, some of the editors in our leading publishing houses are apparently as ignorant of the fundamentals of good English as the writers over whose copy they labor. If you think this an unfounded assertion, open at random, as I often do, a batch of newly hatched books, particularly those known as "creative writing," and read a few pages carefully. Often they would not have passed muster by the nineteenth-century schoolmarm of the little red schoolhouse enshrined in American memory, let alone the teachers in almost any contemporary British or European grade school. For one Maxwell Perkins, to name the already classic example of a literate book editor, there are at least two or three men or women holding editorial posts who should be sent to night school. Those who exhibit some knowledge of and regard for good English are not unlikely the beneficiaries of the training provided by some exacting newspaper editor who himself had the benefit of an instructor free of hifalutin theories. Such was the foundation of the style created by the man who, at his best, wrote the tautest, most suggestive prose of any novelist or short story writer of his generation. I refer, of course, to Hemingway, who, before he was cold in his grave, suffered jealous and sneering attacks by piddling little writers unworthy to lick his boots.

My concern here, however, is not so much with the deficiencies I have been describing as with the narrow application of the term "creative writing." Although it is true that some of the worst abuses of the English tongue are to be found among such writers of nonfiction as sociologists, engineers, philosophers, and psychologists, not to mention the mayhem committed by legislators, Cabinet officers, and bureaucrats (and now and then a President), the fact remains that there are other writers of nonfiction whose product is far more creative in the true meaning of the word than much of our current fiction and poetry.

Suppose we ask ourselves first what a piece of creative writing is, or rather what it is not. Should we extend the term to include those multitudinous efforts in fictional form to purge the writer's memory of an unhappy childhood? Are they any more creative than the rambling recollections of a disturbed patient lying on the psychiatrist's couch? It may be true, as Proust maintained, that nearly all that is worthwhile in human culture we owe to neurotics, but the debt is evident only when the neurotic happens also to be an artist.

Thomas Wolfe (not to be confused with the current Tom Wolfe of the New York *Herald Tribune*, although they have much in common through their addiction to a diarrhea of words) affords a prime example of the neurotic who is only a half-baked artist. Wolfe, whom I knew and liked, having first met him in one of his less egomaniac moods (indeed, in a humble one), could not possibly have achieved the reputation he did had it not been for the unselfish efforts of two literate book editors—Max Perkins and Edward Aswell. Without them, he would

J. Donald Adams was editor of the *New York Times Book Review* from 1925 to 1943, and a contributing editor from 1943 until his retirement last November.

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have been lost, sunk, and forgotten. As it is, he currently goes unread except by those as immature as he at the height of his fame. I doubt that his work will last, except as an interesting symptom of the period in which he lived.

Among the American novelists who immediately preceded him, one can find ample support for Proust's contention. Hemingway, chief luminary of what we now look upon as the Dazzling (and Dazzled) Twenties, was obviously a very neurotic man; so, too, were Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis and Scott Fitzgerald. So, too, was our greatest poet, Robert Frost, in spite of his private air-conditioning system. Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, who in *The Time of Man* wrote the finest folk epic in American fiction, as well as one of our best historical novels in *The Great Meadow*, and one of our most moving short stories in *The Sacrifice of the Maidens*, was a painfully neurotic woman, as is plainly evident in certain of her other books. Going still farther back, surely Henry James cannot be described temperamentally as anything but neurotic, or Melville either, or Poe.

It is the plodding craftsmen, those whose work is seldom winged for higher flights, like Longfellow and Howells, who make their way serenely through life. For it is the fate of the creative giants to suffer the tortures of the damned as well as the transportations of ecstasy and insight; Tolstoy, of course, and before him Shakespeare, are proof enough. Tolstoy's self-torturings are evident in his fully documented life, as well as in his autobiography, *What Is Art?*, and *The Kreutzer Sonata;* in Shakespeare's case, we have only the evidence provided by the sonnets and the plays. One could assemble a similar list among the painters and the composers, but I shall not attempt that here.

VERY well—the great creative writer is likely to be, and ordinarily is, neurotic by temperament, subject more intensely than most people to moods and to preoccupation with his own ego. Think of Dickens, slowly committing suicide, lashed on by his thirst for applause and the craving for appeasement from his troubled conscience over his extramarital love affair, driving himself by his dramatized readings into repeated states of physical collapse. Think of Rimbaud and Baudelaire, think of Gauguin and Van Gogh, or, more recently, of Jackson Pollock. It is the men with tongue in cheek, like Frost and Picasso, who maintain the ability to laugh at themselves as well as at the world, who keep their creative energy alive many years longer than other artists less happily endowed.

Let's get back into what was intended to be the mainstream of this article. I resent deeply the implication now conveyed by the term "creative writing" that only novelists, short story writers, and dramatists actually create. It is one of the falsest assumptions ever made in literary history. If Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* is not a great piece of creative writing, I am willing to repeat my sometimes painful education. If William James's *Principles of Psychology* and his *Varieties of Religious Experience* are not the equal of his brother Henry's best work in true creativeness, may I spend my days in the hereafter reading interminably in the pages of the *Congressional Record.*

Can you name me more creative books than Parkman's histories or, contemporaneously, Bruce Catton's vividly evoking pictures of this nation's most searing experience? What about Thucydides, or even old pull-your-leg Herodotus, who, in writing about the Egyptians, reported one of the most constructive approaches to the solving of human problems of which I have knowledge. The Egyptians, he tells us, first debated affairs of state when drunk; that happy condition produced many imaginative and prescient proposals. The next day in a state of complete sobriety, these proposals were reconsidered and properly acted upon. What a priceless and, up to now, discarded gift to the legislatures of the free world!

The good biographers and autobiographers (witness Sir Osbert Sitwell's splendid re-creation of the Edwardian world), the imaginative as well as scholarly historians, the essayists of the caliber of Lamb and Hazlitt, of Thurber and E. B. White, the science writers like Rachel Carson in *The Sea Around Us*, are more truly creative than the authors of too many blockbuster novels for which you must now pay an exorbitant price, unless you wait for their reappearance in the paperbacks.

THE gap in quality that distinguishes the best nonfiction from the bulk of our current fiction and poetry—not to mention the deplorable depths to which the theater has sunk, both off-Broadway and on, is one that impresses me more deeply with each passing year. I am all for an avant-garde if it has anything to say, but if there is any drearier writing than is to be found in today's little magazines (once so interesting and fertilizing) which concentrate on short stories and poetry and, dreariest of all, criticism, I don't know where to look for it, except in the pages of such overtouted quarterlies as the *Partisan Review* and the *Kenyon Review*. *Must* I listen to little Allen Ginsburg yapping or bleating his *Howl*? *Must* I wallow with Samuel Beckett while he crawls face down through the mud, to what purpose I cannot conceive? Life is too short and potentially too

"Where are the squares going this year?"

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glorious to waste the precious, unrecoverable days in so footless a manner.

Anyone who has lived as long as I have should know that man, generically speaking, is a silly creature who shows little indication of arriving, as a species, at emotional and rational maturity. He seems stubbornly determined to cook his own goose, though gifted with brains far superior to those of the extinct creatures that preceded him. The hell of the matter is that occasionally he rises spiritually, as well as physically, to incredible heights. His potentialities are so great that one feels ashamed, as I sometimes do, for having lost so much of my faith in him. Nevertheless, I cling to the remnant. I am one of those who can pray only when they are happy—never when my feet and heart are heavy, and I pray every day now that he may be delivered from the threats that encompass him on every side.

IT IS one of my deepest convictions that writers can play a part in that deliverance, but few of them are doing so today. In a recent article in this magazine I named some of those who seem to me to be making that effort. I wish they were more numerous, and I think their number may be increased if we can rid ourselves of the mistaken notion that "creative writing" is limited to novelists, poets, and playwrights. There is an occasional new novel that I read with admiration and respect; there is an occasional new poem that does something to the pit of my stomach, but these are few and far between.

I like to remember Coleridge's definitions of prose and poetry: prose, words in their best order; poetry, the best words in their best order. They are requirements rarely met today, and more often in nonfiction than in what is known as "creative writing." I like, too, his assertion that a poem is the better for not being completely understood, in support of which Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners" has long seemed to me the perfect example. Many of Frost's poems are similarly successful. But too many contemporary versifiers (if they are entitled even to that denigrating term) feel themselves licensed to be not understood at all.

Looking back on what I have written, I seem not to have explicitly told exactly what I think creative writing is. How briefly can I do so? Could we not say that a piece of creative writing is one that creates in the mind of the reader the picture it seeks to convey, the thought or mood it seeks to communicate, and that in so doing it widens or intensifies the sensory or rational awareness of the reader? And if such is the case, is not the term "creative writing," as currently used, insufficiently inclusive?

They Never Left Texas

By FRANK H. WARDLAW

THEY WERE an incomparable trio of writers, Roy Bedichek, Walter Prescott Webb, and J. Frank Dobie, who used to gather for long evenings around the fire at Paisano, Dobie's beloved ranch in the hill country northwest of Austin, Texas. There they would wrangle interminably about all sorts of things—religion, politics, education, history, literature, grass, the habits of wild animals and cattle—everything under the sun and beyond it. They were completely different, these three friends, and yet they held certain important things in common that are the measure of their corporate legacy—identity with the land and the need to live close to it, wide-ranging minds that refused to be corralled with the boundaries of either time or of space, and complete and fearless dedication to intellectual freedom. They were natural men, earth men, full men, free men.

The author of this article is director of the University of Texas Press.

Perhaps they were anachronisms in modern America—writers whose strength came from the soil and from communication with the great minds of past ages, men never concerned with literary merchandise or current fashions in thought. It is a happy circumstance that the Southwest's three great regionalists should also have been the region's greatest foes of narrowness and provincialism.

"I have never had any idea of writing about my section of the country merely as a patriotic duty," Dobie said in the preface to his *Life and Literature in the Southwest*. "I would interpret it because I love it, because it interests me, talks to me, appeals to my imagination, warms my emotions." And Roy Bedichek had a theory that the deeper down into the earth a plant sinks its roots, the richer its fruit will be. These three men had very deep roots.

ALL literate Americans know Frank Dobie's name, although not all of them appreciate him; he would be meaningless to the denatured, the urbanized, the

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precious. And all historians know Walter Webb. But comparatively few Americans—except those so fortunate as to stumble on *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, or one of his other books—have ever heard of Roy Bedichek. And yet of the trio he was undoubtedly the catalytic agent—Webb and Dobie were never quite as close to each other, quite as *simpatico*, as Bedichek was to both of them, and he influenced them more than they him.

ROY BEDICHEK was born in Illinois in 1878 and was brought to Texas at the age of five by his father, a former Confederate soldier. They settled in the little town of Eddy (near Waco), where his father and mother ran the Eddy Scientific and Literary Institute. His parents tutored him until he entered the University of Texas.

After college he roamed the nation, working on a fantastic variety of jobs ranging from peeling potatoes on a river boat and assisting a fake divine in Boston to running a weekly newspaper and a Chamber of Commerce in New Mexico. He finally settled down to his main lifework when he became director of the University Interscholastic League, which controls all sorts of competition among the high schools of Texas—athletic, forensic, musical, writing, scholastic. Bedichek made the Interscholastic League a model for all similar organizations in the United States. He was concerned with rivalry as a motivating force and was determined that the schools should use to advantage the competitive urge in youth. Years later this philosophy was richly revealed in his least-known book, *Educational Competition*.

Roy Bedichek's job gave him the opportunity to travel throughout the state. For nearly twenty years he drove an ancient Dodge fitted up as living quarters (he later substituted a pick-up truck) and he always camped as far from civilization as he could, living close to nature, constantly observing and probing its secrets, beginning every day "under the spell of the silent, pervasive, leisurely preparations of the heavens to receive the sun." The classical education begun in his father's school was continued throughout his life. He used to begin every morning by reading Plato. During a long span of his life he read the greater part of Shakespeare about once every two years.

Roy Bedichek had, Dobie said, "the most richly stored mind of any man I have ever known." His memory was fantastic. He could quote whole anthologies of poetry and bring his beloved Greeks' opinion to bear upon any topic that was being discussed. He related all experience to the natural world. He was a wonderful raconteur and a letter-writer supreme. He never would have made literary use of the treasures of his mind if it hadn't been for Walter Webb. He was in semi-retired status at the university and in his seventy-first year when Webb raised the money for a $5,000 fellowship, which, he figured, would finance Bedi through a year of writing. He then took Bedi out to an old stone schoolhouse on Webb's ranch, Friday Mountain, and ordered him to start writing. The result was *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, a wise and beautiful book that deserves a place on your bookshelf not too far from *Walden*. Two other fine books followed the *Adventures;* he signed a contract for a fourth the morning of his last day. He was planning to go out to Paisano to grub stumps that afternoon; he died quietly sitting in the kitchen waiting for the cornbread to get done.

Hubert Mewhinney, writing about Roy Bedichek, said, "There is at least one full man left in the world. He writes books, he reads Plato, he can 'name all the birds without a gun'; he loves poetry, and he loves the woods, the prairies, the seashore; the hawk in the wind, the blue, blue gentians blooming at the foot of the slope; the Pointers and the Pole Star and Orion, that have shown the way at night for so many thousands of hunters and seafarers; the campfire, with its light flickering on the leaves of the trees."

In his preface to the latest edition of *Adventures*, Mewhinney added this thought: "Perhaps we loved Roy Bedichek mostly because, in an age of small and incomplete men, he was a full and ripened man."

I MET Walter Prescott Webb through his most widely known book, *The Great Plains*, nearly twenty years before he was to become my friend; a professor at the University of South Carolina told me about an exciting new kind of history which explained what happened to people and institutions when they emerged from the forest areas of the East to the drastically new environment of the flat, treeless West. *The Great Plains* is an exciting book and has earned a permanently exalted place in our historical literature. Henry Steele Commager has called it the best single-volume contribution to American history in the first half of the twentieth century. Webb himself thought that *The Great Frontier*, published twenty years later, might in the long haul be regarded as even more important. Arnold Toynbee thinks so, too.

Walter Webb's lifework, as did that of Bedichek and Dobie, grew naturally, although in an unorthodox way, out of his environment. In his presidential address to the American Historical Association in 1958, Webb said:

> A friend asked me once when I began preparation to write *The Great Plains*. I answered that I began at the age of four when my father left humid East Texas and set his family down in West Texas, in the very edge of the open, arid country which stretched north and west farther than a boy could imagine. There I touched the hem of the garment of the real frontier; there I tasted alkali. . . . The first men, Indian fighters, buffalo hunters, trail drivers, half-reformed outlaws, and Oklahoma boomers were all around, full of memories and eloquent in relating them to small boys. There I saw the crops burned by drought, eaten by grasshoppers, and destroyed by hail. I felt the searing winds come furnace hot from the desert to destroy in a day the hopes of a year and I saw a trail herd blinded and crazy from thirst completely out of control of horse-weary cowboys with

"He's a really wonderful advisor, but he doesn't have the king's ear."

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faces so drawn they looked like death-masks. . . . The whole Great Plains was there in microcosm.

Walter Webb's childhood was one of grinding poverty and there would have been no chance for him to get an education or fulfil his early ambition to write if it had not been for the miracle of his association with William E. Hinds of Brooklyn, New York, who read a letter he wrote to the editor of *The Sunny South* in which he detailed his ambitions. Hinds corresponded with the boy, fed his imagination with carefully selected books and magazines, and finally lent him the money to go to college. Webb entered the University of Texas, but he didn't go straight through because he didn't want to get too deeply in debt. He would stop and teach school for a while and then return to the university, from which he was finally graduated at the age of twenty-seven. He never met William E. Hinds, but he returned all the money advanced him and repaid Hinds's spiritual investment with an eloquent article in *Harper's* entitled "The Search for William E. Hinds."

Webb's career as a graduate student was unorthodox. Only once did he leave Texas to study—when he started work on his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago at a time when he was pregnant with the idea for *The Great Plains*. It was an extremely unhappy experience, the moral of which, he later said, was "never take an idea to a graduate school." His doctorate was finally awarded to him at the University of Texas, but later, in his presidential address to the AHA, Webb said that "I have sat on many doctoral committees, always spiritually very near to the cornered candidate, and I have never sat on one where I could have passed the examination."

IN 1950 I was asked to come to Texas from South Carolina to discuss the possibility of my organizing the University of Texas Press. The first day I met with committees and administrators. The second day Walter Webb took me in charge; we went out to his ranch, Friday Mountain, to see what shape the grass was in and to listen to his foreman cuss the weather, and then we came back to Austin and spent the rest of the day with Frank Dobie, Roy Bedichek, and Freddie Duncalf, a professor of medieval history.

It is hard to transplant a reasonably satisfied South Carolinian, but I took the Texas job. For nine years Walter Webb was chairman of the press's faculty advisory board, of which Roy Bedichek was a member. Along with Frank Dobie they were my most important advisors. Webb's monumental common sense, his unacademic way of looking at academic problems, his genius for cutting through

"First take the chill off the stethoscope."

to the simple heart of a complex issue, never ceased to amaze me.

Webb habitually wore an expression so sour that he frightened the daylights out of graduate students and new members of the history faculty until they discovered how kind he really was. His humor, which flashed unexpectedly in homely and telling phrases, was all the more effective because of his dour appearance. One day I was walking across the campus with Walter when we encountered one of his colleagues. "Damned academic armadillo!" Webb snorted. "He's got a thick hide that nothing can penetrate and he goes around poking his nose into everything." On another occasion I found Webb sitting in his office with an expression of sublime distaste on his face. A particularly bombastic colleague had just left him. "Old ————just breezed in here like a fresh wind over an outhouse," Webb grumbled. About another professor he said, "He's the kind of man that makes you wish birth control could be retroactive."

Webb had great integrity and courage and he never hesitated to take a stand on any issue when he was sure of his grounds. Webb called his shots, unlike Frank Dobie, who sounded off impetuously on all occasions. Along with Dobie and Bedichek he was deeply involved in the fight for freedom of thought on the university campus. The present generally healthy condition of academic freedom that now prevails in Texas owes much to these three men.

When he was in his seventy-fourth year Walter Webb, a widower, received what he called "an extra dividend from life." He met and fell in love with a vivacious and charming woman, the widow of the late tempestuous Congressman and mayor of San Antonio, Maury Maverick. After a year of one of the most whirlwind septuagenarian courtships in history "the Widow Maverick" capitulated. They had just been married fifteen months, when their car left the highway as they were coming back to Austin from San Antonio. Walter was instantly killed. Writing about Walter Webb, Frank Dobie paid him the ultimate cowman's tribute: "He'll do to ride the river with."

J. Frank Dobie, like Walter Webb, was born in 1888 in Live Oak County, another drought-scarred part of Texas. His father was "a straightout cowman," deeply religious, who sang hymns to his cattle as he drove them and held family prayers every day, but never prayed for rain or high prices for cattle.

Frank Dobie went to college at Southwestern University in Georgetown and there two wonderful things happened to him—he met Bertha McKee, later to become his wife, and he took a general course in English poetry under A. S. Pegues which, he said, "transmuted the world for me." He resolved to become a

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writer and a teacher. After several years of teaching and reporting, Dobie went to Columbia University and earned a master's degree in English, a procedure which he later described as a vast waste of time. He returned to Texas to teach at the university, but the war broke out and he joined the army, serving as a field artillery officer in France. He came back to the University of Texas but he was restless, and after a while he returned to the brush country of his boyhood to work on his Uncle Jim Dobie's Los Olmos ranch in LaSalle County. It was there that he met Santos Cortez, who was to be another important influence in his life.

Santos was an ancient Mexican *vaquero* who came to him in the evenings and told him wondrous tales of ghosts, men, and animals. Years later Dobie wrote: "During the year I spent on Los Olmos ranch, while Santos talked, while Uncle Jim and the other cowmen talked or stayed silent, while the coyotes sang their songs and the sandhill cranes honked their lonely music, I seemed to be seeing a great painting of something I had known all my life. I seemed to be listening to a great epic of something that had been commonplace in my youth but that now took on meanings." When he returned to the University of Texas in 1921, it was with a new-found enthusiasm for collecting the tales of the land and the people, and he began to write down and urge others to record the legends of Texas.

This new departure didn't sit very well with the hierarchy of the English department, who felt that literature had ended with the twentieth century and on the other side of the Atlantic. Since he had no intention of getting a Ph.D., Dobie's academic prospects were definitely limited. Again he left the University of Texas, this time for a two-year stint at Oklahoma A&M; again he was persuaded to return to Austin, where, over the solid opposition of his older colleagues, he obtained permission to develop a course in "Life and Literature of the Southwest." His elders complained that the Southwest had no literature. Dobie replied, "It has plenty of life. I'll teach that."

Wilson Hudson, student and later close friend of Dobie, recalls that he was on fire with the idea that genuine literature in the Southwest could emerge only from an understanding of its life, lore, and history. "Dobie's new course," Hudson wrote, "became the most popular elective ever given in the university. He presented the subject with vitality and gusto, but did not maintain that the Southwest had produced much good literature. . . . 'Great literature transcends its native land,' he said in 1936, 'but none that I know of ignores its soil.'"

In the latter years of his life Dobie spoke out with ever-increasing emphasis against provincialism. "Unless the regional has elements of the universal, it is country-minded and is, therefore, damned," he wrote in 1960.

There has always been much of the universal in Frank Dobie's own writings, even though they sprang straight from the earth. Not only the Southwest, but American literature in general, would be vastly poorer without *A Vaquero of the Brush Country, Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver, Coronado's Children, The Voice of the Coyote,* and his remarkable companion volumes *The Longhorns* and *The Mustangs,* which reveal him as a solid historian as well as a matchless storyteller. Dobie always claimed that he was not a folklorist in the professional sense. He admitted that he had a "constructive memory" and said, "After I have heard a tale I do all I can to improve it."

It was about the time that World War II broke out and Frank left for England for a guest professorship at Cambridge, that he became, as he expressed it, "a contemporary of myself." Much of this is hinted at in the eloquent little book *A Texan in England.* He loved the free intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge. England gave him, he wrote, "a more critical attitude toward life."

When he had sailed for England the Rainey controversy at the university, touched off by the purging of the economics department, was brewing. In an interview as he was leaving, Dobie paid his respects to the "home-grown Fascists" who were in charge of things in Texas and cited the lieutenant governor as a prime example. After he finished his stint at Cambridge, he remained in England teaching American troops at Shrivenham and later lecturing to them, after the war, in Germany and Austria. By the time he returned to Austin in 1947, the regents had passed the so-called Dobie rule, which prohibited a faculty member from remaining on leave for more than two years without special permission. Dobie didn't want to go back to teaching that fall because he had to write a book and was having a bad bout with hayfever, but permission to remain away was denied him. He didn't turn up for duty and his name was dropped from the faculty roll.

BUT the regents could no more extirpate Frank Dobie's influence from the university than you can destroy a book by burning it. From his home on Waller Creek just off the campus where he stayed to write, Frank Dobie remained a University of Texas institution second to none until his death last September. When the new Academic Center opened in 1964, a room was set aside as the Dobie Room. It houses his splendid library (with earthy comments scrawled on nearly every page), together with his pictures and other memorabilia. Frank Dobie has come home to stay.

Shortly after his death Bertha Dobie received from the Board of Regents of the university a handsome framed certificate, signed by all members, which read in part: "Because we sense J. Frank Dobie believed as he wrote, 'There's nothing duller than praise; there's nothing more stupid than eulogy,' we neither glorify nor eulogize, but declare with pride that his presence here helped create a more noble University."

Paisano and its once full freezer and liquor cabinet are empty now, but it won't remain so for long. There is now a movement under way, headed by a friend of Frank Dobie, Ralph Johnston of Houston, to give the ranch to the University of Texas to provide a place of work and refuge for writers, artists, and other creative people. With luck there will be talk around the fireplace again.

Jean

By Ruth Good

ONE fall, bird-watching together, she touched my hand
and asked the Redpoll's traits.
It was raining in the park. Bird colors
glowed in the gloom between the leaves.

Spring came and thunder. I saw her
dressed orange as an Oven-bird
skimming over puddles with her olive husband
home from a Chinese feast.

There are no colored wings in these winter trees.
Peppered-snow Juncos cruise the vacant sky.
Her thoughts were empty toward the end;
her head shaved, like a bird's round eye.

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Euripides

By KENNETH REXROTH

WHEN Aristotle said Euripides's plays were "for the most part unethical," he was using *ethos* in his own special sense. He meant that Euripides's plots, his characters, and himself were unbalanced, exceptional, wavering, tactless. If Sophocles perfectly exemplifies Aristotle's taste, Euripides is tasteless.

In Aeschylus and Sophocles two different concepts of rational order, cosmos, are counterposed to chaos. Euripides attacks not only rational order in the affairs of men, but reason itself. Aeschylus and Sophocles use myth to reveal reality. Euripides uses myth to mock reality, not, as is usually said, the reverse. No educated Greek "believed in" the factual reality of myth.

The poetic style of Aeschylus is continuous, controlled linguistic adventure, a conscious expansion of meaning. Sophocles is unique in literature for his achievement of a steady, high level of semantic purity. He elevates and illuminates Athenian speech at its most communicative. In Euripides, speech has broken down. Thucydides, writing on the effects of war on social and personal relations, and hence upon communication and the resulting debauchery of meaning, might well have been describing the rhetoric of Euripides. Long after the Peloponnesian War had done its destructive work, Aristotle had to redefine a philosophic vocabulary, to refound the meaning of meaning. He did it so well that his linguistic analysis has lasted to this day in the assumptions of the man in the street. Plato, like Alfred North Whitehead in our time, failed at this task because of the overspecialization of his caste dialect. The evocative, connotative, ambiguous language of Euripides is the opposite of the pure poetry of Sophocles, as it is the opposite of the aristocratic clarity of Plato or the forceful commonplaceness of Aristotle.

Criticism down the centuries has tended to arrange the three tragedians in chronologic order. We should not forget that Euripides was sixty-four when Aeschylus died and that, though fifteen years younger, he and Sophocles died in the same year. In the three tragedians the wheat and tares of the Athenian mind were harvested together in one long season. The differences are spiritual rather than temporal. Each poet speaks for his own kind in Periclean Athens. True, Aeschylean man more or less died out; the Sophoclean became the public mask of the élite, while the people for whom Euripides spoke were the future.

Sophocles has the interests of a civic leader who is a country gentleman, as in his memorable evocation of the suburban village of Colonus. Euripides was an alienated intellectual, an ironic wanderer in Baudelaire's "city lit with prostitutes." Like Baudelaire, he was unsuccessful in his lifetime and the favorite of the megalopolitan culture that came after him. His virtues are the virtues of that culture as they are vices in the world of Aeschylus and Sophocles. They are thoroughly metropolitan and bourgeois—domestic realism, entrancing rhetoric, ironic philosophizing.

In Sophocles each drama is a cosmos. The cast fit together like gears to produce dramatic power. The episodic crises of Euripides's plays are a series of judgments on autonomous characters, among whom the author takes sides. This is sympathy, a virtue invented by the middle class. Tragedy and this kind of sympathy are incongruous. So, too, are sympathy and the greatest comedy. Richardson could certainly not have written *Tom Jones*. Plays like Euripides's *Orestes* and *Iphigenia at Tauris* are comedies and even *Medea* has a comic finale.

NOT only are Euripides's plays romantic; so in the pejorative sense are his heroines. They are all Emma Bovarys, as adept at role-playing as his heroes are at acting-out. Euripides's characters, not the actors as in Brecht's theory of theatrical alienation, are pretending to be Medea, Orestes, Elektra. Although *Hippolytus* is a highly skilled job of archaizing, Phaedra deliberately plays the part of the ruined queen of the overcivilized, conquered Sea Peoples. *The Bacchae*, like *Hippolytus*, is almost a play by an anthropologist.

Offended holiness conditions all the dramas of Sophocles and Aeschylus. In Euripides there is usually nothing there to offend. The *tremendum* is comic and without *mana*. Where Sophocles and Aeschylus thrill to the aweful or the intensely humane, Euripides's intensity is usually only esthetic. Again, this is professionalism and alienation. Euripides has no operative connection with the holy in being. When he wishes to evoke it as a context to support his own philosophy of life, he must construct it like a doctor of comparative religion. The *tremendum* of *The Bacchae* is not being with the supernatural or transcendent locked into the common order. It is beyond or outside the order of being altogether. *The Bacchae* is Euripides's evaluation of life. This is what being means to him. This is the first psychodelic system of values, a middle-class substitute for mystical vision. Lyrical ecstasy is the only answer to mystery.

Euripides invented comic, as Sophocles invented tragic, irony. The tragedies of Sophocles are conflicts of fate and personality, will and time. The tragicomedies of Euripides are confusions of luck and individuality. Egocentric people are caught in the falsehoods, not the truths of time—misrepresentations, mistakes, confusions, doubles, incognitos. They play their roles in picturesque, romantic landscapes, quite unlike the classic parks of Sophocles or the immense vistas of Aeschylus. Their morality is a deliberate, ironic imitation of the real heroic age *ethos*—pluck, gang loyalty, sexual passion. Suffering never ennobles them, as it does the Greek gentlemen of Sophocles, but only coarsens still more the bourgeois sensibility beneath the heroic mask, to an appalling degree in *Orestes*, *Medea*, *The Trojan Women*, or Pasiphaë's speech in a fragment of a lost play. In each of these cases occurs a deliberate, specific denial of the Socratic fallacy. The typical Euripidean heroine usually finds opportunity to repudiate the idea that if man is reasonably convinced of a good he will choose it. Again and again these frantic women say that reason is morally impotent. The conclusion follows that the cosmos is not a cosmos at all, for to the Greek mind moral order is the necessary reflection of physical order. When the Euripidean hero looks upon the world of fact he finds it worthless.

In Aeschylus far and near fuse to give transcendence to the here and now. In Sophocles all time is immanent and forms the abiding skeleton of value for here and now. In Euripides here and now are devalued by the far away and long ago, the hopeless wish to escape from a present without value. So the rhetorical intensity of his vertiginous verse, certainly as overpowering as any ever written, couples luster with mockery, and is for that very reason so much the more intense. In the Hellenistic world of great cities and warring empires, Euripides came into his fame. The Hellenistic world was Euripidean and so is the one we live in today.

The most convincing contemporary translations of Euripides are in the University of Chicago-Modern Library edition. The nearest approximations to his hypnotic verse are the translations of the choruses of *Iphigenia at Aulis* and *Hippolytus* by H.D.

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Keeping Faith with the Traveler

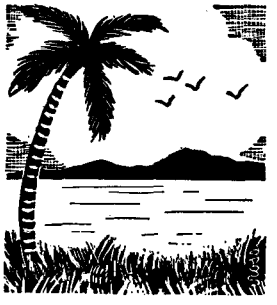
THE FIRST American was an immigrant, a traveler in prehistoric times who journeyed from the ancient continents of Asia and Europe, where man originally emerged on earth, to find this unshaped, unpeopled continent of the still undreamed of New World.

Yet this nation, first inhabited and settled by travelers, is today violating its own history and traditions by discouraging its citizens from visiting other countries. In 1965, proclaimed International Cooperation Year by the United Nations, the U.S. Government is mobilizing a vast program of projects for international cooperation, while at the same time stifling one of the most basic contemporary expressions of cooperation: world travel, and tourism.

There can be little international cooperation in a world in which travel barriers—whether in the form of passport or visa restrictions or currency limitations or restrictive taxes—have the effect of choking off the fullest and freest movement of peoples. Travel is the great convener of people. It provides immediate experiences and insights that are available in no other way and are invaluable to the citizens of the most powerful and heavily engaged nation on the globe.

Much has been done since the founding of the United Nations twenty years ago to increase the ease and freedom of travel in all parts of the world, whether through technological developments such as the jet transport plane or through the reduction of visa, passport, and immigration requirements. Hardly two generations ago, the lifetime travel mileage for a human being might be as little as 30,000 miles, and less than 20 per cent of the globe was accessible to him; today 3,000,000 miles is not beyond the reach of the average man and at least 90 per cent of the earth's surface welcomes him.

It is not so much that the world is smaller as that man's idea of the world has grown larger. Man's idea of the world has in fact become so large that for the first time in his history he sees himself as a part of all mankind. This is a revolutionary new factor in man's efforts to cooperate in managing the globe instead of dismembering it through conflict. Therefore the policy of the U.S. Government in discouraging or restricting the freedom of international travel because of an adverse balance of payments becomes more than a technical matter for accountants, economists and fiscal experts to resolve. Our so-called travel gap of $1.6 billion is a serious problem, but a "Yankee Stay Home" policy would work even more seriously against the national interest.



The vital interrelationship of travel, trade, and international prosperity was reaffirmed last month at the Ninth Inter-American Travel Congress in Bogota, Colombia, when delegates from nineteen countries, including the U.S., unanimously urged all governments to support International Cooperation Year and especially to encourage and widen the role of international travel as a central expression of such cooperation. Moreover, when the world-wide travel industry gathers in Hong Kong next week for the thirty-fifth convention of the American Society of Travel Agents, the delegates are not only expected to endorse ICY but also to urge that it be carried on next year by a United Nations proclamation of 1966 as International Travel Year. And the International Union of Official Travel Organizations, the consultative agency of the U.N. through which ninety-four governments work to promote and develop world tourism, is also expected to urge the U.N. to proclaim 1966 as International Travel Year when it holds its twentieth-anniversary meeting in Mexico City next month.

MOST observers, in short, generally concur that foreign travel and tourism, a $10 billion-a-year enterprise described by the United Nations as a "significant human activity deserving the praise and encouragement of all peoples and all governments," is also a peace-supporting, knowledge-expanding force.

Instead of restraints and taxes on travel, shouldn't the United States make clear that it is dedicated to a policy of expanding international travel? Shouldn't we acknowledge that our current annual trade surplus of $6.5 billion is in very real measure made possible by the funds American tourists spend abroad, funds that flow continually back to this country for purchases of American products and services? Shouldn't we declare that Washington has no intention of curtailing the travel of its citizens?

It is worth hoping that the U.S. delegations in both Hong Kong and Mexico City will support such an initiative, and that it will be given further momentum when President Johnson convenes a three-day White House conference at the end of November to crystallize and approve the over-all U.S. program for international cooperation—including international travel—as a continuing expression of ICY.

The U.N. would welcome such an initiative, which would do honor both to world travel and to the twentieth anniversary of the IUOTO. It would serve the national interest of the United States and keep faith with that first American, the first foreign traveler who came to these shores from overseas thousands of years ago.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Uses of Anger

I own most of Ivor Brown's books and make a point of reading everything else of his that appears in print. So, quite naturally, I read his article "Those Angry Authors—Why Their Protests Fail" [*SR*, Aug. 28].

Mr. Brown is correct in every instance he cites: Bernard Shaw, Charles Dickens, Lord Byron, and all the others. But sometime I hope he will tell us why some other authors do succeed in their efforts to reform. For instance, the effects of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* are still being felt not only in her native land but, I read, even more so in Ivor Brown's own Great Britain.

Could this be because Miss Carson told the truth *without* anger?

N. M. Davidson.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

I have often felt, as Ivor Brown does, that even the greatest of those "angry" authors are but driftwood on the powerful currents of their times and must always fail, except in rare instances, to be anything but entertainers.

I cannot yet believe, however, that the artist's main function is mere entertainment or that the artist must fail forever in fulfilling his basic drive as gadfly, teacher, and prophet.

There is certainly evidence a mile high that Aristophanes, Dickens, and Shaw were not, in the long run, the failures Brown thinks them.

It is abundantly clear that, ever so gradually to be sure, such men worked on the sensibilities of the economic and political leaders of each generation, making them a little more wise and responsible than their fathers had been. Thus we have edged feebly to a clearer view of the inner reality of things—which I submit is a fulfilment of the artist's true function.

To believe otherwise is, of course, to believe the artist a mere clown whose whole existence is beside the point—except as court jester to madmen.

Clyde Martin.

Chelmsford, Mass.

Maximum Burdens

Thank you for R.L.T.'s excellent editorial on the International Labor Organization's report on maximum permissible weights. As you undoubtedly know, it isn't often that a report of this kind finds its way into the better magazines.

You may be interested to know that a preparatory technical conference on the maximum permissible weight to be carried by one worker will be held at the International Labor Office, Geneva, from January 25 to February 4, 1966. One purpose is to discuss further action that may be taken to obtain acceptance of the idea of a maximum permissible weight and to recommend such new action to the International Labor Conference.

It has been suggested in the past that a maximum permissible weight be written into an ILO Convention, thereby making it an international standard. An action of this kind is still possible.

William J. Knight,
International Labor Organization
Liaison Office with the U.N.

New York, N.Y.

"Don't take it out on him—take an Anacin."

Kazantzakis and *Candy*

Your preview of the Kazantzakis drama *Man and God in Dialogue* [*SR*, Aug. 28] was a cooling breeze in the heat of summer.

While Americans rush to their stationery stores to buy their paperback copies of *Candy*, self-styled censors are still trying to get the works of Nikos Kazantzakis removed from the shelves.

Isn't this something of a Coney Island mirror image of our rather unstable literary folkways?

Bert S. Gerard,
Administrator,
Westchester Reform Temple.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Help!

I can't believe that a magazine of your high quality could publish such an unrefined opinion of the movie *Help!* [SR, Aug. 28]. I've been a subscriber to your magazine for nearly two years now, and I've seen nearly every good movie murdered by your critics—but this is going too far. The photography was out of this world, the dialogue was immensely clever, the music haunting and catchy. As for the Beatles themselves, they're just as diverting, cute, and talented now as they always were, if not more. Please tell Mr. Alpert not to worry about Richard Lester; he'll get his share of Academy Awards for this movie. Instead, tell him to start worrying about Hollis Alpert, whose reviews lack what the movie has plenty of: artistic talent.

Geri Ahles.

Elm Grove, Wis.

I have just finished reading Hollis Alpert's review of *Help!* He didn't seem to like it much, poor man.

Because I am only fifteen years old and cannot be considered an able critic, you may not consider this as a world-shaking letter. However, I have the full support of my mother, my father, and my boy friend—who was once anti-Beatle.

I don't see how anyone who likes to have fun can help loving the Beatles. Anyone who says their "spontaneity is forced" or, worse, compares them to Abbot and Costello should be instantly charged with Communism.

When they tell us that everything in the world is on the edge of disaster, and when movies like *Harlow* and *The Sandpiper* are the current attractions at movie theaters, how can anyone criticize a beautiful, fun movie like *Help!* If more people would let themselves go and just *enjoy* these wonderful Beatles, they would be a whole lot happier!

Jo Collins.

Rochester, Mich.

Editor's note: *Mr. Alpert replies: "Nonsense! My reviews are full of artistic talent. My wife thinks they're marvelous, my mother wonders where I learned all the big words. We all think teen-age Beatle hysteria is icky. And anyone who says I'm a Communist for not particularly liking the new Beatles caper is probably a stockholder of the United Artists Corporation."*

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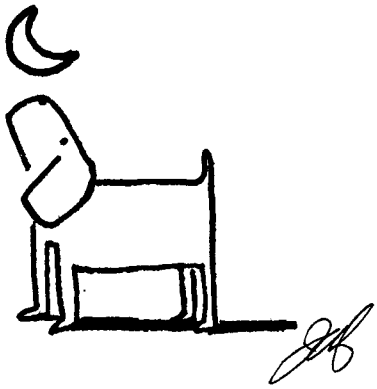
Old Movies Are Better Than Ever

ONE OF the hottest tickets at the current New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, along with the revival of Bette Davis's *Of Human Bondage* and a first showing of Akira Kurosawa's monumental *Red Beard*, are those for a forty-year-old curio, never before seen in this country, called *Les Vampires*. Produced in France by the prodigious Louis Feuillade, in his day the king of the serials, it runs a staggering six and a half hours—without titles! If all the missing subtitles, and the notes, letters, and newspaper inserts on which so much of the action hinges, had been replaced, it might well have been another three hours longer. Most of them, the festival authorities assure us, are gone for good—vanished in the vaults of time. But the astounding thing is that, even without them, much of the picture makes sense. And after a while, all need of explanation about who is doing what to whom, and why, suddenly slips away in the delight which an audience begins to share with Feuillade at just having things happen—the sheer ecstasy of bountiful, beautiful, improbable action unsicklied o'er by any pale cast of thought.



Les Vampires, of course, was originally a serial, issued in ten parts of about forty-five minutes each. It was Henri Langlois, the guiding genius of the nationally supported Cinémathèque Française, who "reconstituted" this print, and it was screened earlier this year in London by the British Film Institute (which co-sponsors the Lincoln Center festival) in a marathon session that ran from midnight to 7 A.M.—with frequent ministrations of tea, coffee, and sandwiches. At Lincoln Center, where union-scale projection fees presumably temper esthetic exuberance, the show begins at five, includes a dinner break, and the survivors finally return to the street at about midnight—the proper hour for vampires. What they will have seen is a picture that enjoyed enormous popularity when it appeared, delighted the surrealists of the Twenties, influenced such contemporary French directors as Alain Resnais, seems the true precursor of today's James Bond movies, and can still teach many a lesson on what film is all about.

While any of these, in themselves, would be reason enough for revival, *Les Vampires* also passes with flying colors that crucial test on which many a more recent—and far shorter—film has foundered. It holds its audience. True, it does have a number of things going for it that Feuillade had not foreseen, like the nostalgia evoked by its many Paris exteriors, or the appealing naïveté of both its characters and its plot. At one point—shades of James Bond—a portable cannon is assembled in a Riviera hotel room to sink a transport ship, and at another a bomb is built into a silk hat which the dapper villain leaves on the hat rack of our journalist hero. (Just possibly, however, in another forty years 007's tricked-up Aston-Martin will prove equally risible.) But it is fascinating to discover that Feuillade's tongue was as firmly in his cheek as Ian Fleming's much of the time, and rather edifying to realize that violence is not a necessary component of excitement and shoek. To be sure, the succession of villains in *Les Vampires* goes to extravagant lengths to eliminate the indestructible journalist, but somehow no one ever gets hurt. Killed occasionally, perhaps, but never seriously wounded or maimed or tortured. The pleasure comes from watching the preparations, not in seeing the pain.

It may be a little odd for *SR* to review a picture forty years after the fact, but since its American premiere takes place this week, a policy of better late than never may not be amiss—particularly since it helps point up another aspect of the New York Film Festival that is apt to be overlooked in the welter of new pictures being introduced during the festival. Actually, of the twenty-five features, no fewer than six are important revivals—including von Stroheim's *The Wedding March*, unseen here for thirty years, an early Antonioni, and an even earlier Keaton. Newness always holds an attraction, especially for film festivals, but if film is to be recognized as an art form, there must be opportunities to review and reassess past efforts. That this is happening as an integral part of the festival at Lincoln Center enhances the significance of the entire event.

A filmic revival of another kind is to be found in Frederic Rossif's *To Die in Madrid*, which draws on old newsreel clips from innumerable sources to compose an objective but far from dispassionate account of the Spanish Civil War. Here is history brought to life—and more than that, for the camera can never record mere abstract events. It shows us people in their pain, their terror, and their moments of heroism. The tragedy of Spain was a tragedy of people caught in the countercurrents of conflicting ideologies, and what makes this film so very affecting is its reminder of the human suffering that a dehumanized ideology can produce. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE BEES AND THE BIRDS

Robert Burns is famous for his mouse and his louse. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, wonders if you can match the following creatures with *their* poets. Key (and poem titles) on page 132.

1. A drunken bee, a hummingbird on a bush, a fainting robin ( ) Blake
2. Walled-up bees, a puzzled horse, an ovenbird ( ) Dickinson
3. Golden bees, a brooding dove, a blithe skylark ( ) Frost
4. Murmuring bees, moaning doves, a milkwhite peacock ( ) C. Rossetti
5. Drooping bees, kneeling camels, a starved dog ( ) Shakespeare
6. A poisonous honeybee, a caged robin, a starved dog ( ) Shelley
7. A sucking bee, crying owls, flying bats ( ) Tennyson
8. Bees in a glade, a long-legged fly, a great-winged swan ( ) Watts
9. A busy bee, a mounting lark, horned oxen ( ) Whitman
10. Hived bees, a shimmering hummingbird, a patient spider ( ) Yeats

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In Research of Theater

CERTAINLY one of the most valiant and hopefully most valuable theater projects of our time is publisher James H. Heineman's determined underwriting of an overwhelmingly ambitious reference work on the American Theater. Titled *The Biographical Encyclopaedia and Who's Who of the American Theatre,* the 1,101-page book has weathered unforeseen difficulties and can now see clear sailing ahead to its January publication date.

The eagerly awaited tome, conceived and edited by Walter Rigdon, is designed to be the primary source for any scholar or theater professional seeking information about writers, producers, and educators of our theater, movie, and TV. And the unanswered question is: Will it be useful enough to justify its $82.50 price tag?

An advance peek at the book's final page proofs reveals some of the ways this work may save time and money for its users. First, there are the 3,358 biographies themselves, which are much more detailed than those found in other *Who's Whos.* For Mr. Rigdon has invited each biographee to include not only his amateur, stock, and New York or London stage appearances, each followed by the character played, the date of the first performance, and the name of the theater, but also all film and TV credits. While this policy has the disadvantage of giving some lesser figures longer biographies than more important ones, it does increase its information value, and will be particularly appreciated by agents and producers for whom savings in cables and long-distance phone calls could make the book pay for itself within a few months.

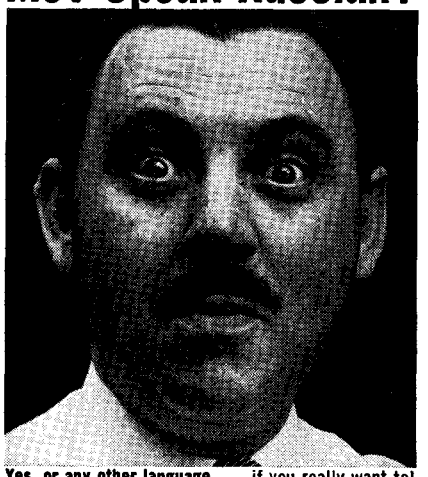
Surprisingly enough, 85 per cent of the biographees have actually edited and amended the biographies Mr. Rigdon and his 100 researchers compiled, which insures a high degree of accuracy. In a very few cases there have come back deletions of associations with flops, or stern injunctions not to print year of birth, and where this information could not be checked against a previous responsible publication or otherwise incontrovertibly certified, the editor has reluctantly complied. However, one important playwright who did not protest is reported in every other standard biographical reference as being born three years later than he is here revealed to be. Of the dozen or so personalities who demanded to be left out, most are believed to have done so in order to avoid giving data that would have permitted an approximation of their ages. But it is conjectured that one recalcitrant producer may have found damaging the listing of his playbill credits, because they wrongly made him appear to be an opportunist who most of the time participated in productions created by others.

As valuable as this individual biographical material is, one suspects that the most used pages of the book will be the section that lists every professional Broadway and off-Broadway production from 1900 to 1964, followed in each instance by opening date, theater, and number of performances given. This not only provides a quick and previously unavailable way to check the spelling of titles, but also of supplying the data required for seeking out reviews, cast information, and photographs. Then, since the majority of research is concerned with recent productions, Mr. Rigdon has included the complete playbills of all New York productions from 1959 to 1964, plus those of many of the resident theater companies around the United States. And a full list of plays and premiere dates by these companies and by other organizations such as the Theatre Guild, the Group Theatre, the APA, etc., since their beginning, appear in another section of the book.

PERHAPS lesser used but still useful will be a list of 600 published biographical works on theater greats; a necrology listing the birthplace, dates of birth and death, and specialization of some 9,000 deceased theater figures from Thespis to Brendan Behan; a condensed history of 125 New York City theater buildings; a brief discography of original cast recordings of musical comedy and drama; a list of American plays, such as *The Zoo Story,* which received their premieres abroad, along with pertinent data on these productions; and a long compilation of all major theater awards since the inception of each, plus the motion picture's Academy Awards.

While Mr. Heineman is not without anxiety about his huge capital outlay, he is confident enough to have proceeded with the compilation of a supplement that will update the material at two-year intervals. He projects the book's sale at 5,000 copies, reasoning that there are at least that many institutions and organizations that will find the book saves them as much time as a vacuum cleaner does a housewife. And Mr. Rigdon nods assent with the glazed look of a man who has just swept the Augean stables with a broom. —HENRY HEWES.

Me? Speak Russian?



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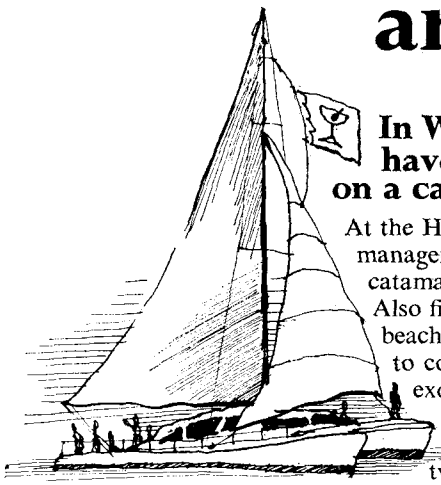
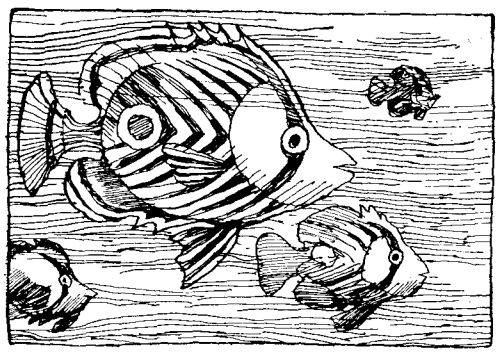
Some of the most exotic hotels in the Pacific are called Hilton



In Waikiki, have a cocktail party on a catamaran.

At the Hilton Hawaiian Village, manager Bill Charlock has a whole fleet of catamarans, outriggers and power boats. Also five swimming pools and a magnificent beach. For the evenings, in addition to cocktails on the catamaran, Bill has exotic restaurants and night clubs with Polynesian, Oriental and international cuisine. And twice a week an authentic Luau feast.

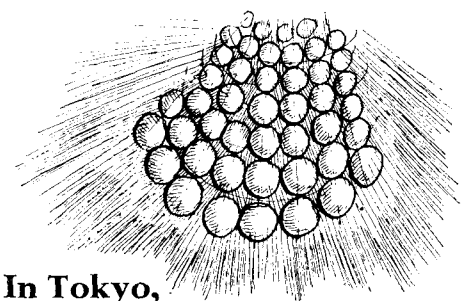
Hilton Hawaiian Village
Operated by Hilton Hotels Corp.



In Honolulu, sip champagne beside a lagoon full of butterfly fish.

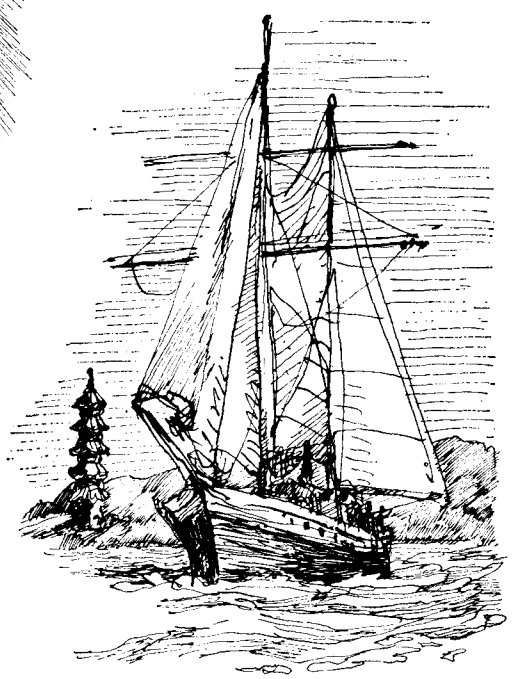
At the Kahala Hilton, truly the world's most elegant resort, manager Robert Burns' specialities de la maison include sumptuous air-conditioned rooms, superlative service and gourmet menus. You'll also have an oval fresh-water pool, an ocean beach and a private lagoon to sip your champagne by. And all this secluded splendor is just 15-minutes drive from Waikiki by free bus service.

Kahala Hilton*



In Tokyo, dance under the light of 3,000,000 pearls.

At the Tokyo Hilton, manager Tony Clegg will surround you with Oriental splendor. The chandeliers in his ballroom shine with 3,000,000 real pearls. His chef is a jewel, too. Does fabulous things with shrimp in a wine sauce or tender, tasty Kobe beef. You'll also have a traditional tea ceremony every afternoon, a quaint Japanese garden right off the lobby... and a swimming pool on the hotel grounds. **Tokyo Hilton***



In Hong Kong, cruise the harbor on a private brigantine.

At the Hongkong Hilton, manager Ken Moss has the 110-foot brigantine, Wan Fu, to run you around the harbor. And private rickshas to run you around town. Also...a bar shaped like an ancient Chinese dragon boat, another called The Den steeped in Oriental mystery, a variety of exotic restaurants and a swimming pool. Perfect location, too—right on Hong Kong Island. (Only thing it doesn't have is a water shortage—ever.)

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*Operated by Hilton International Co.

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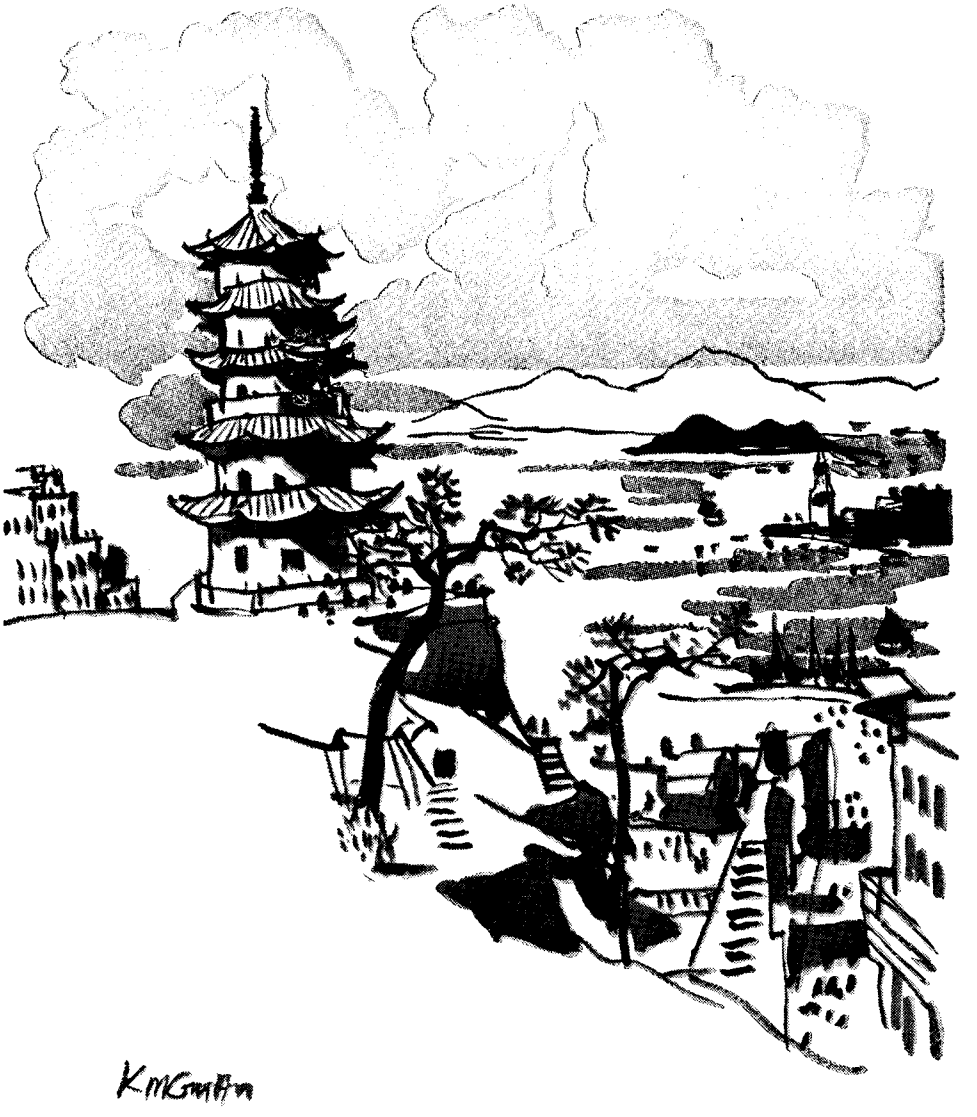
THE FAR LANDS GROW NEARER



ASIA AND THE PACIFIC

A Special Travel Section

WHETHER it was Maugham or Loti, Lafcadio Hearn or James Michener, whether it was Gauguin or Trader Vic's or *South Pacific* or *Flower Drum Song* or the days spent in far places in the war, or a living room in The Bronx done in Japanese modern, the idea caught on. The South Seas and the Far East, so long a land in a twice-told tale, suddenly became a reality, a place to fly to in a jet, sail to in an air-conditioned ship, a place with a good hotel, air-conditioned rooms, even that hallmark of American civilization, a coffee shop. The far lands at last grew nearer. This year, for the first time, the American Society of Travel Agents, which had hitherto ventured no farther than Rome in one direction and Hawaii

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in the other, is holding its World Travel Congress in Hong Kong. Two thousand delegates, an unthinkable number for a city so short of hotels such a short time ago, will flutter into the British colony. They will come by way of Hawaii and by way of India. En route there and en route home they will take the measure of Japan and the Philippines, Taiwan, Rangiroa, and points between. Clients will hear about it for days to come and the far places, if they remain quiet, will entertain new visitors for whom China and Japan, Australia and Tahiti were so recently far beyond the reality of a firsthand encounter.

For future visitors and for those who have made the pilgrimage and may again, *SR* has assembled a variety of experiences recorded here by a number of celebrated practitioners. Bernard Kalb's memoirs of Asia derive from his years as a foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* in Jakarta and later as bureau chief in Hong Kong for CBS. Richard Hughes, long famous for his pieces for the London *Sunday Times* and for *The Economist,* is based in Hong Kong, from which vantage point he made a number of private trips with his friend Ian Fleming, the subject of his story. Marc Connelly, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright, turned to novelizing last spring with *A Souvenir from Qam.* His account of Bangkok, "A Souvenir from the Klongs," was written after his first trip to the Orient last year. Fred Sparks won the Pulitzer as a foreign correspondent covering Asia for the Chicago *Daily News.* He has been editor of *Parade,* a columnist for Scripps-Howard, and a frequent contributor to *SR.* Stanley Karnow is Hong Kong bureau chief of the Washington *Post.* Robert Trumbull is bureau chief for the *New York Times* in Tokyo, from which base he travels often to Manila. Gilbert Thomas, a freelance writer, worked for the USIA in Saigon and Taipei and traveled to New Guinea. George Chaplin, who writes on New Zealand, is editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser,* edited the mid-Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes* during the war, and was a Nieman Fellow. Arturo and Gloria Gonzalez lived in Hong Kong, where Mr. Gonzalez was travel editor of the Hong Kong *Tiger Standard.* He now lives in New York, works for Time-Life International. Joel Lieber, another freelancer, is the author of *Israel on $5 a Day* and writes on travel subjects. Peggy Durdin was born in China, grew up and taught there, and reports often on the Orient, especially for the *New York Times.* Her husband is *New York Times* correspondent in Sydney. The keeper of this space, who for this issue writes on the phenomenal emergence of Hong Kong, was born in New York, where he ate frequently in Chinese restaurants.

—Horace Sutton.

ASIA:

By BERNARD KALB

ASIA AND I first met at a lawn party in New Delhi, introduced, if I remember correctly, by a brontosaurus. It was a lovely party glowing with saris; the date was August 1956; and the go-between was a monster, all right, even if not prehistoric. It was a contemporary monster—known as a fly, *not,* however, to be confused with the household variety common in the West. This was an Asian fly — obstreperous, monstrous, neurotically determined to bathe in my Scotch. (I had declined the ice and water, of course.) It was a new experience for me, different from anything I had ever encountered in Paris or Moscow or Latin America or the Aleutians or even McMurdo Sound or Little America in the Antarctic. All those places were old friends; Asia wasn't. Asia was alien. But I'd boned up in advance on the variety of dangers, both obvious and subtle, that the inscrutable East, as the saying goes, spreads out for innocents from afar, and no assurances by my host could persuade me that that winged Asian wasn't carrying at least 82,000 different types of rare Asian disease. In a flash of inspiration, I covered my glass with a handkerchief (still fresh from a laundry in New York). No, I did not go so far as to drink my Scotch strained — that would have been ludicrous; I simply raised the handkerchief —swiftly—whenever I felt thirsty. The other Western guests seemed to be puzzled, but I kept my handkerchief between Asia and me. After a while, the beast flew off, frustrated—I had clearly outwitted him — but still I never undressed my glass. The next morning, emboldened, I went off to Calcutta; at a Chinese restaurant in that city of Black Hole reputation, I asked the waiter to bring, along with the food, a bowl of boiling water. I promptly sterilized the chopsticks, and then, between mouthfuls —the air was undoubtedly swarming with microscopic germs—I kept plunging the chopsticks into the boiling water. Why so many people, particularly Westerners, stared at me I could never understand. Then.

Now that I look back on those first traumatic experiences in India—I was to spend the next nine years or so in Asia — I must confess that they were among my most dangerous moments in the Far East. Asia over the years did erupt with epidemics, violence, and war —but so did non-Asia. Asia, in fact, turned out to be the friendliest of places and peoples, a part of the world that has a way of insisting that you be on a first-name basis with her. This is, obviously, a highly subjective reaction: one man's danger is another man's fun (an old Javanese proverb, probably). What is danger? It's too personal, intangible, uncomputable. Each man to his own *what?* Still, Asia, like any self-respecting culture, is saturated with some dangerous dangers, and perhaps a few had better be itemized at once before that brontosaurus, not to mention his offspring, regains his strength and strikes.

Where to begin?

The food in Gangtok? (The Sikkimese love it.) The prices in Tokyo? (They read like altitudes.) The roads in Katmandu? (They have no springs.) The cattle in Calcutta? (The most sacred traffic hazards anywhere.) The water in Muzaffarabad? (Don't even swim in it.) The mah-jongg in Kowloon? (Ivory at its most deafening.) The beds in Bukittinggi? (Anyway, they're a cultural experience.) The hotels in Chittagong? (No worry; you'll probably never get there.) The girls in Hué? The *cheongsams* in Hong Kong? The geishas in Japan?

But there is another kind of catalogue, symbolized by that Asian fly and multiplied by the failure—I experienced this at first hand—to recognize that a fly is a fly is a fly is a fly. A sudden eruption of racial, religious, or political violence—this can make a tourist, on the brink of Asia, anxious. Germs: the fear of. Sanitation: the shortage of. Food: the strangeness of. The very differentness of Asia, compounded by Asia's around-the-clock rush-hour crowds and ragged poverty, Asia's values and contradictions, compounded, too, by antique, caricatured images of an Orient of secret societies, opium, and orgies—all this can add up to a kind of assault on the senses that at once produces distortions and jolts common sense.

Yet for almost any of these Asian datelines and facts, you can find Western equivalents—and so the question still

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A MEASURE AND A MEMOIR

stands: What is danger? Still, traveled tourists say there are a few places in Asia that are worth special attention, and what follows is an abbreviated gazetteer of danger in the East.

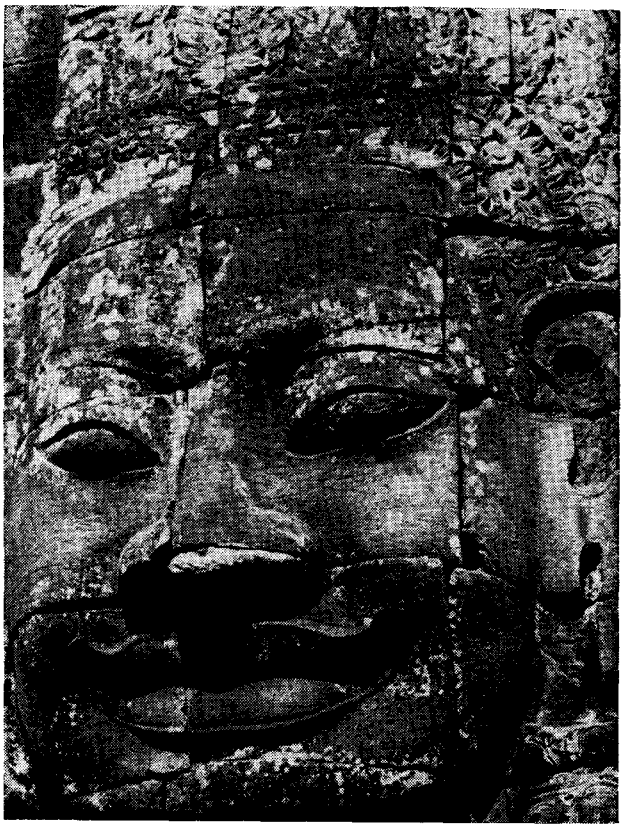
South Vietnam is a lot safer for a tourist these days—if he's in the U.S. Marines and fully equipped. The Viet Cong doesn't regard the country as a vacation paradise; it has not displayed any notable readiness to extend tourist *tips to Americans*; and, what's more, it is much too adept at *plastic*-throwing for any traveler to enjoy a relaxed stroll window-shopping along Tu Do Street in Saigon. It's been that way for years now—the fear of a sudden V.C. terrorist attack along the boulevards of the capital—and the evidence is strung up all over Saigon in the form of chicken-wire barricades at the entrances to restaurants and bars. The wire was originally put up years ago; armed religious groups and sects were then battling the government in the avenues and alleys of the city. Now the wires are anti-V.C. Still, I recall chatting with a group of unarmed American housewives who had spent a few days touring Saigon, and they were absolutely enchanted with the city that, in the old travel brochures, was described as "the Paris of the East." They couldn't wait to get back to their hometowns to recount – and relive – their adventures. They were marvelous women, I thought, but our conversation took place about a year ago, long before the start of the military escalation against the V.C. *Go to Saigon today?* I'd advise my mother to think twice about it, and I'd probably hate myself for even intimating that maybe she shouldn't go.

Laos—it's been said of Laos that if it hadn't existed the French would have had to invent it—can be another danger. A few, very few, authentic tourists wander into Laos, sometimes intentionally, but there is a Pathet Lao insurgency underway there, and, what with occasional miniature civil wars, the fighting has sometimes spilled into the capital city of Vientiane. Ah, Vientiane! With its non-streets, it has a good deal in common with the Wild West—in the Far East. You really have to want to see Laos to make the journey north of Bangkok. Still, there are a few old Vientiane hands who hate the idea that Laos is being "discovered" even infinitesimally. Actually, the greatest number of tourists have come from neighboring, not neighborly, North Vietnam; there are regular reports that battalions of North Vietnamese tourists, all nicely briefed by the Ho Chi Minh Travel Agency, have infiltrated into that massacred country known as "The Land of the Million Elephants."

Indonesia is another story, a story of nationalism against the "imperialist" world. Over the years, it's been orchestrated into a sloganized crescendo, and it's had its run-ins with quite a few world capitals, including Peking (briefly), with the United States these days (U.S. *policy*, the Indonesians like to say) holding the dubious distinction of being the country most likely to be denounced at a moment's notice. But then again, for the tourist, what is danger? Years ago, to start in the pre-U.S. phase, when the Jakarta regime was putting the pressure on Dutch nationals over the obsessive issue of West New Guinea, the walls of the capital were smeared with slogans saying USIR BELANDA (GET OUT, DUTCH), and the world's headlines conveyed the impression that any Dutch holdovers in Jakarta were risking their lives by staying in their ex-colony one more second. Well, the Dutch were regarded by Indonesia as its enemy at that moment in history—a *political* enemy—and the big Indonesian Communist Party had a field day making anti-Western propaganda. The Dutch pulled out, and there were many Indonesians who were heartsick about that forced exodus. Today the Dutch are returning in sizable numbers—The Hague finally surrendered West New Guinea—and speaking the Dutch language has again become something of a status symbol among Indonesians. Today it's the Americans who are at the end of the anti-slogans, and the Indonesians are running out of American consulates to throw rocks at. "Go to hell"—a phrase made popular by President Sukarno (as in, "Go to hell with your aid," when he accuses the United States of having offered aid with strings)—now permeates an increasingly hostile anti-U.S. environment; not too long ago, I found myself being told to go there, to hell, by some organized Indonesians who were trooping by the U.S. Embassy as I was spending a few minutes watching an anti-American demonstration.

It's sad, all this, and it can be maddening, but the question still remains whether it's worth risking a go-to-hell or two in return for the chance—assuming a visa is forthcoming—to get to know one of the most interesting countries in Southeast Asia, the fifth most populous in the world. The question remains, too,

(*Continued on page* 90)



—*Ted Bumiller from Monkmeyer.*

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—*Drawings by Susan Perl.*

My Japanese Days with Ought-Ought Seven

By RICHARD HUGHES

HONG KONG.

I HAD the honor of accompanying my friend, the late Ian Fleming, on his second and last tour of Japan. He was seeking local color, factual detail, spiritual inspiration, and carnal folklore for the twelfth—and, alas, penultimate—James Bond volume, *You Only Live Twice*. I filled the humble role of valet-comrade to Fleming-*san*. The third member of our evangelic group was Torao ("Tiger") Saito, distinguished Japanese editor, photographer, and architect—who, like myself, has been shamefully lampooned in the book.

Our odyssey—which was the most instructive, enjoyable, crowded, leisurely, lively, and hilarious trip I ever made in thirteen long years of residence in Japan—was ideally timetabled amid the gorgeous colors of a late fall. It spread luxuriantly over two weeks. We traveled by car, steamer, train, hydrofoil, funicular, sedan chair, and river boat, stayed at Western-style hotels and lonely inns, purified ourselves at the Grand Shrines of Ise, crossed the Inland Sea, paid reverence to the great Japanese poet Basho (a sort of poor Oriental's Shakespeare) at one of his innumerable birthplaces, concentrated on *sake*, lay long together and argued ideologically in hot-spring baths, survived two mild earthquake shocks, narrowly avoided violence with a group of foreigners in the dining car on the night express from Kyushu to Tokyo, met one of Tokyo's leading gangster bosses (since murdered), and drank turtle blood at a *sayonara* banquet with respectful members of Japan's new secret police.

Tiger and I also had the privilege of studying at first hand Fleming's technique of precise and meticulous investigation for the background and action of a James Bond adventure.

It has now occurred to me, in sentimental retrospect, that the itinerary which Fleming requested in broad outline, and which Tiger and I sought to fulfil in detail, could well be a recommended route for other enterprising holiday visitors.

Ian's original letter to me (we had traveled together previously in Hong Kong, Macao, and Japan) ran in part:

Dear Dikko:

I have it in mind that James Bond's next adventure shall be in Japan and though I have been reading up some excellent books on that splendid country, notably by James Kirkup and Fosco Maraini, I find that I can't get any further without coming back and taking another look myself. . . . After perhaps a couple of days in Tokyo, I would like us to take the most luxurious modern train down south to the Inland Sea and beyond to whatever bizarre corner of Japan you and Tiger can think up. I have in mind somewhere like Fukuoka. I would also like to see pearl girls diving—my heroine will be a beautiful *ama* girl who has learned to speak English working on an underwater film in Hollywood—and hot baths, a live volcano for suicides, and any terrifying manifestation of the horrific in Japan. . . . There will be a mad foreigner in an old Japanese castle, and it will be James Bond's task to bring him to book, with the help of Tiger, who will be transformed into the head of the Japanese secret service. You, Dikko, will

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be Australia's secret service agent in Tokyo.

The James Bond itinerary which Tiger and I finally drew up and which we warmly recommend to visitors to Japan was:

> Early morning express from Tokyo to Gamagori (first-class hotel); hydrofoil to Mikimoto's pearl fisheries, thence car, via Grand Shrines of Ise, Matsuzaka and Nijo-Jinya (house of secret corridors and sudden death), to Kyoto (with special inspection of the ancient Shimbara bordello, which is now classified as a "national treasure"); from Kobe, all-day steamship across the Inland Sea to Beppu (rather vulgar but amusing and lascivious); to Mt. Aso, where there is a live volcano and a good hotel; then to Fukuoka (anti-climactic —Nagasaki would have been better); finally, late-night express back to Tokyo (good dining car, with excellent *sashimi, kabbayaki, sushi,* and plenty of *sake*.

Fleming had a consuming admiration for Japanese simplicity, although he never really cared for eating and sleeping on the *tatami* (floor mats). He himself wore throughout our rambles a dark blue suit of light texture (with cuffed sleeves), blue shirts (without cuffs or even long sleeves), a jaunty polka-dot bow tie and moccasins, and carried a shooting-stick. He and I made the mistake of taking large suitcases on the trip. Tiger carried only one change of linen in an overnight bag. Every Japanese inn gives you a crisp *yukata* to wear while your shirt is laundered, and in which you eat and promenade handsomely. Sealed toothpaste, toothbrush, and razor await you in your bathroom.

We achieved a near-miracle for three men in their middle years, traveling together in unbroken company for two weeks: we never quarreled once. This happy phenomenon may be partly explained by the fact that, despite casual indulgence, we never once suffered a hangover—individually or *en masse*. Credit here does not derive only from our instinctive temperance, Japanese *shibui* (or urbanity), or the heady sea and mountain air that refreshed most of our travel. We adhered faithfully to *sake* at dinner and as the night shadows enfolded us—an alcoholic stratagem which we recommend unhesitatingly to all travelers in Japan.

Tiger and I soon adjusted ourselves to Fleming's working technique. He organized his day-to-day work to a flexible timetable, from which he hated to depart but to which he never became a slave. Generally, the day was given over to travel, to observation, to inquiries. Each evening he withdrew with a civil bow for an hour or two before dinner, while he recorded his impressions of the day and drew up questions and anticipations for the following day. He made his notes in pinballed longhand in soft-cover padbooks. He never doodled on this ruminatory cover-all, which was always clearly, precisely, and even elegantly recorded.

This solitary exercise was prudently lubricated by a reasonable admixture of bourbon—reasonable, because his supply, which he carried in his suitcase, lasted him throughout our pilgrimage.

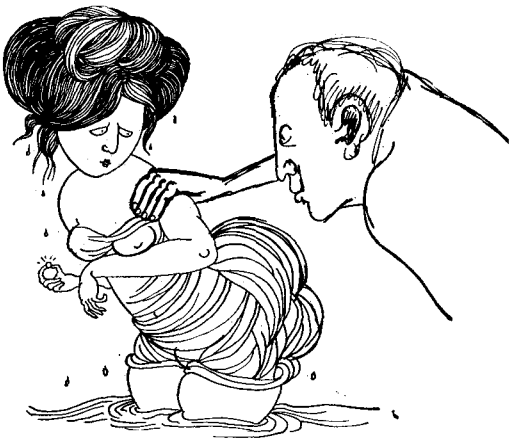
I asked him if he really preferred bourbon to Scotch. He offered an abstruse personal theory, which would have intrigued his medical advisers, that the reaction of the cardiac muscles to bourbon was less harmful than to Scotch. "The muscles expand under bourbon, Dikko, but they contract under Scotch," he told me, spreading and bunching his long fingers.

This ingenious theory was also an alibi for his cigarette smoking. He was not supposed, I knew, to smoke heavily, but he was constantly screwing his Bondian cigarettes into a long holder. He protested, deadpan, that the non-Scotch-like influence which bourbon allegedly exercised on his cardiac muscles also tended to correct ill effects from nicotine.

"In other words," I argued, "the more bourbon you drink and the more cigarettes you smoke, the better for your heart?"

"Come, come, Dikko, a little common sense," he replied. "You are not writing a news story for *The Lancet*."

Fleming's curiosity was insatiable. He never minded asking naïve questions. ("What happens to all the cherries from Japanese cherry-trees?"). Like all good conversationalists, he was a good listener. He crackled with ideas. He offered Tiger three immediate and inspired titles for a Dr. No-like hotel which Tiger designed and is building on an island in the Inland Sea; next day, he had forgotten his suggestions and began to improvise again until Tiger reminded him of his earlier titles.



"You must touch to get the texture of wet feminine skin."

His abiding passion for detailed accuracy and precision in the Bond adventures was exemplified daily. He pushed gently through the crowd of sightseers watching the Japanese girl dive for pearls at Mikimoto's island and, clinically but tenderly, placed one hand on her bare shoulder as she emerged. "You must *touch* to get the precise texture of wet feminine skin," he explained, adding that wet Oriental skin certainly had a different *feel* from Caucasian.

He sipped our steaming bath water with pursed lips at Mt. Aso to determine whether there was a salt base; virtually none.

He insisted that we inspect on the spot the provincial Kyushu police station which was one scene of Bond's skulduggery in *You Only Live Twice*. We took tea with the perplexed local police inspector, who never really understood Tiger's explanations and, after Fleming's

"He took over the hard brush used to massage beer-fattened cattle."

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searching questions and voluminous note-taking, was left, I still feel, with the haunting fear that we were actually Interpol cops investigating a fantastic local crime unknown to him.

In Fukuoka, he confirmed detachedly with a hot match-end that *fugu*—the deadly but delicious Japanese blowfish—does temporarily deaden the lips of the eater. He took over the hard brush used to massage the beer-fattened cattle at Matzusaka, and himself spat copious mouthfuls of *shochu* in authentic style over the back of the delighted animal before rubbing the fiery Japanese gin-spirit deeply into the flesh—thereby helping to "marble" the fat through the meat. "A poor vintage year" was his verdict on the *shochu*; "better for a cow's rump than a gentleman's belly."

He provoked an animated discussion with the sports editor of the *Asahi* and other Tokyo newsmen by his perverted preoccupation with the intricate method and theory of wrapping the *sumo* wrestlers' protective groin girdles before battle; the debate was conducted in a corner of the Tokyo American Club's lounge, and I fear that raised voices and explicit gestures by the excited disputants stimulated wild surmise among shocked elderly members, straining and peering from a distance.

He checked the number of *tatami* bedrooms in the ancient Shimbara bordello in Kyoto's Gion district, and worked out how many *ronin* could have eaten in the great, ground-floor kitchen, their swords beside them, while their *daimyo* lords feasted, roistered, and wenched in the echoing shadows upstairs. He inquired into ancient toilet procedure—apparently facilitated by a wheeled framework structure—and was impressed by the thinness of the faded-paper, sliding *shoji* that separated the bedrooms. "No place for drunken military leaders to discuss plans with their light-o'-loves," he remarked with a severity which Bond's boss, M., would have applauded.

When he was devising the poetical

"He was joined by two ferret-like *gaijin* of Eastern Teutonic appearance."

Japanese *haiku* for the book's title, *You Only Live Twice,* Tiger and I besought him to attribute it to the poet Basho. "Consider how many of our intellectuals will pretend they remember the quote," said Tiger. "You will leave a booby-trap for all our phoney professors."

"No, no, I can't do that," said Ian. "It will have to be attributed to 'after Basho.'"

His first composition—and I still think the best—was

You only live twice:
Once when you are born,
And once when you are about to die.

(You can read for yourself his eventual selection.)

Only once during our journey did I fancy that Fleming was ill at ease. We had chosen a modest but superlative restaurant in the Shima peninsula (a stone's throw—if you know where to throw the stone—from Mikimoto's island ferry), distinguished for lobster and *sashimi* (raw fish). Our large lobsters were only partly severed, so that each beady-eyed head, with waving tentacles and groping claws, began slowly to edge from the plate and to clutch blindly at us as our chopsticks probed the succulent content of the trailing crimson body.

"By God, it's still alive!" cried Fleming, defensively interposing his chopsticks between his wrist and the clutching antenna of his pulsating meal.

"No, no," said Tiger, pinning down his own restive victim. "It's just flesh—I mean, fresh."

"Only *rigor mortis* setting in," I agreed with a full mouth. "Some sentimentalists affect to discover a blind galvanic reproach in the writhings of a parboiled lobster, but I prefer to believe that, like a Strasbourg goose suffering a slow death to enlarge its liver, it is enjoying an ecstasy of satisfaction at happy delivery and in fulfilment of its existence."

"No doubt, no doubt," Fleming responded, rallying pluckily with Bondo-*san* realism. "We only live twice." And he fell to decisively. But it did seem to me that he gulped his *sake* and averted his eyes from the still shuddering head of his meal.

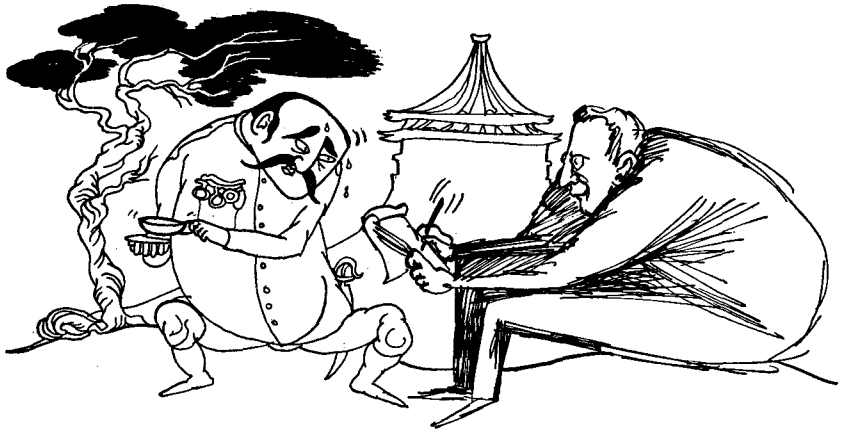
As readers of his *From Russia with Love* will recall, Fleming was fascinated by the shape and appearance of the backs of men's heads. Like John Buchan, he claimed he could assess character from the back of the head—just as he found sex appeal in the back of a girl's knee when she was wearing the Chinese *cheongsam.* (He could also halt all conversation at any *geisha* party by telling the girls' fortunes from a study of their palms.)

Our near brush with violence in the Kyushu night-express dining car, and its strange sequel at Tokyo station, arose from his intolerant dissection of a bulky Bavarian with a gross neck and thick, unshorn hair pressing mattily below his sweated collar, who incautiously sat at the next table, with his back to us. He was joined by two ferret-like *gaijin* (foreigners) of eastern Teutonic appearance. Tiger had retired.

"Look at the back of that man's head, Dikko," Fleming declaimed, as the express roared through the Kammon undersea tunnel and our empty *sake* decanters tinkled together on the swaying table. "There is no self-respecting barber in all Piccadilly who would condescend to bring scissors to that abominable fleece. He should be handed over to your Australian shearers—with or without dip. Consider how his greasy mane laps to his shoulderblades. The man is a debauched scoundrel, self-convicted by the hairy snarl on the back of his neck. He should be in a cattle truck."

I guess it sounds pretty strong in cool retrospect. The wretched hirsute traveler, aware dimly that he was under disapproval from the rear but unable to swerve around in his Japanese-size chair, communed uneasily with his embarrassed colleagues, who were facing us but avoiding Fleming's stern eyes. A timid man, I was apprehensive of the outcome; but Fleming arose with Bond-

(*Continued on page* 91)



"We took tea with the perplexed local inspector who never really understood Tiger's explanations . . ."

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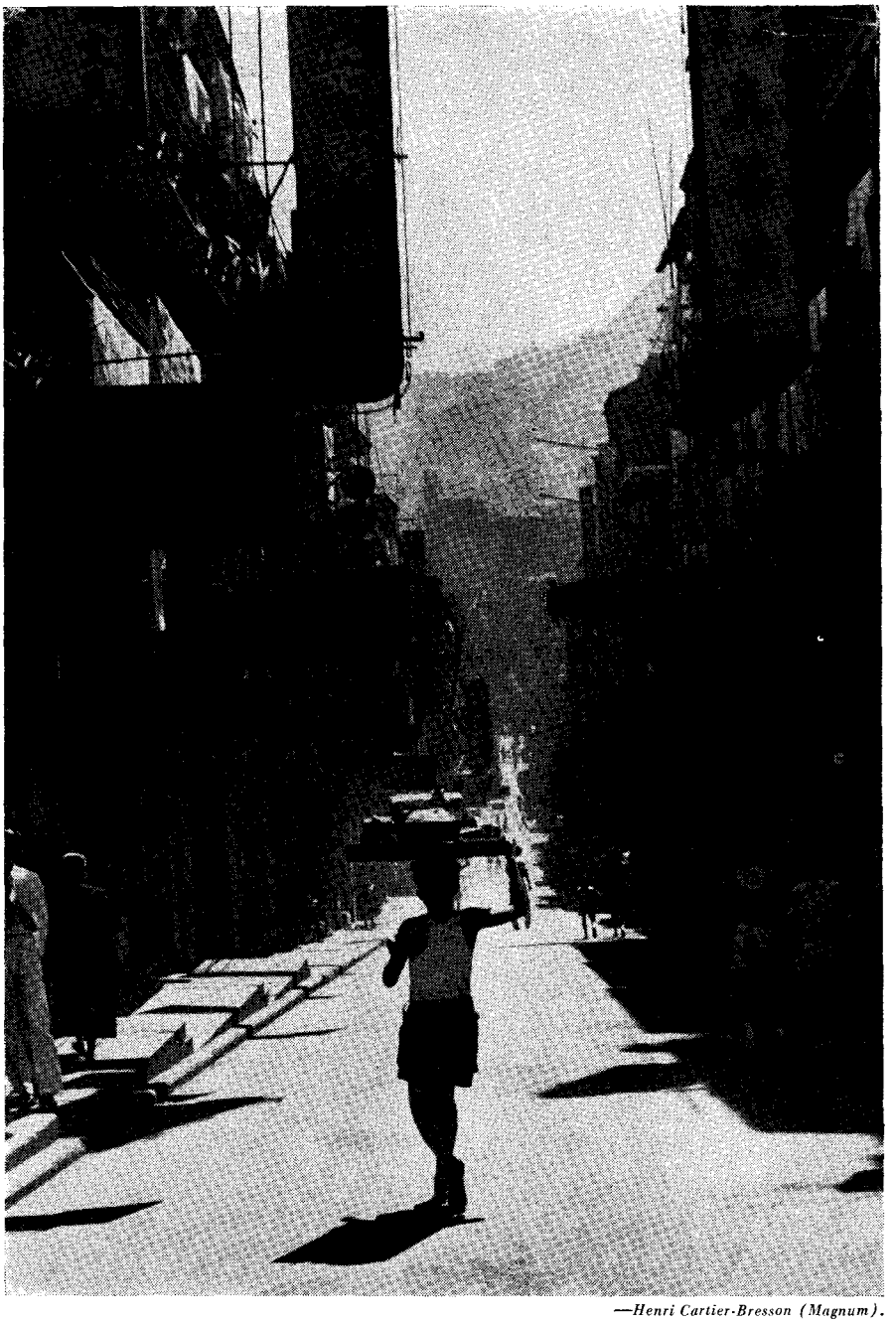

—*Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum).*

Hong Kong street—Was it Run-Run Shaw? A purple-haired tourist? A dope-runner from Rangoon? The flamboyant Hughes of London?

By HORACE SUTTON

THERE WAS always something very Sydney Greenstreet about Hong Kong.

One stayed, in the early days, at the Peninsula, where the room boys padded the halls in black coolie slippers, and drinks in the open lobby, or tea if you willed it—so reminiscent of a Chinese version of New York's Plaza—was served in a sea of intrigue. Who were the people at the next table? Were they Peking agents? Dope runners from Rangoon? Fireworks salesmen from Macao?

Was it Run-Run Shaw, the impresario, with a new movie star? A touring travel agent from Moose Glacier, Montana? A purple-haired tourist from Hillsborough, California? Irving Hoffman with his magnifying-glass lenses up from the heartland of Broadway flackery with endless energy, insatiable curiosity, and a book full of addresses? Was it Kalb of CBS in from the Rann of Kutch with a hot broadcast just beamed to New York? Or Topping of the *Times* in from Saigon with new word of the war? Or the flamboyant Hughes of London down from Hanoi with a bagful of anecdotes? Or a fluttery tour dispatched by Cartan's in Chicago, back from a foray at Benny's to buy shoes, over from Frank Fong's where they ordered dresses copied out of *Vogue,* puffing from the excursion to Chan Tuck's where their measurements were taken for a suit to be run up in three days? Or Harry Stanley himself in clipped British moustache and clipped British syllables cultivated in England and the very model of the Queen's gentleman, taking tea and giving a very concise and cultured afternoon's briefing on tourism in the British Crown Colony.

All this has been Hong Kong in the twenty years of peace, if that is what it's called, that have followed the troubled days of Asia in the war. Hong Kong has become the traveler's air-conditioned synthesis of Asia, the upholstered Orient, the room with a bath and a view, the bargain house, the bazaar. Cruise boats came and took up positions in the harbor amid the junks, the ferries, the freighters in from far ports. Airliners

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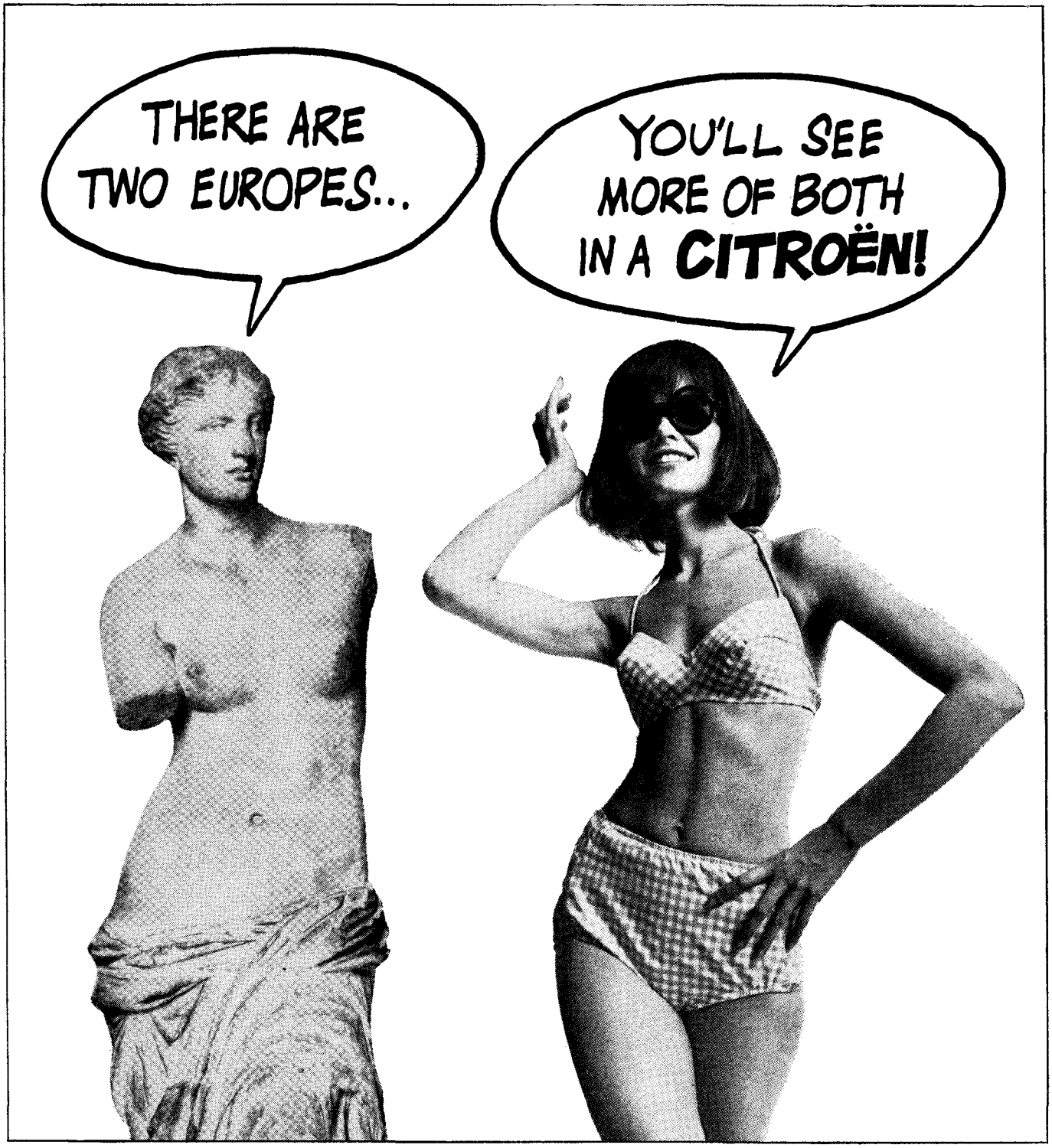

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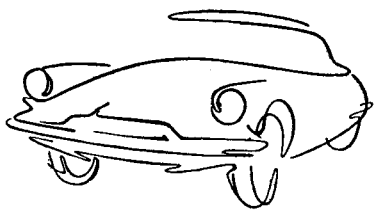

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dipped in, managing the tricky landing until at last a new runway was built. Hong Kong became such a traveler's prize, such a depot for the new Magellans circling the world that some enterprising journeyman about to set forth and frustrated by the shortage of rooms took to calling the Peninsula straight from New York, a ploy that always seemed to work.

No such dextrous scramble for lodgings is usually necessary in Hong Kong now. The rush attracted capital from as far away as Texas and as near as the Crown Colony itself. The capital investment in hotels in Hong Kong now is estimated at 800,000,000 Hong Kong dollars, or $140,000,000 in U.S. dollars. In many ways the aspect of the city has changed. While one can still thread one's way to a tiny *boite* off Nathan Road to eat Beggar's Chicken baked in clay, Hong Kong now has a genuine multi-starred French restaurant called *Au Trou Normand*, and pretty good at that. Two of its newest and most formidable hotels, the Mandarin and the Hilton, have really changed the available atmosphere into one of sophistication and even elegance.

Oddly, although they stand only a short walk apart, on the waterfront edge of Hong Kong island, the Hilton project was put together by Leo Corrigan and T. L. Wynne of Dallas, while the Mandarin is a project of Jardine Matheson, a huge trading company whose antecedents were sharp traders far back in the time when British ships were making opium runs in the Far East. Both entrepreneurs, spawned by such widely separated societies, have brought to Hong Kong new, handsome, high-rise hotels, elaborately decorated and full of art, studded with restaurants, nightspots, and shops.

Corrigan and Wynne began their project on the leased acreage of the old Murray Parade Ground. They put up a twenty-six-story building, divided it into 867 guest rooms, and in April of 1963 turned over the management to Hilton. As it functions today, escalators glide upward through two decks of shops to the marble halls of the lobby. Its grand suite was to have been done in the air of Imperial Chinese, but the management found itself in troubled waters. To have called upon the Chinese Communist government for trappings was unthinkable. To ask Taiwan for help would not have been too popular among some local elements. It was solved diplomatically by choosing a Thai décor. Now the Bangkok and Royal Thai suites are done in silks and Siamese antiques, the floors are teak, and the beds are brilliantly canopied.

Both the Mandarin and the Hilton have brought the first swimming pools to the so-to-speak downtown hotels. The Hilton's is laid out on an open deck on the fourth floor. Forty dollars (U.S.) a night will lease one of the eight lanai suites that overlook the pool on one side and the fussy white building of the arch-colonial Hong Kong Club on the other. Thus by crossing the room, today's visitor in Hong Kong can span the distance from the old era of the British Crown Colony to its new role as the new tourist center of the East. Indeed, there are indications, such as the elaborate pool with its lounge chairs and sauna facilities, that it is even moving toward a resort.

Whereas the old Hong Kong hotels served middling Midlands food dispensed by Chinese waiters often done up in coolie dress, there is a new attention to cuisine and service. The Hilton's grill, which is reserved for men at lunch, stations a chef at a flaming fire grilling chilled American beef. On silver-plate service it offers Sydney rock oysters brought up twice a week from Australia. Attendants wheel bread to the table in giant baskets fitted with slicing racks. The Dragon Boat bar, next door, does up its waiters in purple tunics with green silk edging and recalls, in its motif, the May festival when fifty paddlers take the dragon boats down the harbor. At nightfall the Eagles Nest on the twenty-fifth floor is a supper club with a show and a view. If one pales, there is always the other. And if both begin to drag, then there is the other extreme, the Den (first called the Opium Den) in the basement, where strings of beads divide the tables into booths, an Italian band assails the ears, and the lights are dimmed to blackout conditions.

Much the same sort of Hong Kong life is available down the block in the Mandarin, a massive concrete blockhouse standing like a pylon over the harbor. Here the rooms start at $11.40 a day, and an ordinary double will offer floor-to-ceiling glass walls, a balcony, usually with a view of the Star Ferry buzzing back and forth between Hong Kong Island and Kowloon. The Mandarin's Men's Bar is a snug cocoon of masculinity where the club types gather to recline in black leather chairs while the waiters serve lunch on small brass trays. The Mandarin Grill on the first floor would be a handsome restaurant in any city. Mongol princes aboard charging horses prance across the wall murals. Chefs in white *toques* stand behind a circular grill offering cuts of meat displayed under Plexiglass and also Scotch salmon, fondue of beef Bourguignonne, Hungarian chicken paprika, and spareribs grilled on the open fire. The Mandarin dances in the Button, a red-lacquered supper club with dripping icicle chandeliers. At lunch it spreads a magnificent buffet with a chef standing in attendance upon a whole shelf of wursts waiting to be sliced. From its humble beginnings back there in Germany or France whence it has been exported, no sausage ever ended its days with a grander view. The expanse sweeps off from the twenty-fifth floor to the whole soft curve of Hong Kong harbor, to the new buildings sprouting by the water's edge, to the drama of the mountains behind and,

(*Continued on page* 93)

—Werner Bischof (Magnum).

Crown Colony transport—"the traveler's air-conditioned synthesis of Asia, the room with a bath and a view."

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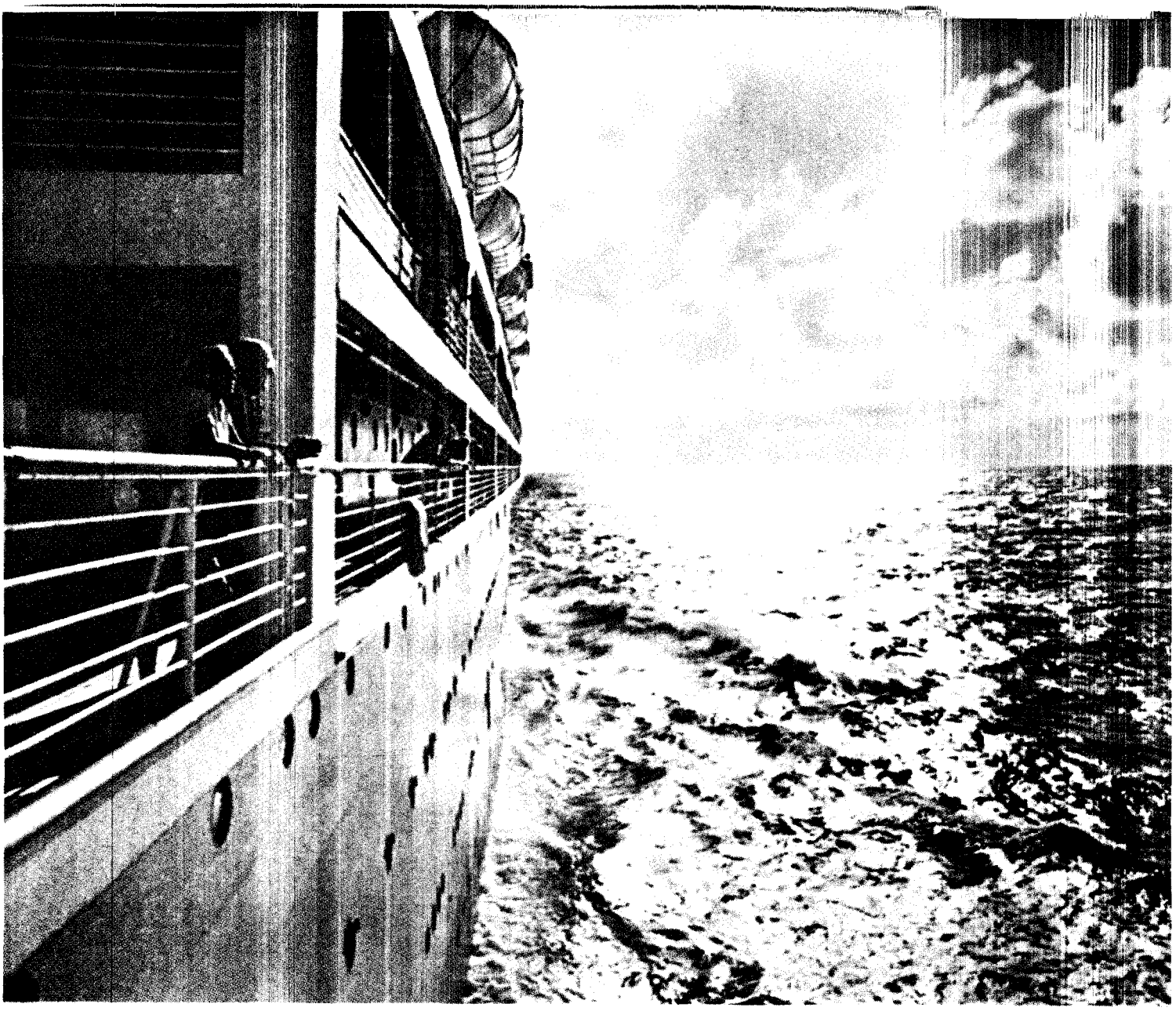

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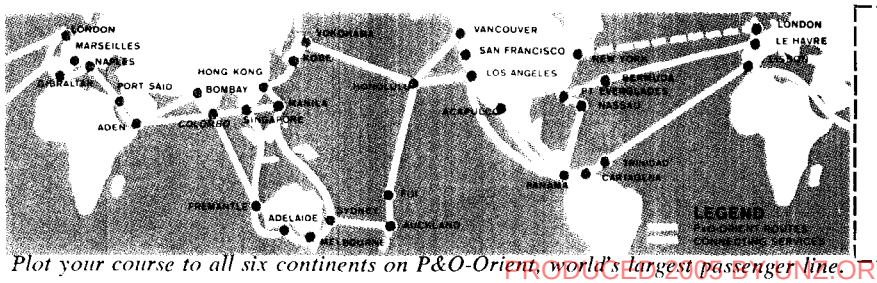

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Look at any map and you will find only one India. But come visit our country and you will find many. Each different. Each distinct. Yet each in accord with the others.

This is, you will forgive our boast, India's great fascination. It is a country of stunning dissimilarities that, by some odd miracle, blend harmoniously together.

Therefore, it should not surprise you when an elephant lumbers past your air-conditioned hotel. Or when a new science building is dedicated on a date fixed by astrologers. Or when a golf course turns up on a hillside in Kashmir.

Nor should it surprise you to find a betel-chewing merchant sitting cross-legged in his shop reading The Manchester Guardian. Or to find a woman in a sari campaigning for Parliament from the back of a horse-drawn cart.

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A SOUVENIR FROM THE KLONGS

—*Harrison Forman.*

By MARC CONNELLY

TO FOREIGN TOURISTS in Bangkok the appeals of the Peking-sponsored Thailand Patriotic Front to "drive the U.S. imperialist aggressors out of Thailand" seem to be falling on deaf ears. Every time a fresh manifesto urges giving Yankees the boot, Bangkok offers them a new hotel. With the Hilton flag now flying over the Rama, plus the outcrop of other new hostelries, the city is fully prepared to meet the requirements of the most electronically equipped American visitor. Even most of the older hotels have 110-volt bathroom outlets for electric toothbrushes.

Several of the new ones offer the comforts of snazzy establishments at home. Half a dozen have swimming pools. One, the Atlanta, has a movie theater for its guests. At the Erawan, the most expensive, there are daily concerts in the tea lounge and if you hunger for Thai food you can probably get it in two of the hotel's restaurants, *Le Chalet* or *La Cave*. The Rama has a floor show in its Tropicana nightclub and but for the Oriental pattern of its silverware and china the Rama coffee shop could be anywhere in the States. Close your eyes at breakfast time and the aroma of griddle cakes, sausages, and American coffee will waft you home. Last year even the old Oriental, that elegant dowager among Asiatic hotels, added a new wing, as incongruously up-to-date as the multi-storied addition to Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial in Tokyo.

Bangkok's outdoor appearance is changing more slowly. Every morning you can still see those diminutive three-wheeled taxis careening down streets, bursting at the seams with saffron-robed monks returning to their monasteries after receiving breakfasts from pious citizens. Small Hindu boys still run about with their hair in topknots and enough of their older brothers maintain an interest in traditional Thai-style boxing to fill the Rajdamnoen and Lumpini stadiums four times a week and watch favorite gladiators gouge each other with knees and elbows, occasionally landing knockout blows with foot-to-jaw uppercuts. Thailand's ancient equivalent of cock-fighting, "mains" between fighting fish, are no longer permitted within city limits. Aficionados, so to speak, must now scream encouragements to a plug-ugly carp in the suburbs. Last month, the winner of another competitive sport caused Thailand to abandon for a time all other interests. In Bangkok you couldn't get through the streets when eighteen-year-old Apasra Hongsakula, the new Miss Universe, appeared in public.

Whether or not the ban on mayhem in urban aquaria has caused teen-age sporting blood to flow elsewhere is uncertain, but its growing interest in another Western institution has caused Thai police concern. Gang wars have caught on in a reasonably big way. Denied the racial antagonisms behind so much American street fighting, the delinquents of Bangkok have had to find substitutes for ethnic loyalties. They fight over soft drinks. Last spring there was quite a rumble between the Coca-Colas and the champions of an indigenous refreshment, the Howdys. What the Pepsi-Colas or the 7-Ups were doing at the time was not disclosed. The authorities took immediate and vigorous action to preclude further clashes by forbidding all moviehouses to show *West Side Story*.

During the last year Thailand police have had to face another new problem in maintaining public safety. A new development in the technique of burglary has been proved highly disturbing. When the wind has been in the right direction thieves have been putting smudge pots filled with oleander leaves outside the open windows of dwellings. The smoke makes a dandy soporific and insures the continued sleep of every member of a household until a haul has been made. This may be why there's been a boom in air conditioners.

There's also a boom in the dressmak-

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ing business. Jim Thompson, who began putting cottage industries on their feet at the end of World War II, no longer enjoys a monopoly on the sale of silk cloth. The superiority of the fabric he made world-famous still brings customers to his shop in Suriwong Road. But as Thompson sells material only by the yard or bolt, adjacent areas are blooming with American and European dressmaking establishments that turn the loom products into *haute couture*.

A more radical change in the appearance of the city is the waning number of klongs in the congested sections. This is due to the need of more streets for growing traffic and the belated recognition that the stagnant water in many of the klongs has been a health menace. Those such as the Bangkok Yai, the Bang Khun Thian, the Dao Khanong, moving streams fed by the great Chao Phraya river, still teem with life and the wonderful floating market that to me, is as characteristic of Bangkok's personality as the city's temples and seems to withstand change of any kind.

To see the market at its best you should arrive not later than 7 A.M. at the moorings beside the Oriental where a fleet of sightseeing motor launches wait to take you down the Chao and through the narrow, sun-dappled klongs on the half-hour journey to the market. The launches carry between eight and twenty passengers. Possibly as a result of President Johnson's dicta against foreign travel this year, the tourist bureaus have run short of boats.

If you can stave off the pangs of hunger don't eat breakfast until you reach Trader Keith's Restaurant. You step out of the launch onto the restaurant, right in the heart of the kaleidoscopic market area. Most of the postcards one sees suggest that farm produce fills most of the hundreds of blunt-nosed market boats, none much wider than a kayak. Actually what the farmers offer is only part of the wares of the churning community. Barber shops, clothing stores, hardware shops, and curiously well-stocked restaurants will be paddled over to you if you lift a finger. Despite the congestion, there is little confusion. The most noticeable sounds come from the throats of the red-combed Thai ducks and the instruments of the *angaloong* band on the veranda of Trader Keith's. *Angaloong* ensembles are seldom heard this far north. Ethan Emery, a grandson of Charles Dana Gibson, who operated the restaurant until last year, brought its *angaloong* instruments up from the Cambodian border. Emery's menu boasted that he served the best Bloody Mary in the South Pacific. He would have been equally justified in saying he offered the most beguiling music in Asia.

It is produced by six musicians. Four sit facing each other like bridge players, each of their eight hands holding a cluster of feathered and beribboned bamboo sections, producing the notes of a Western octave. In unison they make a shimmering stream of almost bell-like harmonies, accented by the soft gongs and gourds of the side men.

THE unvarying good nature of the people of the klongs is a great delight. No matter how many tourists invade their crowded neighborhood, they are seldom too busy to exchange smiles with sightseers. Now and then you'll hear a salutation from the houses that crowd the edges of the streams. Last year on my way to the market I passed a modest new house, not much larger than the customary minuscule one placed in front of it for the accommodation of passing spirits that might make trouble if not offered hospitality. An elderly man stood behind it in his doorway, calling out to the passing foreigners:

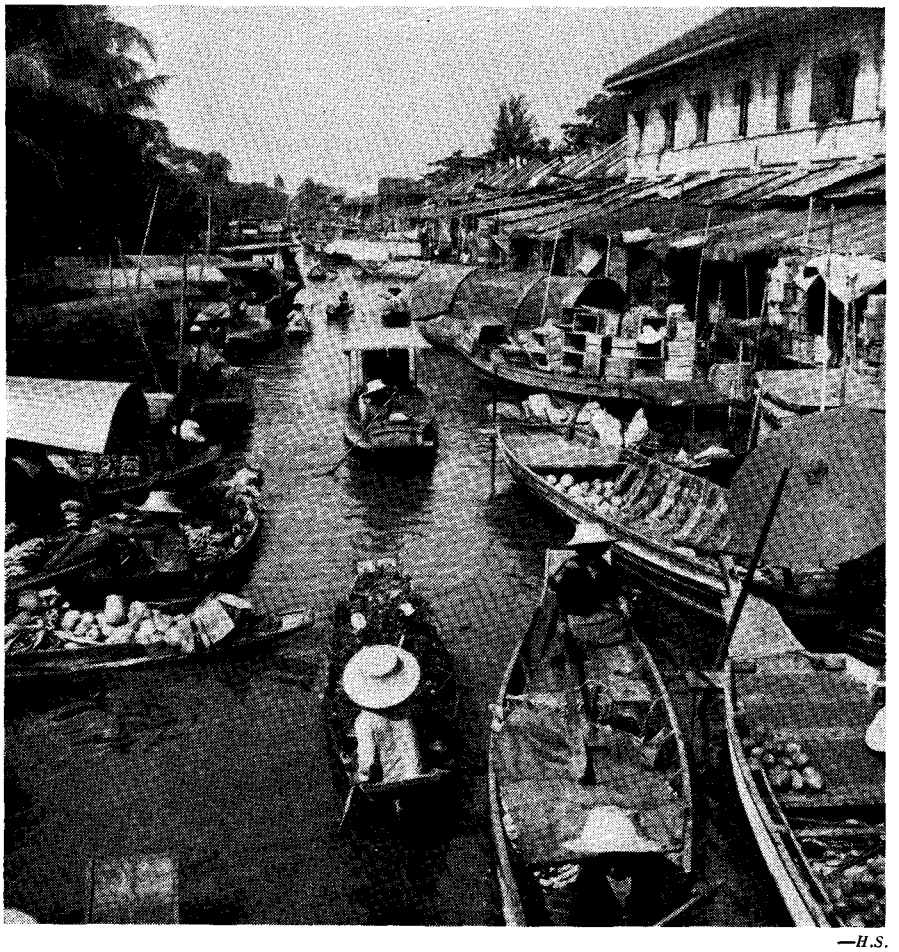
"Good morning! How are you? I am fine! Are you fine? New house! Teak! Very fine! Call again! Goodbye!"

A month later when I again passed his doorway, he was still standing in it, carrying on the greeting business.

Another vivid recollection of klong friendliness came as the result of a shout from an old woman who sat in her own market boat, a fishing pole in one hand, the other holding a skillet in which she was frying one of her stock of finger-length bananas over a tiny brazier. Her cry brought a girl of six from her nearby house. The child glanced at us newcomers, dashed back inside, and reappeared almost instantly. She had brought a younger brother so that he could join her in waving a welcome.

It may be the placid temperament of most Thais and the improving economic conditions generally that are proving tough hurdles for Communist advances. Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn is maintaining the same firm resistance as his predecessor, "Strong Man" Sarit, who initiated a thorough political housecleaning when he assumed office eight years ago. By Sarit's orders all identifiable Communists were shot, his weak predecessor and his cabinet were exiled to Switzerland, and the prestige of the crown was restored to a height it had not enjoyed for years.

"You can see how much Thanom is respected," a Thai businessman told me, "by the new patriotism he is arousing. He doesn't miss a trick in stimulating national pride. Everyone is happy to hear the recorded voice in our railroad stations, which calls out regularly: 'Appreciate the dignity and culture of your country. Don't throw paper on the floor.'"



—*H.S.*

The Klongs—"Don't eat breakfast until you reach Trader Keith's."

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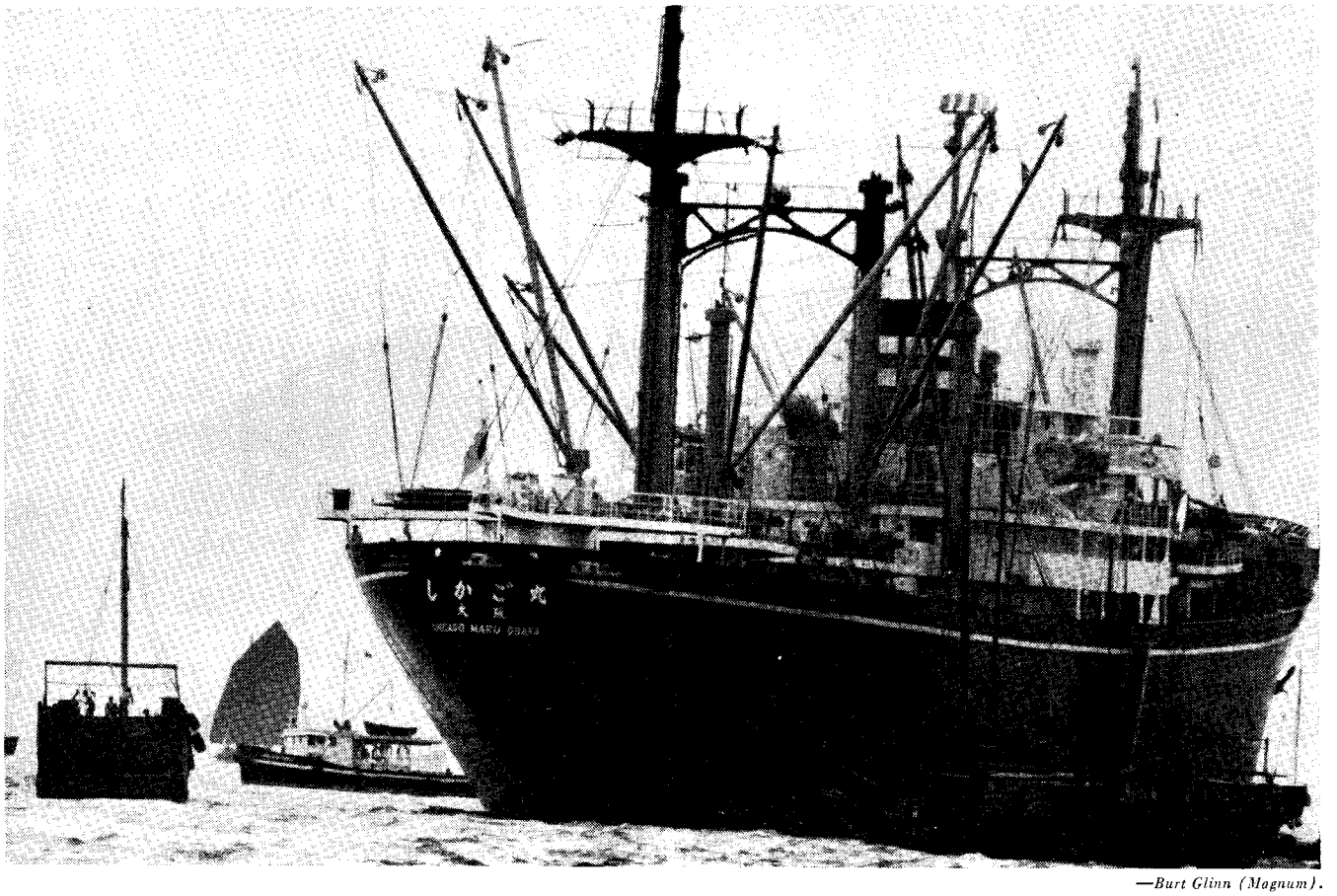

—*Burt Glinn (Magnum).*

A WRITER AT SEA IN ASIA

By FRED SPARKS

WHEN I RETURN from one of my periodic swings through the Orient and tell people that I flew across the Pacific but traveled around Asia itself by *steamer*, they gape at me in disbelief. Apparently it sounds as primitive as commuting from Westchester by canoe down the Hudson, or making Los Angeles by covered wagon.

When *they* make the Oriental scene it is, of necessity, strictly airborne; their time is precious, everything's planned down to the last foot of Kodachrome and allows the minimum possible minutes for Nikko, Hong Kong fittings, and the Taj Mahal.

There are two positive reasons for my slowpoke mode of transport: I've always been hooked by ships, and they are easy on the pocketbook. As a writer, I may spend two weeks in Japan researching an article that will take ten days to write. My next assignment may be in Hong Kong. Instead of struggling with my manuscript in the cell of a Tokyo hotel room and then flying to the Crown Colony, I'll board a Hong Kong bound steamer, like the S.S. *Tjiwangi*, of the Koninklijke Java-China-Paketvaart (Dutch) Lijnen, which serves rich mountains of *rijstafel*. I'll do my article during the ten-day trip, with lazy leg-stretching stops at Yokohama, Kobe, and Osaka, and I'll save at least $20 a day in hotel bills and food.

First-class passage in a cabin for two is $162, only $8 more than economy-class jet, and I can haul, without overcharge, the weighty trappings of my profession—typewriter, dictaphone, cameras, Jack Daniels. (Besides 104 first-class passengers, the *Tjiwangi* has elbow room for 118 in tourist class; average ticket, $95; even Marco Polo couldn't get around much cheaper in his day.)

Say, after doing my Hong Kong legwork, I'm slated for Malaysia. For $157, just $15 over air, I can have similar first-class accommodations *and* kippers for the eight breakfasts the P&O's *Cathay* is underway to Singapore. Then, if Bombay has the makings of a magazine piece, I can sail there in a week on the Messageries Maritimes' *Laos* for $201, which is $17 over air; and the chef is from Provence, where else?

That's the drill, but please don't hold me too tightly to the above. Asian steamer fares vary, particularly if you pay in local currencies, which fluctuate like IBM. But there's seldom a berth shortage; the Orient is remarkably well serviced by passenger carriers; one recent Thursday's edition of the *South China Morning Post* (Hong Kong) had six full pages offering instant sea booking to every port from Melbourne to Shanghai, where nobody, but *nobody*, goes any more. Each ship soliciting clients had stout bottoms and was positively without pests, except the one in the adjoining deck chair.

I will not guarantee every Asian coastal steamer to be as spick-and-span and free of wildlife as the three vessels mentioned; even on the most luxurious transatlantic queen an insect will, on occasion, march smartly out of your medicine chest. But I do wish, once and for all, to dispel the theory, still so widely held, perhaps because Jack London was a youthful influence, that ships plying the China Seas are rat-infested, with half the crew smoking pot and the other half fighting with switchblade cutlasses. Most ships are as highly polished as LBJ's Cadillac and today's prudent merchant

(*Continued on page* 84)

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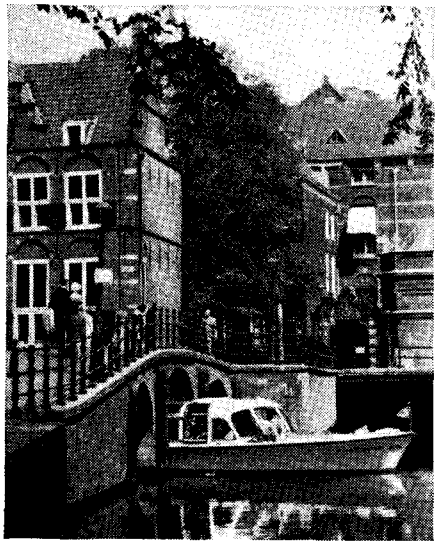

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TO BAGUIO AND BEYOND

By ROBERT TRUMBULL

ON ARRIVAL in steamy Manila, the first order of business for the experienced male visitor is to go to one of the hotel shops and buy himself a *barong tagalog* for social affairs. This loose-fitting, embroidered shirt, made of a diaphanous cloth woven from pineapple fiber and worn outside the trousers without a necktie, is the most comfortable tropic wear ever designed for men and is correct for any occasion from a beach picnic to a formal state dinner at Malacanang Palace, the Philippine White House (for casual daytime wear, however, Filipinos from the President on down in this informal country lean toward the familiar American aloha shirt). There are only two objections to the *barong tagalog:* custom requires a white T-shirt with elbow-length sleeves underneath, and it is an expensive garment costing $10 or more. But Filipinos take it as a compliment when you wear it.

There is no other country in the Far East, perhaps in the world, where Americans feel so instantly accepted as in the Philippines. The easy rapport is a legacy of forty-eight years of United States rule over the islands that ended in 1946. The traditional friendship has easily survived occasional small "Yankee Go Home" demonstrations staged by a few extremists in front of the fortress-like American Embassy, a few steps from the leading tourist hotels along Roxas (formerly Dewey) Boulevard. The newspapermen covering such demonstrations often outnumber the participants.

Any American who stays around Manila a few days and meets a lot of Filipinos, who are among the most volatile and vocal people on earth, will soon be told what is wrong with United States treatment of the Philippines nineteen years after the islands got their independence ("You Americans take us too much for granted" is the commonest complaint). But he is likely to come away with the overall impression that the well-known reservoir of goodwill for Americans in the islands, if not exactly running over, is in no danger of drying up before the next monsoon.

Long preoccupied with postwar rehabilitation and other economic problems, the Filipinos have given little thought to tourism until this year. With characteristic enthusiasm, they are now going all out. Big plans are being made to attract American veterans of the Philippine campaign in World War II to the celebrations scheduled for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the gallant, if losing, defense of Bataan and Corregidor in the winter of 1967. At least five new hotels will be open by that time, including a 250-room Sheraton and a twenty-story Hilton. There is no need to wait, however, for the essential charm of this Spanish-American-Malay nation is timeless.

The tangled ethnic and cultural heritages of the present-day Filipino give this tropical country a unique character. It is in the Philippines that the Orient begins, but the surroundings are out of Somerset Maugham's tales of the South Seas. The dominant race is basically Malay, like the Indonesians, with a generous sprinkling of Australoid tribes who are still more or less primitive, such as the pygmy-like Negritos who live around the giant United States Air Force base at Clark Field, near Manila, and a few who may still lapse into head-hunting on occasion. There is a broad admixture also of Spanish, American, and Chinese blood. The racial amalgam, in various combinations, produces some of the most beautiful girls in the world. The languages are many, including Spanish among the older, traditionalist class, but English is spoken widely among the educated and is the nearest to a *lingua franca* throughout the islands.

—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

As a teen-ager among nations, the Republic of the Philippines is still searching for a native identity beneath the thick patina of foreign influences. The inner conflicts caused by a multinational cultural background seek a solution in different directions. Some ultra-nationalistic younger Filipinos yearn for an identification with their racial kin of Indonesia and Malaysia —a fact that has given rise to a certain amount of anti-Western phobia encouraged by left-wing fanatics in Jakarta. However, the general tendency, fostered by the government, is to press for neighborly associations with the community of Asian states while retaining strong ties with the United States. Even-

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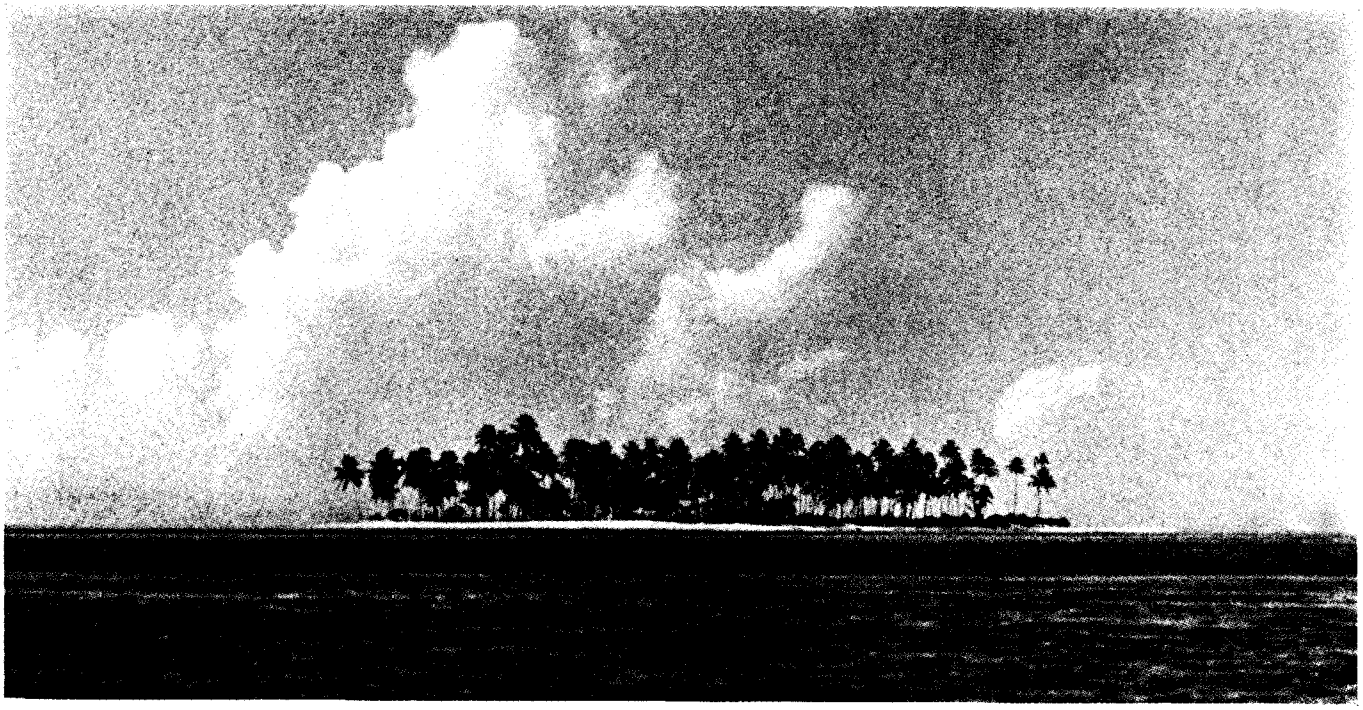

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See how easy we make it? And when you fly with us, you fly the world's most experienced airline.

A thought to warm your heart.

World's most experienced airline

First in Latin America
First on the Atlantic

First on the Pacific
First 'Round the World

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tually the Philippines could be the bridge between Orient and Occident. It was with some such thought in mind that Manila renamed one of its principal streets United Nations Avenue.

The Republic of the Philippines consists of some 7,100 islands, of which about 300 are inhabited. The variety is immense. Domestic air lines, with low fares, go almost everywhere.

Any tour in the Philippines starts in Manila, the port of entry. Manila is slightly off the usual around-the-world air routes, which is a good reason for going there, but plane service is frequent from Honolulu, Tokyo, and Hong Kong. The best hotels are on or near Roxas Boulevard, the splendid esplanade along the shore of Manila Bay, fifteen minutes from the airport. The U.S. Embassy, the venerable Army and Navy Club, and the top restaurants and nightclubs are in the same general area, as well as numerous leading business establishments, travel bureaus, airline offices, and the Foreign Office.

A guest card to the Army and Navy Club is worthwhile if one can get it. In pre-war days this popular gathering place was the citadel of American colonialism in the Pacific, and much of the atmosphere of a vanished era remains in the high-ceilinged rooms and the bar, where Old Manila hands gather daily for the noon session of Liar's Dice, the favorite gambling game of old-timers in the Far East. The Manila Overseas Press Club, farther out Roxas Boulevard, is a favorite haunt of businessmen, diplomats, and politicians, besides the newspaper fraternity. The private clubs require introduction by a member.

International cuisine is a Manila specialty. The Chinese restaurants are among the finest, thanks to a large Chinese population. There is also good French, Spanish, Swiss, and other European fare available, besides American and Filipino favorites. Manila's tropical fruits—mango, papaya, mangosteen, and so on—are the greatest to be had anywhere. The adventurous may like to try a Filipino delicacy called *balut*, nearly hatched duck egg with the embryo cooked in the shell. Less challenging, and sure to please anyone not allergic to seafood, is a fish called *lapu-lapu*—the same name as that of the Filipino chieftain who killed the explorer Magellan in these islands. (On Mactan Island, near the large city of Cebu, there is a monument that marks the spot.)

Night life in Manila really swings, and goes on in the daytime as well in dimly lit, air-conditioned establishments called "dayclubs," complete with orchestras and hostesses. Some of Manila's leading political figures can be found in such places, keeping cool in the sultry afternoons. The building that houses the city's jai alai *fronton*—the game is played by Basque professionals, with parimutuel betting—is a whole complex of nightclubs and restaurants, well recommended by aficionados. Visitors are warned to stay away from all attractions urged by taxi drivers, for they usually turn out to be less than advertised and are likely to be clip joints of the worst sort.

The visitor with friends in Manila will probably see the inside of fabulous suburbs like Forest Park, an opulent American exurbia in the tropics. These settlements of foreign businessmen and diplomats and well-to-do locals are behind walls, with armed guards on the gates to keep out burglars (crime in the Philippines is one of the principal industries). Forbes Park, the first of these cities within a city, ranks as a full-fledged *barrio*, as Filipinos call their smaller towns, and the assistant *barrio* "lieutenant," a kind of vice mayor, is a former Miss Universe from Finland, now married to a wealthy Filipino (when a later Miss Universe also married and settled down in Manila, a wag said that a wealthy Filipino husband must be one of the prizes in the contest).

Sightseeing in Manila can easily be handled in a couple of days. A hydrofoil now speeds visitors across the bay to Corregidor, the embattled island that is being converted into one vast war memorial, in forty minutes. Another war memorial well worth an hour is the cemetery where 30,000 Americans and Filipinos who died in the islands during World War II are buried. The visit is recommended not because the graves are there (although 30,000 white markers are an affecting sight) but because of the reconstruction of famous battles of the Pacific War in mosaic tile in the buildings around the cemetery. One should not miss Intramuros, the old Spanish walled city, and the magnificent church of San Augustin, built in 1599 and one of the few left standing after the war. Manila, incidentally, was said to rank second with Warsaw in the extent of destruction in World War II, but with postwar rebuilding the city is now more impressive than before.

Manilans always urged visitors to see the only bamboo organ in the world, in the Las Pinas Church just outside the city (the Philippines are the only Christian nation in the Far East, and more than 80 per cent of the population is Roman Catholic in the devout Spanish manner). Fort Santiago, first a Spanish prison and later the headquarters of the infamous *kempeitai*, the Japanese secret police who tortured countless Filipinos within the fort's walls, is another historical site. Malacanang Palace, the resi-

(*Continued on page 92*)

—*Monkmeyer.*

Banaue's rice terraces—"not for those nervous on a mountain road."

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—From "Delhi," by Martin Hürlimann.

The Taj, the Raj, and I

By STANLEY KARNOW

MY WIFE had insisted upon seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight, and so we motored the hundred miles from New Delhi to Agra, suffering in the torrid heat of a June afternoon and casually risking our lives on a road cluttered with ramshackle trucks, bullock carts, swerving bicycles, and suicidal pedestrians. Finally, toward midnight, we approached the massive Taj Ganj Gate that leads into the famous gardens. To our dismay, it was closed.

Suddenly and silently, a small man emerged from the shadows. "I am very sorry, Sir and Madam," he announced in precise, lilting English, "but the renowned Taj Mahal may be viewed only two nights before and two nights after the full moon. It is now three nights after the full moon. Only by awakening the watchman, I fear, could one enter the gate to gaze upon the celebrated Taj Mahal."

"Well," I said testily, "here's a rupee —go wake up the watchman."

"Oh sir," he replied, "I regret that it is quite impossible to awaken the watchman for less than five rupees."

AFTER a bit of bargaining we had a black-market look at the Taj Mahal for three rupees, and it was worth every anna. But the haggling over the price, however quaint, served to underline a part of the constant struggle confronting the visitor to India. Over and over again, as we traveled around the country, we were challenged by clawing, whining, nagging appeals for *baksheesh*. It was like wandering through a never-ending slum.

Poverty is, of course, the predictable, stereotyped image of India. Even so, it is a crushing, ubiquitous, perpetual reality. Perhaps the sight of it disturbed us less than the fear that, by repeated exposure, we might grow insensitive to it. Invited by Indian friends to an extravagant curry dinner in Bombay, we could not quite forget that outside scrawny bodies sprawled on the sidewalk amid indescribable filth. In Calcutta, where I lived briefly twenty years ago, unchanged hordes of paupers tugged at my sleeve as I threaded my way through crowded streets. Looking at one ragged mother begging for her baby, I inevitably wondered if, two decades before, she had not been the child clutching another beggar's bosom.

And yet the poverty and filth, the heat and humidity, the tedious officials, the almost comic solemnity of Indians—all these are facets of India. Take it or leave it. In a hardy, adventurous way, we took it, and the experience was un-

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I don't hate my father, Doctor.
How can you ..... hate someone you hardly know?

My mother kept telling me that he was away helping people. Because that's what a travel agent was supposed to do. But she was always crying. And sometimes..... she'd throw things.

And what could I do? I was just a kid. What did I know about travel agents? For a long time, I didn't even know about fathers. I didn't have a haircut until I was.....9.

Not that it was my father's fault. He just wanted to be a good travel agent, that's all.
So when he wasn't helping to figure out somebody else's vacation, he was taking one of his own.
"Got to check things out," he used to say.

And he sure did. He knew which room in the best hotels had the best views. But he didn't know which room at home was mine.

The places he went! Hong Kong, Rio, Paris, Tel Aviv, Kuala Lumpur, Phoenix. There was no place he wasn't.
I have a great collection of postcards from him. He wrote, "Take care of your mother, Sonny," 700 different times. I don't know why he called me "Sonny" when my name is.....Myron.

I tried to take care of my mother the way he asked me to. I stayed with her night and day. I was the best Old Maid player on the street. And once ....I won a knitting contest.

I can't go on...

"Try"

I know he meant well. But other people always came first.
Plan a trip. Change a trip. Cancel a trip. Make a reservation. Change a reservation. Cancel a reservation.
And for what? Some of the time he didn't even charge his customers a dime.
Not that he was stupid. He could tell you about the weather in any city in the world.

He knew the Orient Express schedule by heart. He could lead you to the best taverna in Athens. He had a special place for bouillabaisse in Marseilles, and he knew where to get a dry Martini and hot goulash soup in Jerusalem.

He had advice for everybody. "Take an extra sweater, Mr. Meadow." "One cocktail dress is enough, Mrs. Reider." But he never had time to show me which end of a baseball bat to hold.
It's all a shambles.....

A wreck .....

A total loss.

I don't think anybody can help. Not even you.
You don't have to tell me. I know. The big hand is pointing to twelve and I have to go now.
It's just as well. My mother is waiting outside to take me to the.....

barber's.

"I never had a real father. He was a travel agent."

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(and their long-suffering families)
by EL AL Israel Airlines

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failingly fascinating, incomparably rewarding.

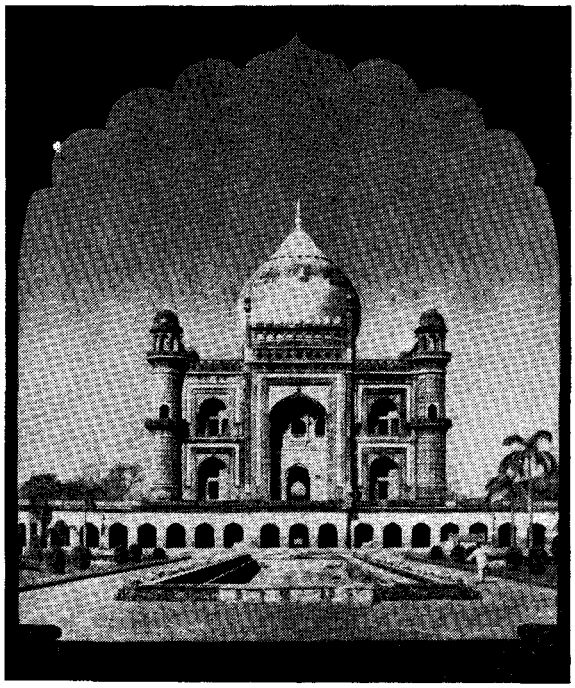
Consider India a continent rather than a country. From the lush, tropical Malabar Coast in the south to the alpine loveliness of Kashmir is, in distance, the span from Sicily to Sweden. Ethnically it is as diverse as Europe, perhaps more so. The velvet-black Tamils of Madras are alien to the ivory-skinned Brahmin ladies of Jaipur, and volatile Bengalis seem a culture apart from good-natured, bearded Sikhs. To scratch even the surface of this vast crazy-quilt requires time. A lifetime is probably insufficient. We found five weeks enough to capture a kaleidoscopic array of vignettes—and still emerge with most of our faculties intact.

The mere mechanics of movement in India are difficult. First-class railway accommodations are comfortable. The internal airline, which flies Caravelles, Viscounts, Fokker Friendships, and trusty old DC-3s, is excellent. But booking seats can be maddening. Indian trains and aircraft are usually filled weeks in advance, and one must resort to guile and *baksheesh*. A few rupees placed firmly in the palm of an "expediter"—they frequent most hotels—mysteriously produces Pullman berths and airplane reservations.

We fortunately had the leisure to cover some regions by automobile, in my estimation the most civilized mode of transport. In Madras, a pleasant, sprawling city on the southeastern coast of Coromandel, where Eli Yale served as British governor in the late seventeenth century, we hired a car and roamed the environs. We peered into farm villages, some of them more primitive than anything I have seen in the Middle East or Borneo. We also toured around Mahabalipuram, the site of exquisite temples celebrating Vishnu's defeat of the demon Mahabali. Most impressive in this area is the great bas-relief called the Penance of Arjuna, some 4,000 square feet of solid stone carved with the figures of serpents, elephants, lions, monkeys, deer, birds, and other animals. As we observed this colossal sculpture, a snake charmer came up behind us, took the lid off his basket, and started piping his cobra into a performance. We ignored him.

It was during this meandering near Madras that we had our first—and only—direct collision with the Hindu caste system. Toward noon I suggested to our guide, an amiable young man, that we stop for lunch. He led us to a rundown inn and left us there to contend with soggy eggs and warm soda pop. He, of course, went off to a restaurant reserved for his own caste.

Only a few hours by air from Madras, on the southwestern coast of India, stretches the strange state of Kerala. This, the ancient Malabar coast, is a crucible of history. Tradition holds that St. Thomas, the doubting Apostle, landed here in the first century and immediately began creating Christians, a colony of whom still call themselves Nazarani, or Nazarenes. Not long after Thomas, families of Jews arrived, fleeing from Jerusalem. They were followed by Nestorians—adherents to a Syrian Christian heresy of the fifth century—and by Chinese and Arab traders, including the tireless Moorish traveler Ibn Batuta. On May 20, 1498, the Portuguese discoverer Vasco da Gama completed the first circumnavigation of Africa by landing at the Malabar port of Calicut, whence calico cotton takes its name. St. Francis Xavier turned up a few years later, and in the seventeenth century even Captain Kidd sailed in on one of his nefarious exploits.



—*From "Journey through the Orient," by Martin Hürlimann.*

The tomb of Safdar Jang in old Delhi

Its turbulent past has made Kerala a weird potpourri. It is overpopulated, overeducated and underfed—as indeed all of India may be a generation from now. Its assortment of Hindu castes, Christian sects, and Moslems form eccentric political alliances. In elections last March, the largest bloc of votes went to the left-wing faction of the Communist Party, which favors China against Russia. Actually, the Kerala Communists have little to do with either Peking or Moscow. The state's Communist leader, a courteous Brahman by the name of E.M.S. Namboodripad, is a Communist, he explains, because he opposes the Hindu caste system.

We drove from Trivandrum to Cochin, a four- or five-hour excursion along a scenic coastal road canopied by lofty coconut trees. Our taste runs to the antique, and we found Cochin's Malabar Hotel a fine inn. It is a rambling, Dutch Colonial building set on an island, facing a gaudy sunset. As nearly everywhere in India, the hotel cuisine is "London suburban"—thin soup, weary mutton, boiled potatoes, and The Pudding. Mercifully, there is no string ensemble.

One brilliant afternoon we took a sputtering launch across the lagoon to Ernakulam, boarded pedicabs, and glided slowly around the town. The Dutch occupied this neighborhood for a time in the seventeenth century, and their architectural influence is best preserved in the Jewish quarter, a narrow, cobblestoned street of old Amsterdam houses. At one end, in a *cul-de-sac*, stands the synagogue, with its sloping slate roof, clock tower, and incongruous floor of blue-and-white Ming tiles.

The *shamas* at the synagogue, a Mr. Cohen, proudly told us that the Cochin Jews settled in India in 72 A.D., following the destruction of the temple. There are now fewer than a hundred left, among them two lady doctors, an Indian Army engineer, and various merchants. Mr. Cohen stressed that they are "white Jews," not to be confused with the local "black Jews," later emigres from Baghdad or Indians converted to Judaism. In fact, he continued unblushingly, the "white" Jewish community observes strict *apartheid*: the black Jews are barred from the white synagogue and anyone marrying a black Jew is automatically ostracized. Ironically, the remnant British and other Europeans in Cochin regard the white Jews as "colored" and refuse them admittance to their exclusive club.

Of India's living cities, I prefer Calcutta. Despite its appalling misery—an estimated 300,000 people sleep on the streets for lack of homes—it has a vitality derived from the Bengali's nervous dynamism. Its abstract painters are splashier than elsewhere; its poets more lyrical; its journalists, who spend endless hours in coffeehouses, more talkative. The prettiest woman I saw in India was a lady with blazing dark eyes and a dazzling smile, chatting volubly at a crowded Calcutta cocktail party. In the same salon I encountered Alcibiades Mookerjee, a Bengali theatrical producer, whose name alone left a lasting impression.

But the most exciting city in India, my wife and I agree, is the dead, deserted city of Fatehpur-Sikri, a few hours' drive south from Delhi. Built by

(*Continued on page* 86)

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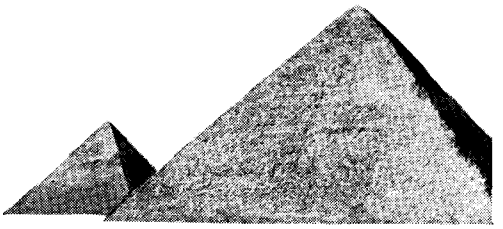
The beginning of the world



Come to the Middle East—this land of religious birth and revolution, this restless land of change that strangely cherishes permanence, this wonderland of mystery and magic.

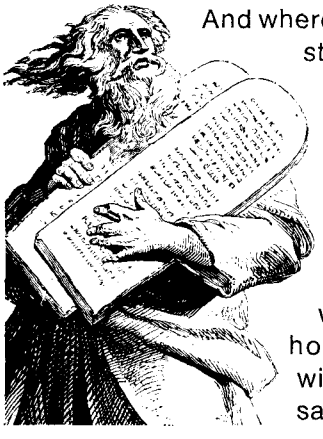
Here is the ancient, first frontier, where East and West meet—and part.

Here it all began, and here is the all-there-is.

You may stand on the very spot of Creation itself—where in Hebron God talked to Abraham, where Noah's dove found an olive branch on the very hill you pause on to rest.

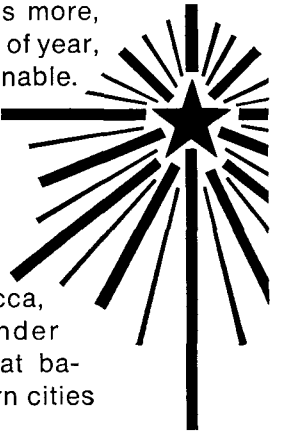
Yet, there is still the Orient of "A Thousand and One Nights." The muezzin sounds, a hush falls, and the greatness of Allah endures. An aged Bedouin recounts the tale of a hero of old as his listeners sit in breathless silence. A chill wind blows off the desert, and in the starlight you see the ghosts of long-vanished nomads.

In the pyramids along the Nile an eloquent silence stirs the dry dust of antiquity, recalling glories of a golden Egyptian yester-age.



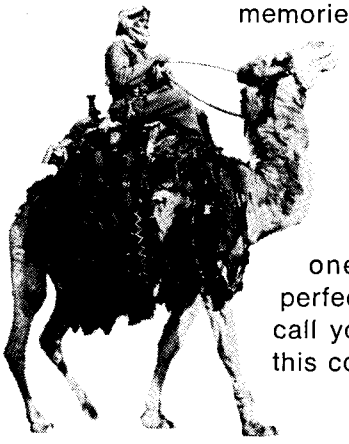
And where a stable once stood in Bethlehem, where a cross once stood on a hill called Calvary, you stand in trembling wonder. Somehow your world will never be the same again.

Time takes on a very different dimension in this place, and you feel very close to Truth. Plan a trip to the Middle East now. What is more, the climate is perfect at this time of year, and rates are pleasingly reasonable.



Depending on the tour you choose, you may swim in the Dead Sea, ride a camel, spend a night in an Arabian tent on the desert. You may sail across the Nile on a picturesque felucca, visit a Crusader Castle, wander through the mosques and great bazaars. You will see great, modern cities and small, ancient villages.

You will live out a dream—and gather a lifetime of memories.



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—Werner Bischoff (Magnum).

LAND OF HOPE AND YAKS

By JOEL LIEBER

CONTRARY to the public image in America, it is hardly necessary to hire a mule or engage a yak caravan to journey into Sikkim. Nor must it be assumed, as it generally is in the West, that there is something strange about Queen Hope, the Sarah Lawrence girl who married a maharajah from a Himalayan kingdom half the size of New Jersey.

While parts of the nation are only eighty miles from Mount Everest, the capital, Gangtok, is a six-hour trip from Calcutta—one hour by Indian Airways to an airstrip at the northern end of the Bengal plain and five hours by a jeep taxi along well-banked paved roads that lead to the Himalayan foothills.

Queen Hope is about as ethereal and perhaps as difficult to define as her adopted homeland. But it is also the truth that Sikkim is actually a nice place to live, and one doesn't need to be mad to live there by choice.

If Queen Hope and her husband had their way, they would probably like to get a few more visitors into their country. Tourism would decrease their dependency on India, of which Sikkim is a protectorate. A Sikkimese Tourist Board, were one ever established on New York's Fifth Avenue, could legitimately circulate posters intoning, "Come to the Land of the Abominable Snowman." The Yeti man has more than once been seen in the kingdom's lofty woodlands. It could also advise travelers to "Come to Sikkim—It's Good for Your Soul." The country abounds in Buddhist monasteries and its religion, Mahayana Buddhism (or Lamaism), is the kind of Tibetan spirituality dedicated to magic-seeming feats of mental and physical endurance and mastery of one's self.

In fact, the tiny kingdom's prevailing mood is dominated by the mystical presence of Himalayan Buddhism. Should a citizen want to buy a yak, he will undoubtedly consult the priests, who in turn might want to know the man's birthday so they could determine, by astrological computation, whether the investment is a wise one. (There may be a few inauspicious demons that need exorcising by burning mustard seed or melting salt on glowing coal.)

Similarly, a marriage never takes place until all aspects of the bride's and

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350 Post Street, San Francisco or 636 5th Avenue, New York.
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italy

is cities of majestic castles, of grand opera...and always, everywhere, of friendly people.

Italy is the Eternal City, the deep velvet blue of sky through the arches of the Colosseum at night, the greens and pastels of the Villa Borghese Gardens, the little man who sells *gelati* from a wildly painted cart just around the corner. It is this...the cities...that make Italy more exciting, more incredibly different the more it unfolds for you. There are Italians who dwell on canals, making their way by romantic gondola or racy motorboat. Some, who live southward in the slow warmth of the sun, the moody shadow of Greek temples, myth, and fact. Others, in Sicily where cultures are so spicily mixed that an Arabian mosque and its ancient Oriental garden are everyday. And there is the north where the sound and rhythm of modern industrialism is tempered by the soaring music of the opera and the spiring of a beautiful cathedral. You can't find a sameness from city to city. Go to one for silks, leathers, treasure-laden museums. To another for Renaissance art, old-family wines. But go. Go for the difference. For the luster of history gone by and right now, for the brilliance of the sun, and always the sunny warmth of the people.

It always comes back to the people. That's why people always come back to Italy.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE TO ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE, DEPT. I (E. N. I. T.) 626 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO 2, 203 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 1, 3 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL.

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groom's birthdates—and other star-strewn, unseen forces—are thoroughly investigated. The famous royal wedding was put off a whole year until 1963 because in 1961 the lamas deemed 1962 "an inauspicious year" for a royal marriage. And for those who take such judgments lightly, the fact was that India *was* invaded by the Chinese in 1962.

Moreover, the national flag of Sikkim is a yellow eight-spoke wheel—the wheel of life—a constant reminder of the stages of existence through which the soul travels on its endless journey from birth to death to reincarnation. In Gangtok, home of 7,000 of the country's 165,000 inhabitants, the flag is seen atop the royal palace, an edifice that looks more like an overly gabled English colonial country home than a royal residence. If the same flag is seen fluttering from a Mercedes-Benz sedan, then chances are Maharajah Palden Thondup and Queen Hope are out for a drive.

Other flags are aflutter in Gangtok—pastel-colored banners, prayer flags, flapping green and yellow and red on every one of the high hilltops that make up the mountaintop capital. Another pennant, this one of a more secular nature, greets visitors who approach Main Street, Gangtok. "Take Home Some Sikkimese Oranges," it says. Well worth taking home, the oranges, which taste more like apricot-flavored tangerines, are among Sikkim's chief exports, along with cardamom seed and black yak fur. Cardamom is an herb of the ginger family, used to flavor bread and pastries. Black yak fur is considered, by connoisseurs in such matters, as the world's highest-quality wig material. Every now and then a small scandal erupts when some wayward mountain breeder is discovered dyeing his white yaks black in order to cash in on the wig trade.

American efforts to balance the Sikkim gold-flow picture are largely confined to exporting old Western movies, an item widely loved in Sikkim, which has neither television nor newspapers. Last winter some diabolical local correspondent, reporting the coronation of Queen Hope, wrote that the whole nation watched the ceremonies on closed-circuit TV. Even the *New York Times* picked up the wire service story. According to palace sources, when the army tried to bolster a home-militia during the China-India border clash, the volunteer mounted-guardsmen, all crack horsemen, showed up in cowboy hats and war paint, and shattered discipline and eardrums with Indian war whoops learned from American celluloid horse operas.

As for the citizens themselves, they comprise an anthropologist's dream. Coming and going through the stall-packed Gangtok bazaar are quick-to-smile Nepalese; barefooted Ghurka mountaineers; small, shy, forest-dwelling Lepchas, Sikkim's original inhabitants; Moslems; Hindus; and Tibetans. The latter, refugees from their highjacked country, are here in great numbers and form the only bedraggled segment of the population, living in a canvas-and-burlap refugee quarter on the outskirts of town. One of the government's main concerns is the care and resettlement of these Tibetans, who are widely employed in road-building and timberland projects throughout Sikkim.

SIKKIMESE housewives, out shopping, wear bright, aproned robes of blue, red, and maroon; long earrings, dangling six inches from the lobes indicate rank. Some of the women may have several husbands since out in the hinterlands they still practice polyandry. When a woman marries she collects her husband's brothers as husbands all. (In fairness, it should be noted that Queen Hope has but one husband; likewise, she is the only wife of the Maharajah.)

The gallaried bazaar is the best place for acquiring such souvenirs as outsized Mongolian-style fur hats, long *kukuri* knives, silk sari material, and even those two-yard-long Tibetan horns whose low, rumbling blasts one occasionally hears thumping across the mountains. Bazaar business is conducted in a variety of lower Himalayan languages, Tibetan-Bhutan being the most common, but if the shop owner has a child, English will do fine since English is a curriculum staple in the Gangtok public school system. Because Westerners are still fairly uncommon one finds oneself being stared at here more than one can stare at the natives. But this doesn't affect the genuine hospitality of the local merchants, who are fast to smile and almost unbearably polite. The clasped hand-to-hand motion at the chest, accompanied by a slight bow, is the prevailing greeting whether you're visiting a shop or a monastery.

—*Brian Brake (Magnum).*

Hope with the Maharajah—"ethereal."

In general, the good-natured citizens convey a positive, confident impression, perhaps the natural superiority shown everywhere by mountain people over plains people. Whatever the reason, it's a refreshing contrast to the morose, hopeless-looking humanity that teems through the lowlands of Bengal and Calcutta. Sikkim is very likely one of the few places in the East where begging, as a tradition and an art, simply does not exist. And government spokesmen say Sikkim has the highest standard of living of its four surrounding neighbors—Tibet, Nepal, India, and Bhutan.

The three or four monasteries are the primary sightseeing attractions. The frankly metaphysical artwork of the monks requires concentration and study of the hundreds of cryptic symbols involved. Each demon head means something; the skulls atop the demon's crown have significance, as do the position of the Buddha's hands, the symbols on the prayer wheels, each of the hundreds of creatures in the Hieronymus Bosch-like murals, the astrological charts, and the architecturally repetitive *chorten* monuments, seen on hillsides all around Gangtok.

Visitors who have a special interest in, say, medicine or agriculture or education will find the government eager to arrange visits to local institutions. (Informed Sikkimese sources say they would like American Peace Corps people, but that India has turned down the proposal.) The headmaster and headmistress of the two local schools are British-educated and can show you the chemistry laboratory, the enthusiastically colorful drawings of their students, the scale models of rockets and missiles. Debates are considered here an important scholastic exercise, and not long ago these subjects, revealing the Sikkimese concern with matters abstruse and practical, were debated at the Tashi Namgyal Boy's Academy: "Benevolent dictatorship is superior to democracy as a form of government"; "Examinations are not a true index of ability and should be done away with"; "Science is dragging us toward destruction"; and "Home is the fittest place for women."

Although evening recreation possibilities are limited, dinner and a couple of local drinks can be an activity unto itself. Whatever its spiritual eccentricities, Sikkim is a gourmet's heaven. Dinner may consist of mountain pheasant, a

(*Continued on page* 89)

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—*Camera Press-Pix.*

Heartbreak Corner—a fascination any desert lover understands

AUSTRALIA:

Out Back and In Town

By PEGGY DURDIN

WE WERE more than halfway, last December, on a no-stopover flight between New York and Sydney, suspended at 35,000 feet between cloudless blue sky and featureless blue ocean. In this monotonous expanse of nothing, *place* had lost meaning. So had time. Night and day were expanding and shrinking, accordion fashion, in total disregard of the body's rhythm for meals and sleep, and each empty hour stretched like old elastic.

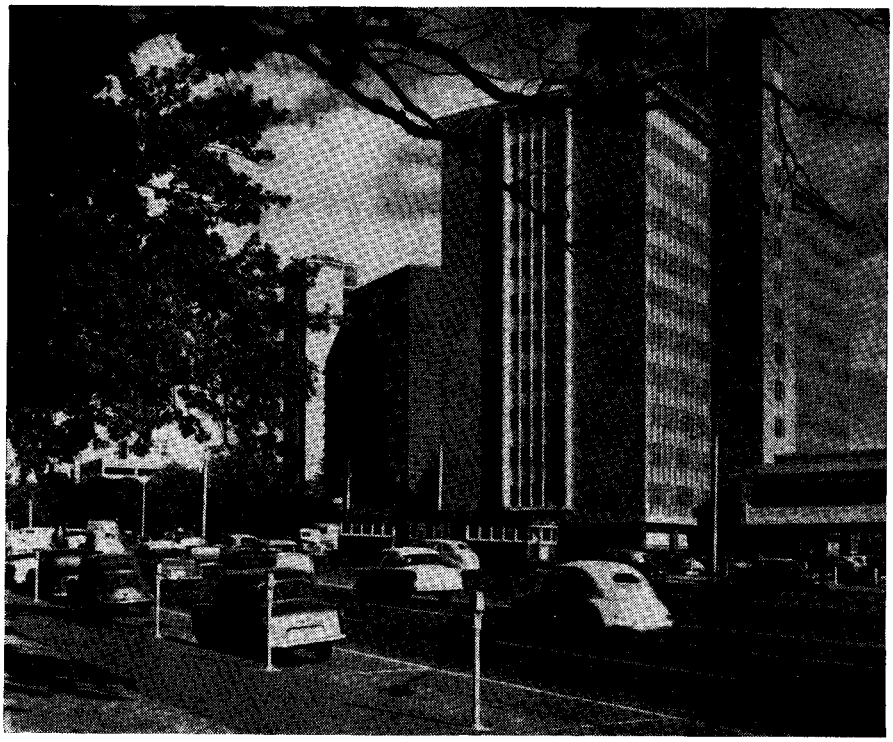
Shifting tourist-class muscles, I said irritably to my husband, "Anyone who wants to put as much distance as possible between himself and Times Square should certainly head for Australia."

Indeed, Australia is almost as far as one can get from New York—some 12,000 travel miles and more than twenty flight hours by the great jets that alight a moment, like monstrous butterflies, at one or two fabled Pacific islands and glide finally down over a sapphire harbor, surf-ruffled in white, into Sydney.

But, as the villagers around my home in China understood when they called a four-mile stretch of road five if the terrain was difficult, distance is very relative. Despite the great sweep of the Pacific separating the two continents the British settled back in 1620 and 1788, the average American, after a week or two in Sydney, will find himself thinking that in no other foreign place could he feel closer to home than in Australia.

Here no language barrier fences him in; citizen of a country with myriad "dialects," he enjoys the Australian accent and idiom. He quickly concludes he is among a people as friendly, open, casually kind, informal, and gregarious as he. They seem to think and feel and act pretty much like Americans, go to the same movies, watch the same bevy of gangsters, cowboys, doctors, and witches—and endure the same commercials on television. He can see Mickey Rooney at the Chevron, *Hello, Dolly!* at the Majestic, and an American doing a *Tonight* show copied from Johnny Carson. Like him, Australians are trying to cope with jammed traffic, striking "wharfies," and Beatle-addicted adolescents. Australians and Americans, he notes, both like sports, beaches, and bikinis. Both live in a free and flourishing society, elect a two-body federal legislature, and rather amiably distrust politicians. Both are ambivalent about the British and both are deeply involved in East Asia.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the two peoples have in common, after a few emotionally cozy days or weeks in Australia, the perceptive American begins to realize that his comfortable assumption that the "Yanks" and "Aussies" are near-



—*Camera Press-Pix.*

Melbourne—an urbanization any city dweller comprehends

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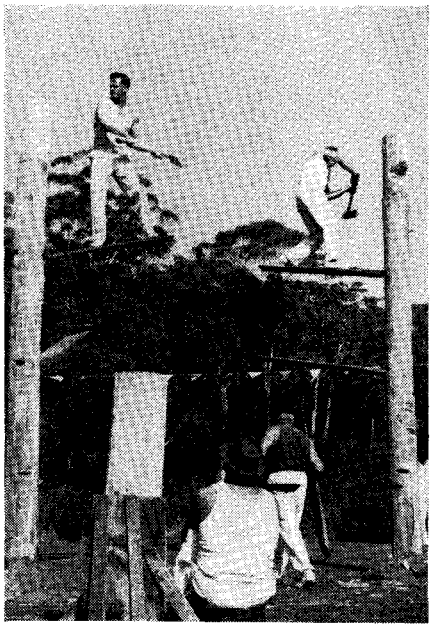
facsimiles of each other is simply not true, however often Australians affirm it. There are basic, major differences—visual, psychological, and institutional.

It is at this point, of course, for the jet-age American traveler, as for Marco Polo generations ago, that the fun begins: finding, sorting, and fitting together bits and pieces to make the true pattern. This search—which incidentally involves some reassessment of what an American is—can be as engrossing in Australia as in Sikkim. My love for strong color does not destroy my feeling for the subtle. My addiction to the area from Pakistan to Japan simply enriches my effort to understand an egalitarian, stable, Western, and deliberately white society on the border of a turbulent Asia.

AUSTRALIA is not a blurred replica or uninspired imitation of Britain or America. She is herself, more so than ever before, and visibly, almost dramatically, more mature and self-confident and more an integrated entity than in 1942, when I landed at the pleasant city of Perth, a refugee from Singapore. Now is a good time to explore this newest of the "Western" democracies—after all, the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, was seven years old when the Commonwealth was formed from six British colonies—covering the world's most ancient continent. For one thing, a number of "eggheads" are dissatisfied with the image of the tough, fearless, sun-bronzed Australian roaming the sun-baked ranges, loyal to mates, gallant in war, and are trying to discover who and what they are. Then, too, it is only in the last few years that this "Western" country (because of its White Australia policy, more Western than America) which is about as big as the United States but has little more population than the state of Illinois, has realized that she is very far away from her two great Western allies and very close indeed to an unsettled, grossly overpopulated Asia. Only about 400 miles separate the closest Indonesian island from Australia, and her White Australia policy may someday be no shield—just a provocation.

There is another reason, which I offer only half facetiously, for visiting Australia in the not-too-distant future. Today, anti-Americanism (and I don't mean honest doubt about our Vietnam policy) does exist, particularly among left-wing intellectuals and labor unions. For a complex of reasons, it will grow. But for the moment the vast majority of Australians trust the United States as an ally and feel genuinely friendly toward Americans. I find it a little bland but very pleasant, for a change, to live in a foreign country where only the Communists march around with "Go home, Yank" written on big placards.

What surprises many Americans who have thought of Australia in terms of kangaroos, koalas, and boomerangs is that, in spite of the country's huge size, the great majority of its 11,500,000 people live in cities. Almost 5,000,000 of them—40 per cent—live in Sydney and Melbourne, state capitals and chronic rivals. The traditional Australia does exist in the "real outback"—more than 1,000,000 square miles of arid and sun-parched land with a fascination any desert lover understands. A visitor can cross some of this countryside through an organized forty-day, 7,500-mile bus tour of Australia; he can safari into any one of six or eight major cities flourishing on the rim of this oldest of all continents—to fish, hunt crocodiles, wallabies, dingoes, pigs, kangaroos; to see aborigines and the extraordinary pictures their ancestors painted in caves long, long ago. He can prospect, for fun, on long-abandoned goldfields. He can go alone or with a group on lapidary expeditions, remembering the Australian who sold for about four pounds his rock doorstep, which now lies, transformed, into a black sapphire, at the Smithsonian Institution. And he can—indeed, he must—visit a great sheep or cattle station to get the feel of a very special sector of Australian life, and meet the men who were once the aristocracy to all Australians and are now aristocrats only to one another and themselves.



—*H.S.*

Woodchoppers' contest — Also swimming, sailing, and surfing.

If I cannot visualize and, however slowly, piece out my own picture of Australia without its sunburned heartland, its aborigines (dispossessed like our own Indians), and its graziers' stations, I also cannot imagine it without Sydney. Of all Australia's highly individual capitals, this is for me the most dramatic reminder that, myths to the contrary, here is one of the world's great urban countries. The city is sun and water. The great harbor's generosity of coves and inlets, edged with white sand and fringed with trees, gives a view of beauty to hundreds of thousands of conventional suburban homes, and some of the world's best beaches to several million people. It's hard to see on Sydney's cheerful and sunlit face traces of the brutality and suffering of its not so very distant convict beginnings. I sometimes think it is the agony of those early settlements and the harsh neutrality of the "outback" that has driven Australians unconsciously to virtually an obsession with the soft, cushioning, sun-sparkled sea. There everyone, young or old, rich or poor, can swim, surf, skindive, fish, swim underwater, sail, or simply lie on the beach and bake near another healthy, browning body. In Australia, not to swim well makes me feel I have a serious physical deformity.

I call Sydney "twelve suburbs in search of a city." Its "downtown" area, not beautiful by day but busy, begins about four o'clock to spill from stores and banks and shopping centers hordes of people who hurry in all directions to suburbia. Nobody lives downtown; by nighttime, streets, by no means brilliantly lit, feel lonely. If you are a New Yorker you begin to think wistfully of Times Square—vulgar and glittering and crowded and lively.

But Sydney seems contented, even a little smug, for everyone forces the visitor clearly to affirm his admiration for the city. After all, its weather is perfect, its bars and beers plentiful, its girls long-limbed and pretty. Its sunsets are magnificent and its twilights magic. It owes its good taste in clothes, its greatly increased sophistication and variety of food and many other tangibles and intangibles that most Sydneyites take for granted to a fifteen-year stream of European migrants welcomed by the Australian government but—as most of these "new Australians" will tell you—always a little scorned by "real" Australians. The newcomers, German, Hungarian, Greek, and Spanish, cook in the good little restaurants and keep their excellent delicatessens open on Sunday in an amusing, self-consciously phony section of east Sydney called King's Cross. I would have loved it earlier than I did if friendly Australians had not kept assuring me it was "just like Greenwich Village."

I like Sydney for its old houses that convicts built with sand-colored stone, generous proportions, and twelve-foot ceilings, delicately molded. I like its many art galleries, its little lunchtime theater, its symphony orchestra splendidly conducted by Dean Dixon, an American Negro. I like the strange-look-

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ing harbor-side structure with huge, ribbed concrete shells simulating sails. It will eventually be the most spectacular and expensive opera house in the world (painlessly paid for with lotteries—one of the many types of betting to which Australians are addicted).

Near Sydney you can visit one of the many forest preserves that protect Australia's range of exotic flora and fauna. One haven is especially for those lovable little beasts, the koala bears, fat and furry little balls cuddled on a tree branch soundly sleeping while nearby emus droop bedraggled feathers and baby kangaroos slip in and out of their mothers' pouches.

North of Sydney, along Queensland's Gold Coast, are Australia's favorite and most lively year-round resort beaches. Northward again, as any coral lover knows, is the famed barrier reef, stretching all the way to Papua, with its vacation islands and fabulous sights of multicolored marine life.

THESE are areas for vacation, important because Australians take them very seriously. But to get acquainted with a really more distinctive and strangely appealing Australia one must fly 2,000 miles northwest from Sydney, as I did recently, to what Australians call the "Top End" and visit Darwin. Bombed by the Japanese, it was almost deserted for years afterward but now it is a neat and lively little city. Its shiny new buildings and a big air base with jet fighter aircraft and defensive ring of bloodhound ground-to-air missiles remind the visitor that an unpredictable Indonesia is only a few hundred miles to the north. Darwin is just as close to Singapore as Sydney. The Australia of Darwin and its vast tropical northern hinterland is an area of roving aborigines, wild buffalo, and crocodiles in jungles and mountains, vast cattle lands bigger than Texas counties, and such phenomenon as giant anthills built always with an axis pointing north. Darwin symbolizes Australia north of Capricorn with its scanty population but strange allure. It is the Australia that differs so sharply from the gentler, well-watered Australia around the coasts of the West, South, and Southeast that has produced the big cities.

The place that ties this big continent together, both administratively and psychologically, is Canberra, a capital that, like Washington and Brasilia, was created from empty land, a valley where only sheep grazed before within a circle of gently sloping, forested hills. I lived there briefly in 1942, when the Japanese were sweeping victoriously over the former Dutch East Indies. This was well before the battle of the Coral Sea, Guadalcanal, and Allied victories in New Guinea had turned the tide of Japanese

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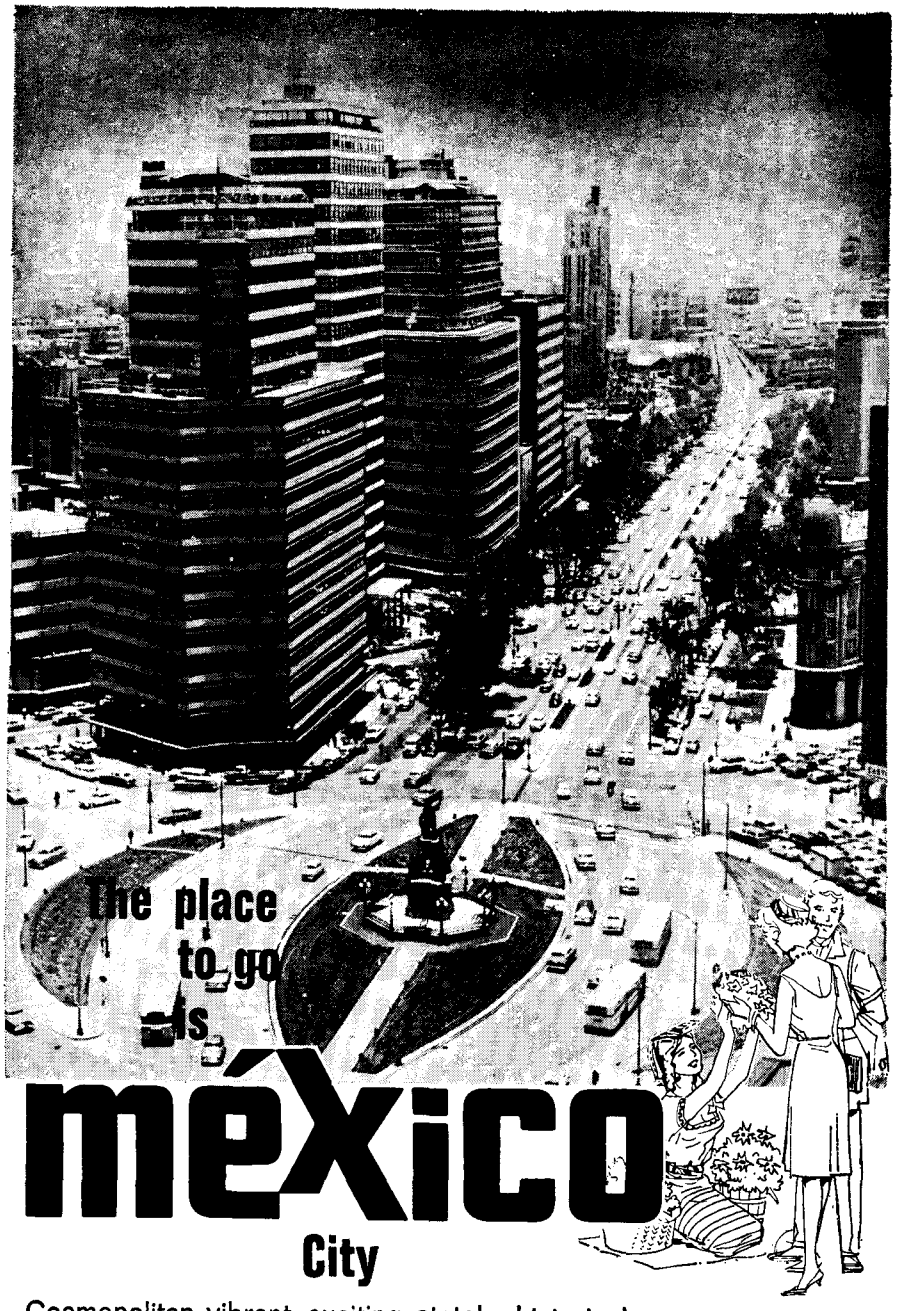

Cosmopolitan-vibrant-exciting-stately-historical--these are the faces of Mexico's capital, the hemisphere's second largest city. Hundreds of thousands of visitors flock there every year. Mexico City's life offers something for everyone. Its modern architecture, broad boulevards and colonial era palaces are a delight to the eye. Relics of both colonial and pre-Colombian times are everywere. Twenty-five miles away, at Teotihuacan, are the great pyramids to the Sun and the Moon together with surrounding vestiges of a mysteriously lost civilization. There are symphony orchestras, opera, ballet, flourishing theater, great hotels, elegant restaurants, many kinds of sports. Mexico City is the image of all Mexico--so near, so modern and yet so foreign.

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—Thomas.

BEHIND NEW GUINEA'S MASKS

By GILBERT THOMAS

ALTHOUGH crisscrossed by airlines and studded with some 150 airfields, New Guinea is still deep in the stone age. The native of this Far Pacific island steps aboard the DC-3 with a string of fish, and a pig, and leaves the driving to the white man. He leaves too much to the white man, including the future of his native art.

The museums of the world are beginning to realize this art is priceless. There will not be any more. None with the vitality of that which has escaped the termites and damp-rot of the first fifty years of this century. The carved totems of the Kanaka, his fierce shields, bark paintings, and looming masks—they are all part of the past. Born in magic, here is the spiritual heritage of New Guinea. When the last old man with a coconut paint-pot dies, that's it.

Many of them won't paint. Or perhaps it was one old man's common sense that dictated his relaxing in the shade. He could not be moved with pounds, pesos, sous, or dollars. The village Tambaran house—spirit house—threw a fine shade, and besides, inside the Tambaran were rows of masks and bark paintings; so why paint more? The weather was warm, there was plenty of sago palm for bread, his yams—fertility symbols—were the largest along the Sepik River; what was the point? Why earn money for flashlights and bangles he didn't need? Leave that to the younger men. They couldn't paint, but he noticed the white man bought all they produced. He smiled and fingered his snail money.

His village would not sell the major totems of the Tambaran. Minor ones, yes. And masks from private huts, and the curious carved hooks the white man seemed to crave. (The Kanaka hung his food from these, to keep it from the rats.) But the elders of this village had gathered in the Tambaran, among the restless spirits of their ancestors, and decided not to sell the old folks.

For this is what the totems represent. One legend of New Guinea has it that in the beginning there was a Great Magician who roamed the mountains and valleys of this lush land, but he was terribly alone. The loneliness was so overpowering that at last he felled the largest tree on the island and carved from it statues in his own image. He gathered them together and laid them in a grove shaded by the life-giving sago palm. It was then he began to beat softly and rhythmically on a slit-drum. His incantation was the language of the Kanaka, and as he drummed and sang, the statues came to life as the people of New Guinea, born in magic.

Today a slit-drum will bring $2,250 in Los Angeles. It goes for $700 in the jungle, a fortune for the village. I saw an example, simply carved and ancient, on sale at a major department store on Wilshire Boulevard. The store was holding a combination exhibit-sale of the art of New Guinea. Total value of the cull: $200,000. Admirable as this new method is for bringing art directly to the American people, there will be very few slit-drums in the future. The young men will turn out heads like toothpicks and spread them with aniline-based dyes you can rub off with your thumb—but the old men will rest in the cool. Soon they will join their ancestors; and who will then carve *them* for the Tambaran?

In a culture shaken by the Second World War, and today confused by a multiplicity of religions, the old men identify with the remaining carvings. And if he is a wise old man, one of the great men of the tribe, he will be buried in a slit-drum to ensure the journey to his forefathers. An expensive casket. But you can see why the old men won't sell everything. They have their reasons.

The Kanaka calls his totems "Diwai belong before." It means wood-from-the-past. To the Westerner, the past of New Guinea began in comparatively recent times; the longest river in this immense island of more than 300,000 square miles, the Sepik, wasn't discovered until 1885. Villages along the Sepik —a highway in the jungle—have been gutted of much of their art. Some adventurers have conscripted "police boys" to help them put pressure on the Kanaka to deliver up the treasures of their spirit

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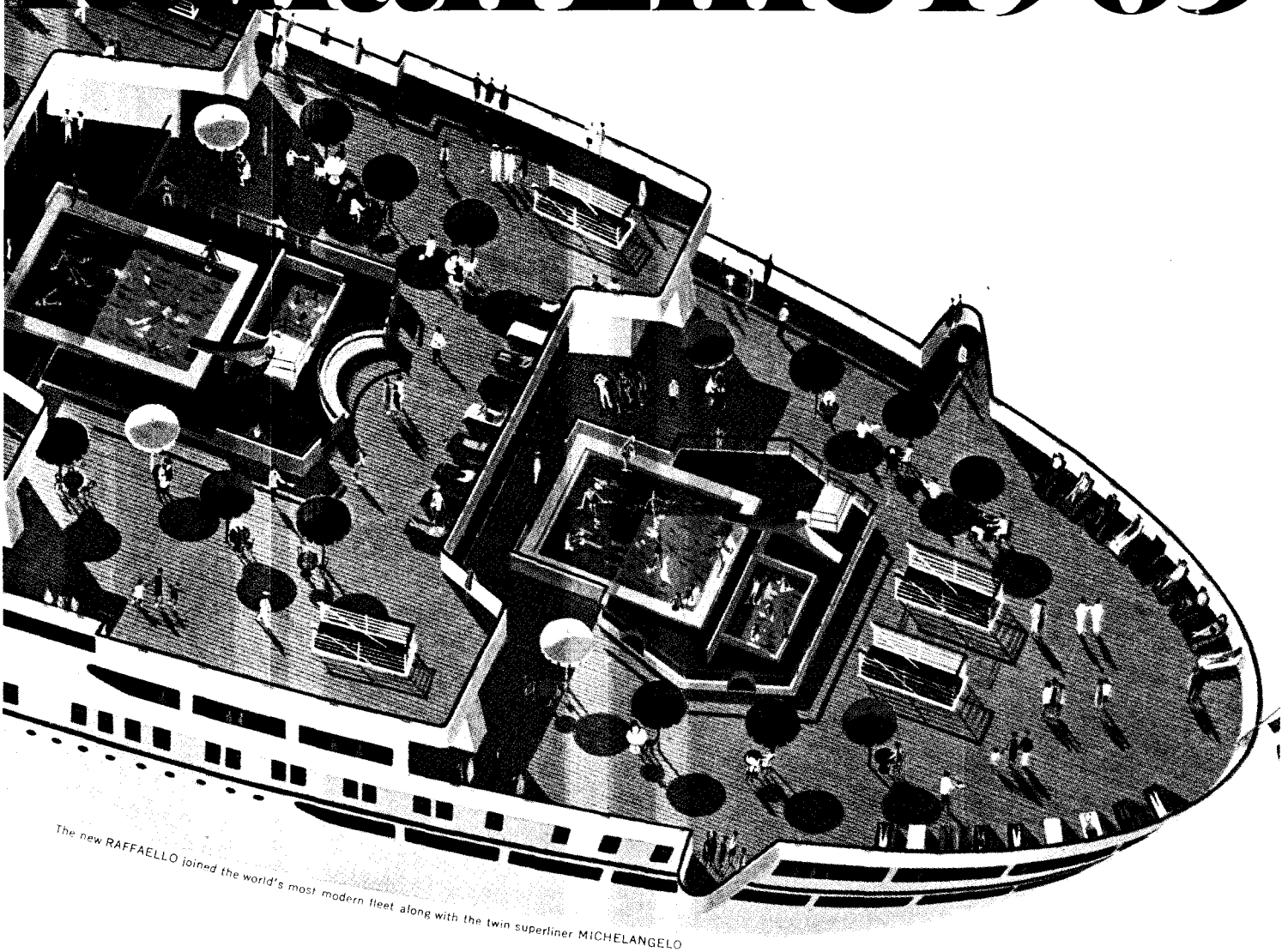
Italian Line 1965



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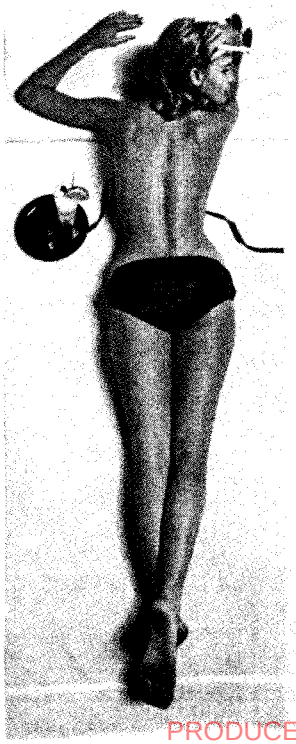

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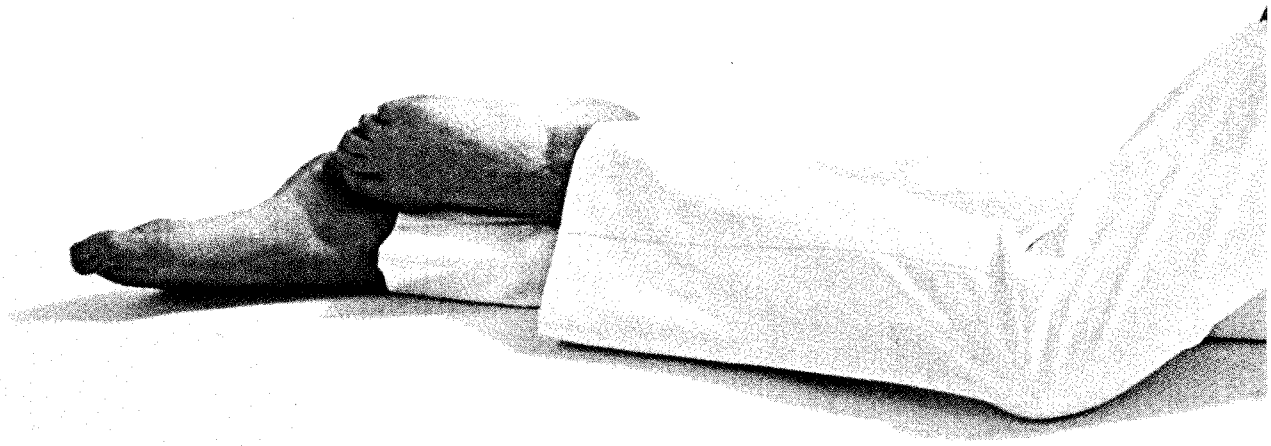

How are you going to get them back

The trouble with Paris is the rest of France.

Not that Paris isn't lovely. But why settle for the most beautiful city in the world when you can see the most beautiful country in the world?

Just outside Paris you'll find the Barbizon forest where the leaves are as delicate as lace and you move through a painting by Fragonard. You'll want to stop, unpack a picnic, drink chilled wine under soft-filtered sun—but don't. You may never leave.

Turn west and keep going, into Normandy. Luxuriate in the snug comfort of a timbered Norman inn. It will cost you roughly $6 to spend a night in the 14th century.

Check into the elegant coastal resorts: Le Touquet, Deauville, La Baule, Biarritz. These quietly chic beach towns are whe the French go to bake in the sun, watch tl bikinis and beat the odds at baccarat.

Move into the Pyrénées. Watch a Basq vendor weighing plump vegetables in tl village square on market day and the supe market back home will never seem the san again. And catch a pelota match; everyor plays this devilishly tricky game, even tl priests. (It's a great spectator sport, but dor challenge the locals. They'll whip you sill

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to Par-ee after they've seen France?

then point out your mistakes over an apéritif.)

And suddenly you're making the beach scene again. Hit the towns tucked into the arc of the Riviera (St. Tropez, Juan les Pins, Cannes, Antibes, Nice) and you're in a world of green palms, azure sea, golden sun and a plenitude of bronze-baked natural wonders (see above).

Head up into Provence. Circuit the 3 A's: Avignon, Aix and Arles. This was van Gogh country; it still is.

Work your way up into the Loire Valley. And don't just see the châteaux; live in them. The French will happily put you up in the rooms where kings slept, and for less than you would pay in a motel in the States.

Continue northeast and discover Alsace. When you see these tiny toy villages where the cuckoo clocks and chimney sweeps are real, you'll think you've stumbled on a never-never land the tourists haven't found yet. (You have.)

And still you haven't lost yourself in such medieval stone-towns as Les Baux, Cordes, Cahors, Carcassonne. And still you haven't explored the Burgundy wine country or the resort towns of the French Alps.

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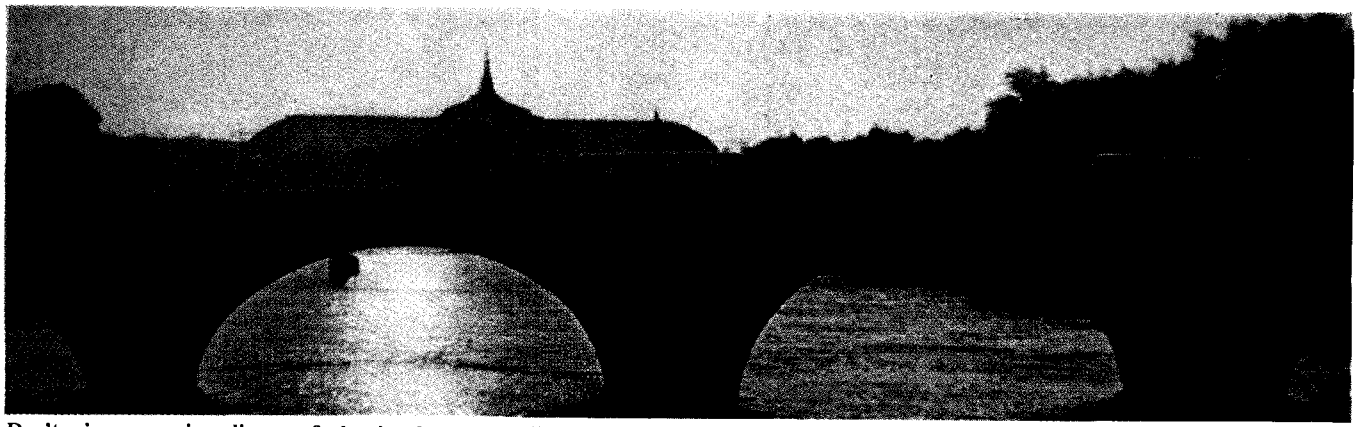

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Continued from page 68

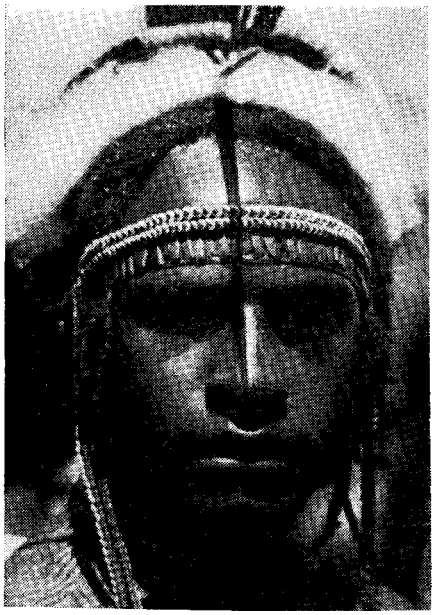
houses. But such practice is hopefully in the past; today many of the missionaries are attempting to persuade the islanders to continue in their great tradition of carving and painting. It's a losing battle. Repetition is the mother of study—not art. Once in a while a younger man will attempt something new, a fresh frieze of carving on a drum, a shorter nose, thicker legs, anything, and it is accepted. And promptly repeated for the fast trade in "Diwai belong before."

Art springs from the spirit, and the Kanaka didn't know it was art until the white man put a price on it. It led its own line of growth and development until that moment. Now the artist isn't sure of his values: what does the white man want? A new statue is as good as an old one. Why is the carving of one hornbill standing on top of a man's head more to be desired than another hornbill standing on top a man's head? (This is a common carved combination in New Guinea; it means a comingling of man-and-nature in a people very close to earth.) They don't comprehend the complexity of thought that lies behind our desiring—very much—art that springs from the hand of a savage, but from the hand of a savage who informs his work with his soul. And nothing less. It is simple to recognize; it merely takes a lifetime of work on the part of the artist and of the appreciator. It is what we buy when we buy art. A man's soul.

Savage? We must be careful when we use such terms. Headhunting is forbidden in New Guinea; this seems a step in the right direction. And if we should stroll too long in his jungle, alone—without his guidance—we would die. The black saltwater crocodile would be one of the reasons. In the jungle he is the sophisticate, we are the primitive. We might step on his yam vines; only a dolt would do that. For they are entwined with magic; the magic of life.

He has a sense of humor, this "savage." The artist, stepping barefoot from the jungle, often has to take on a "day job" to make ends meet, as has many an artist before him. The Number One pidgin-English story of New Guinea concerns such a boy. "Laplap" means cloth—usually a loincloth. "Liklik laplap" means small cloth, a handkerchief or towel. "Susu" means milk or the mother's breast. One elegant settler's lady was having a lawn party for a visiting group from the Colonial Office when she noticed the necessary cloth covering for the creamer was missing. She called her smiling barefoot boy and, speaking more sharply than necessary, said: "Bring liklik laplap belong susu." He did: her brassiere.

But they are laying down the brush. The true brush of their ancestors. It



—*Stockpile.*

"Savage? We must be careful when we use such terms."

might be a small bundle of twigs, chewed plant stems, or trimmed feathers. His paint pots are coconut bowls lined with banana leaves. His colors come from the earth. A lump of blue clay does very well for the ground color; white and yellow ochre are discovered in the ground he walks on. Red is found in the seed pods of the bush *bixa orellana.* Black is specially prepared. A boy chews lumps of charcoal mixed with green leaves to bring the black to a proper consistency. When in his judgment it will flow, he spits it into a coconut bowl. These colors will not fade easily, or wash out. They are always the same—no fancy aniline dyes; not if it's the real thing. And the colors are always harmonious. The artist can make no mistake. But there can also be no fresh line of development. The venerable Japanese woodblock print—ukiyo-e—was helped to die of the same disease.

Witness his thrones. Lavishly carved ceremonial stools. They are not for kings. An ethnological collector from Basle—which possesses a superb collection of New Guinea art in its museum—reports,

—*Stockpile.*

"The ritual stool was never meant to be sat upon. It has a religious significance. It was made to be beaten. Let me put it this way. It serves the same purpose as the orang-utan's breast beating, or the Westerner's ceremonial cup before battle—it summons up a form of Dutch courage."

Indeed. Before going headhunting, or taking off to dispatch an individual enemy—and this was only yesterday—a man would take dracuna branches or palm leaves and beat the seat of the chair to warm his spirit to the task. The thrones are no longer made; there are only a few left in the Tambaran houses. In the old days each clan possessed its own and their disappearance into damp-rot is a visible symptom of a dying culture. But there is one hope. Away from the rivers, away from the airfields, away from the "controlled areas" of Indonesian and Australian New Guinea, the men of the tribe go about their business as in the past. If that business is barbaric, it nonetheless may yet produce a rich harvest of carvings for the sophisticated museums and collectors.

Look at these heads. They are as surrealistic as anything attempted by Dali. Masks are studded with nassa shells and set with boar's tusks, eyes are painted in a swirl and human hair is plaited to add significance. A nightmare of design. The imagination of the artist has cut loose and entered the spirit world to report back what it has seen there. And what it has seen is very modern. Curiously, they prefer a nose elongated to join the chin or points below the chin. Just as in much sculpture from Africa and from the aborigine of Taiwan. Prime specimens among the masks are without price, not only in the Western world but among the Kanaka. As with the carved thrones, they will not sell them. *Diwai belong before.* They are a heritage that brings hope that lies beyond the future. They are magic.

Spend a night in a Tambaran house. These cathedrals in palm frond and lashed wood rise jutting at each end to heights of sixty feet. To enter you must crawl through a small opening. Women are not allowed inside. Not so long ago any woman found peering in was killed, often mummified by smoke and carried inside to take her place among the totems. As your eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, you see the faces of the past looming fluorescent, row upon row. The softly rotting wood gives forth a luminous glow. Civilization is gone, intellect is left behind, and you gradually dissolve into that mystery that lies beyond the powers of comprehension. Reason knows the masks are carved in paint and wood, but something seems to be saying: "Look into my eyes, look into my eyes and know that I am not dead—nor you."

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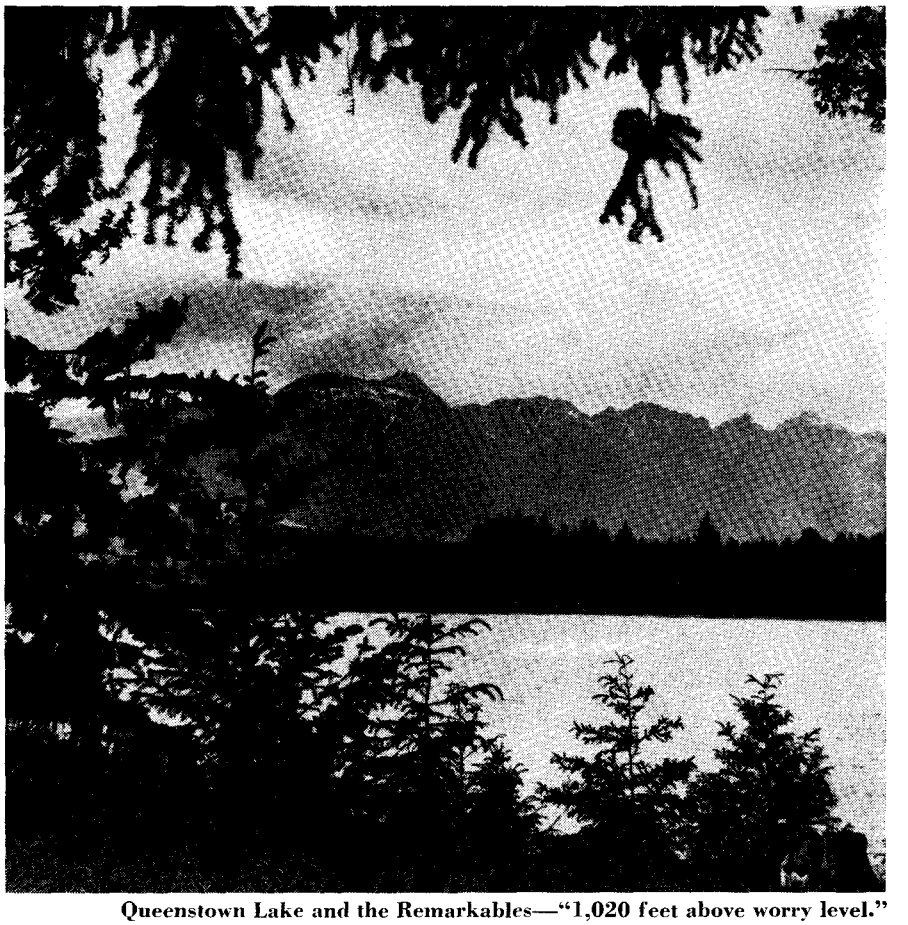

Queenstown Lake and the Remarkables—"1,020 feet above worry level."

OPENING UP THE UNDERNEATH

By GEORGE CHAPLIN

SAILING the South Pacific 323 years ago, the explorer Abel Janszoon Tasman sighted the alpine peaks of "a large land, uplifted high," which he promptly called Staten Land.

But his sponsor, the Netherlands East Indies Company, felt the title lacked something. And so it was that a country with 223 mountains thrusting 7,500 feet or higher was renamed Nieuw Zeeland after a Dutch province that is flatter than a fried herring.

Tasman was sure he'd outdone Drake in discovering the legendary Southern Continent, but he was dissuaded from gathering any firsthand affidavits to that effect by the Maoris, club-swinging Polynesians who'd staked out their own land-claim centuries before.

What the frustrated Tasman had really come upon was the southermost of two islands which, although smaller than California, present what is probably the world's most magnificent capsule of scenic grandeur. He died in ignorance of that fact—and even today the word of New Zealand's vivid and varied beauty hasn't fully made the rounds—at least not with enough impact to set off the travel stampede that it merits.

Of the 122,288 visitors this past year, 40,368 were Australians who hopped the 1,200 miles across the Tasman Sea. There were only 15,958 Americans.

There has been, of course, the matter of distance: nineteen hours from our West Coast, twelve from Hawaii, five from Fiji. But this will happily shrink come November, when jets of five international carriers (with Pan Am carrying the U.S. flag) begin landing at the new airport at Mangere, and Air New Zealand inaugurates direct service to Los Angeles.

The airport is just outside Auckland, the largest city (its population is more than 500,000), which pleasantly sprawls on a harbor-front site bought from the Maori chiefs in the last century for ten iron pots, twenty tomahawks, 100 yards of "gown cloth," and other sundries.

A second handicap being overcome is that of austere accommodations. Most of the major hotels are owned by breweries, apparently more dedicated to the vending of beer—which the locals consume in such cheerful quantities as to require tanker trucks for delivery—than to the amenities. Until recently, the provision of a private bathroom was viewed as a wasteful concession to the effete stranger who was too lazy to walk down the hall.

But this is changing under competitive pressure. Ten new hotels and motels, ranging from 50 to 150 beds, have opened in the last twelve months and under construction in Auckland are the 345-bed South Pacific and the 666-bed Intercontinental, an enterprise of Pan Am's hotel subsidiary.

Until now the day has been saved by the government-established Tourist Hotel Corporation, which operates a 1,055-bed chain of well-appointed establishments in the scenic and sports areas. The rooms are comfortable and the food and service good, although the place names are tongue-twisters. On the North Island, THC has hotels at Waikaremoana, Tongariro, Waitomo, Wairakei, Tokaanu, and Waitangi; on the South Island at Mount Cook (the famed Hermitage), Queenstown, Te Anau,

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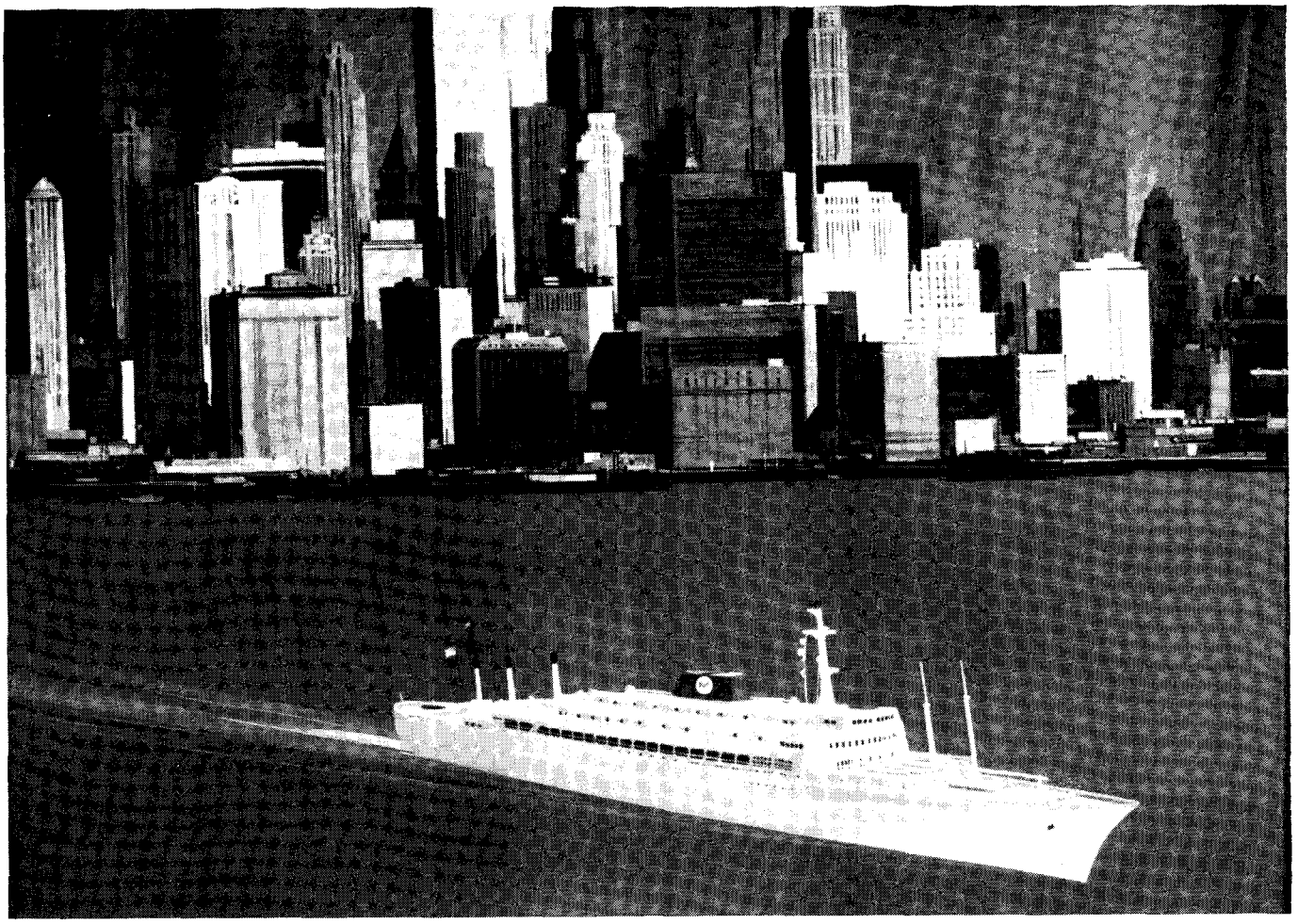

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Milford Sound, Wanaka, and soon at Franz Josef. The two islands are so delightfully different in appeal that both deserve to be seen and savored. Two weeks would be a proper time, although I packed a lot into ten days, flying through the South Island and mostly motoring through the North.

Entering by way of Christchurch, halfway down the east coast of the South Island, after a flight from Sydney, I found myself in "the most English town outside England." It not only bears the name of the college at Oxford but, true to tradition, is given to abbreviating it to Ch:Ch (pronounced Chee-Chee).

An Anglican cathedral of Gothic architecture sends its spire up 210 feet, the willow-fringed Avon River meanders through the city, there is an ivy-looking university where the Nobel Prize-winning Lord Ernest Rutherford did undergraduate research, and rosy-cheeked youngsters in British public-school garb cycle past a store window-sign proclaiming "Real American Cream Freeze with Strawberries."

There is other Yankee influence as well, since from Ch:Ch the U.S. Navy stages Operation Deep Freeze, sustaining scientific research 2,300 miles away in the Antarctic. At the airport, which boasts the world's only South Pole arrival-departure desk, I watched a group of returning technicians, swaddled in enormous parkas, waddling like giant penguins from their plane.

From Christchurch I flew south over the 200-mile-long Canterbury Plains, a soothing green spread of prize grazing land. New Zealanders are the world's largest exporters of meat, butter, and cheese, and the second largest of wool.

They are a friendly folk—even in the air, where scenic-route pilots welcome passengers to the flight deck. The procession began as we approached the spectacular snow-capped alps of Mt. Cook National Park, where the champ itself—which the Maoris called Cloud-Piercer—rises to 12,349 feet, surrounded by sixteen other jagged peaks all above 10,000.

Here, based at the Hermitage, the sportsman willing to climb can shoot chamois and thar, and from late June to September ski on dazzling dry-powder snowfields of nearby glaciers, seven to eighteen miles long.

From Mt. Cook it's another forty minutes to Queenstown—"1,020 feet above worry level"—a tranquil town on Lake Wakatipu; a jewel whose deep blue waters reflect a mountain range unabashedly named The Remarkables. In these parts one can shoot red deer (which are such a pest the government has its own hunter teams), ski at Coronet Peak, or visit nearby Arrowtown, a sleepy relic of gold-boom days.

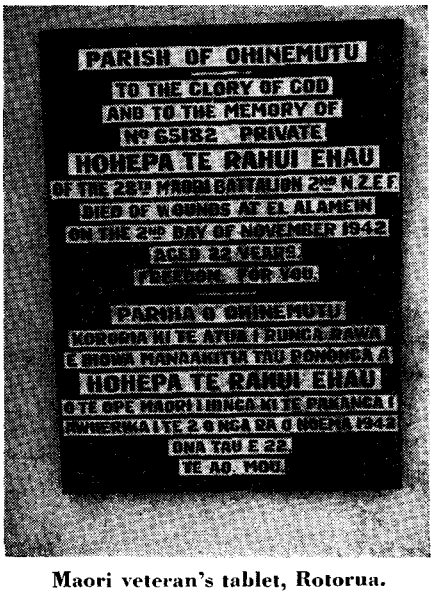
Goateed Maori woman weaves flax.

One can also experience an unforgettable forty-five minutes—the flight from Queenstown through to Milford Sound. I was touted on to this by John Campbell, an affable executive of the government tourist office, who said, "It's like leaving Italian lake country, flying through Swiss alps, and landing by a Norwegian fiord." Even with this buildup, I was unprepared for what lay ahead.

Off we went in a twin-engined De Havilland Domini, piloted by a dashing young man who would have been a dead ringer for Douglas Fairbanks at his best. Once aloft, he began whistling and never let up, presumably to impart confidence to his six passengers.

We were flying at 6,500 feet, surrounded by mountains rising up past us to 9,000 feet and seemingly within reaching distance on either side. (I later learned about the illusion of nearness in clear, alpine air). At times I could see no opening ahead. Fortunately, the relaxed whistler up front could.

He zigged and he zagged. As we left the higher peaks behind, he pointed out Lake Quill, which is formed of mountaintop glacial water held in a natural teacup—with a cracked lip through which Sutherland Falls cascades down 1,904 feet. Lest we recover our nerves, he whipped the plane through the crack, described a tight turn inside the teacup, and was out again.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PARISH OF OHINEMUTU
HOHEPA TE RAHUI EHAU

Maori veteran's tablet, Rotorua.

After that, Milford Sound, the most celebrated of the South Island's thirteen fiords, where we landed for a breather, and the return trip, first out the sheer, cliff-lined sound to the sea, then back to Queenstown by a less exciting route, were anticlimactic. I should note that one can get to Milford by car or even do a three-day, thirty-three-mile walk-in via the Milford Track (only in groups, booked well ahead) but I recommend the scary-but-safe adventure by air.

Less pulse-pounding but equally fascinating is the North Island, which is separated from the South by the strait named for Captain James Cook, who first charted the land.

I spent part of a day in Wellington, the hilly capital of New Zealand, and moved on to the great rainbow trout country of Lake Taupo. From this small inland sea, twenty-five miles long by seventeen wide, an astonishing 300 tons of trout are fished out each year in the October-June season. The best season is mid-April through June.

By law, trout is a sporting fish and cannot be sold commercially, which means you'll never see it on hotel menus. Artificial lines are required. A fisherman can take a sizable number of rainbow a day but any smaller than fourteen inches must be thrown back. (Deep-sea fishing is also fabulous, in a half-dozen North Island spots that Zane Grey called "an angler's Eldorado.")

It's only an hour's drive from Taupo to Rotorua, the heart of the thermal wonderland and the center of Maori culture. This is an active volcano belt, offering a never-ending medley of tall-pluming geysers, fumaroles sibilantly venting fumes, springs boiling, and pools of seething mud plopping up and down.

All this superheating attracts tourists, relieves rheumatism victims who come to take the waters, fuels a steam plant at Wairakei that produces power for 250,000 people, and furnishes steam vents and hot-water pools for hazards on at least one golf course, at Arikikapakapa.

In Rotorua, one can visit a model *pa* (village) of the Maoris, featuring, in their houses, statues, and war canoes, the intricate woodcarving which is their major art form; see troupes in fiber-and-feather capes and intricately patterned flax skirts do the poi dances and the hakas (war dances); and listen to the rhythms of ancient chants.

In the performances and the lively brown faces, I quickly appreciated the

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kinship with the Hawaiians 4,000 miles away—fellow Polynesians who canoed north while the Maoris voyaged south to this "land of the long white cloud."

At one time on their way to extinction, the Maoris now number 180,000, a fourteenth of the population, and are increasing steadily. A sunny, natural people, they are at present in transition from a communal to a free-enterprise society.

They enjoy equal rights with the pakehas (the whites) and, in general, both are a contented and often complacent lot, a middle-class society in a welfare state, where as one Wellington man put it to me, "everyone is looked after from cradle to grave, no one is very rich, no one is poor and there's real equality."

Memorial Arch at Rotorua.

As one motors north, on excellent roads, he is surrounded by this grass, an onflowing carpet with brilliantly green flats and bright hillsides.

At Waitomo, a two-and-a-half-hour ride from Rotorua, I was exposed to a different kind of beauty, this underground. The Waitomo Caves yearly attract 90,000 visitors, who walk through an amazing display of stalactites and stalagmites into "the Cathedral," a vaulted limestone chamber, and down to boats alongside a subterranean river. In darkness and in silence the boats glide along (the guides pulling on unseen wires) until suddenly they enter a magnificent grotto, blue-lighted by millions of glowworms covering the roof and walls. The impression is of countless diamonds glittering on a velvet canopy.

The other day, Dean J. Eyre, the Minister of Defense, Tourism, and Publicity, forecast 312,000 international visitors to New Zealand by 1970. A two-year Pacific-wide celebration, beginning in 1969, of the bicentennial of Cook's voyages and an MGM color spectacular to be filmed next year on Cook's life are sure to help. It's a bit sad that Abel Janszoon Tasman and James Cook won't be around to enjoy what they started.

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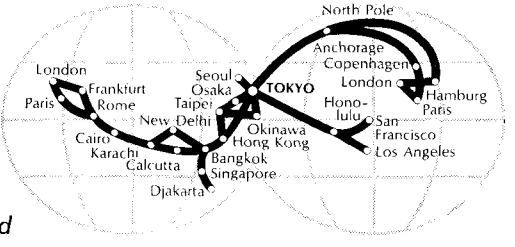

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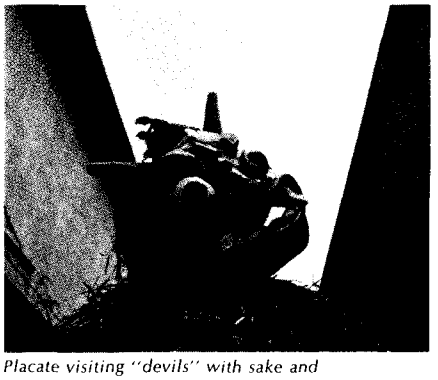

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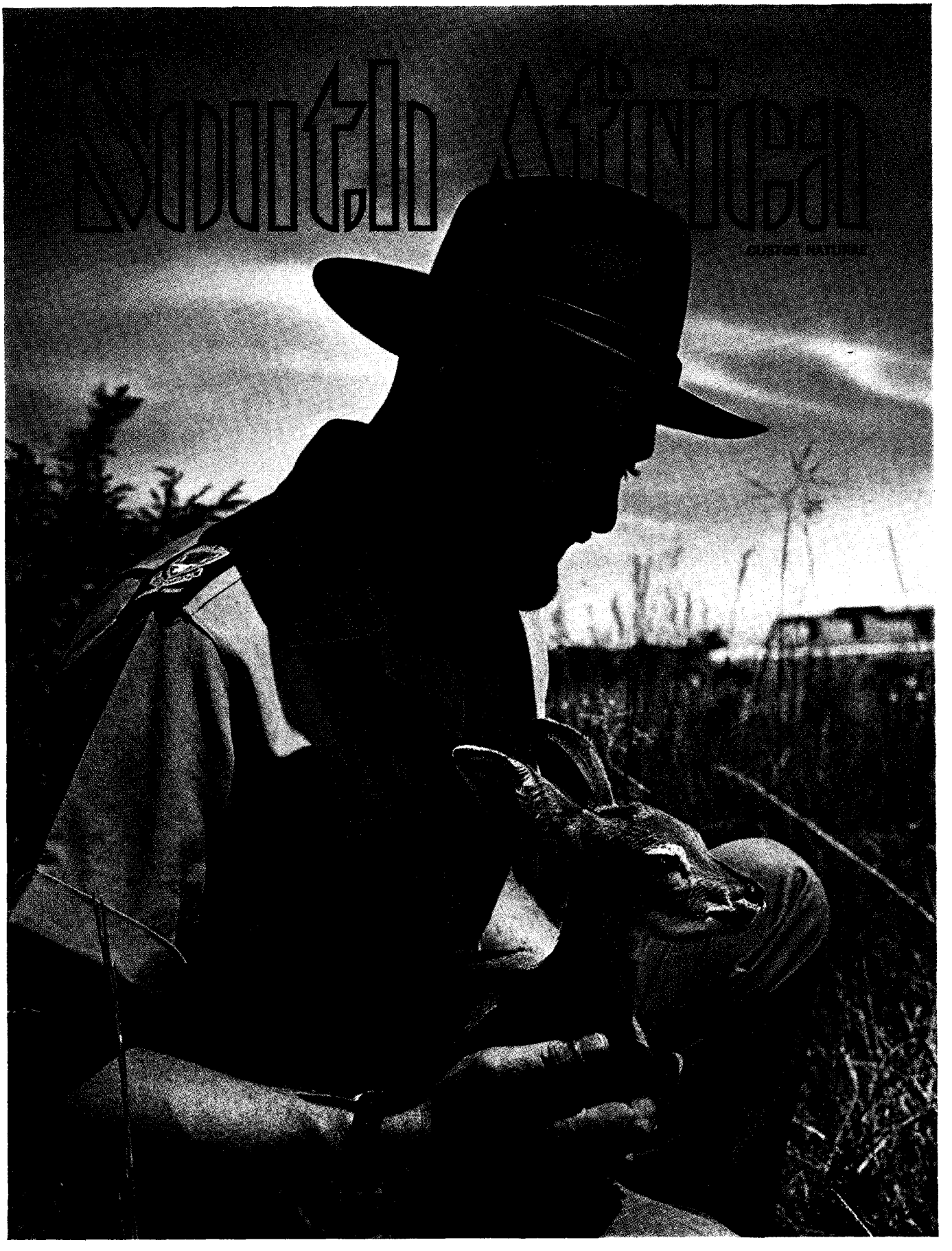

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OH, LITTLE TOWN OF TOKYO

By ARTURO and GLORIA GONZALEZ

VISITORS to urban Japan at the end of the year often find themselves a little surprised when a cute feminine voice sings out, "*Merry Kurisumasu*" from behind a white beard that looks more like the whiskers of Fu Manchu than Old Saint Nick. Santa may be a she as well as a he in this nation, which, though Buddhist and Shinto, has incongruously seized upon the Christian festival of Christmas as a joyous Asian holiday.

With only 700,000 Christians in Japan —less than 1 per cent of the population— Christmas is bereft of its religious significance but none of its joy. At Hibiya Hall, Handel's *Messiah* rings out in all its orchestral majesty. The leading national newspaper, *Asahi*, regularly sponsors the Tokyo Academy of Arts orchestra and chorus in a Christmas concert for charity. Dazzling Christmas trees stand in front of all the major downtown buildings. Christmas cards clog the mail.

Although the holiday is unmistakably Western, its form is unforgettably Japanese, in much the same way that the Japanese have recently adapted Western words for their own weird but *wondafuru* vocabulary. The *depaato* (department stores) bedeck themselves with tinsel and holly by the statute mile, and advertise the low *kosto* (cost) of their gift items to the tens of thousands of shoppers flooding Tokyo's Ginza and other downtown shopping areas. During the *rashawa* (rush hour), Santa-costumed sandwich board carriers *hassuro* (hustle) through the streets at 30 cents an hour, their signboards stating the virtues of this or that bargain from the *mekas* of various brand-name lines. The din of the Christmas *surogans* (slogans) broadcast over the *terebi* (TV) by makers of festive holiday items like *uiisuki* (whisky) and *chakoreto* (chocolate) reaches levels which U.S. Christmas shoppers would find thoroughly familiar. And in the thousands of small cafés, the *chiineijyas* (teenagers) cut down temporarily on their frugging because the hit records on the *jyukubaaksu* (juke box) for the last few weeks in December are *Silent Night* and *Oh, Come All Ye Faithful* instead of tunes with the *riibapuru saundo* (Liverpool Sound).

Besides the sheer fun of the festivity, there is an economic reason for this American-style commercialism of Christmas in Japan. Every worker gets a year-end bonus in late December equal to as much as five months' pay, and the country's aggressive businessmen have followed the tactics of American merchants in using Christmas as a way to move some of this bonus yen out of *Poppa-san's* bank account and into their tills. This big bonus-giving is a tradition dating back to the early part of the century. Over their *sake* cups, Japanese *zaibatsu* (big businessmen) complain that the abominable big bonus habit started with Western firms based in Tokyo before the war. Why Western workers in the U.S. and Europe don't get huge bonus pay the way the Japanese do is something the *zaibatsu* don't explain; they just grumble away.

No matter what its origins, the year-end bonus is as ingrained in Japanese commercial life as the abacus. Workers go on strike and picket plants if the bonus is too low. A new employee will ask about the size of the company's bonus before checking on working hours or vacation schedules. Even the august members of the Japanese Diet get some $400 at Christmas time for their dutiful attention to lawmaking. Bankers estimate the bonus pumps almost $3 billion into the Japanese economy in December and, like Macy's and Gimbel's, all the Japanese merchants advertise and promote to get their share of the bonanza.

Tokyo department stores amass 20 per cent of their annual sales in December. As in the U.S., merchant associations combine funds to arch the streets with holiday decorations. In the Tokyo equivalent of Wall Street, special December sales drives are held by the brokerage firms, touting "holiday special" securities and trying to get Japanese wives to slip their hands into their husbands' kimonos, get hold of the bonus checks, and bring them to the stock houses to buy securities. Bar hostesses busily peddle tickets to special Christmas Eve parties on the Ginza for prices ranging from $3 to $9. In Japanese department store windows, almond-eyed Santa Clauses stare out at holiday shopping throngs while on the tops of the stores neon signs flash news of "Christmas Santa Sales" and down below Santa's helpers pass out free balloons to the kids.

—*Japan National Tourist Organization.*

"Christmas has become as much a Japanese festival as Firefly Chasing."

During the Thirties, the Japanese began to take an interest in Christmas, which was intensified when the American G.I.s came in after 1945. The G.I.s decorated buildings in December, gave gifts to orphanages, held big parties. Many Japanese were led to believe that December 25 was really General Douglas MacArthur's birthday what with all the hoo-rah and they decided to join in the fun, too. Christmas has become as truly a Japanese festival as the Doll's Festival in March or Firefly Chasing in August.

"After all," says a Buddhist monk, "if we forbid Christmas here in Japan, we would be guilty of prejudice, no?" Some of the Buddhist temples at Christmas time actually have monkish *Santa Kurisumasus* in residence, who dutifully listen to the children's hopes for bicycles and dolls under the tree. Even the very familiar Salvation Army is on the Tokyo Christmas scene, its bells jingling and its little pots waiting to be filled with shoppers' yen.

The Japanese have also wholeheartedly embraced the long-standing American tradition of the office Christmas

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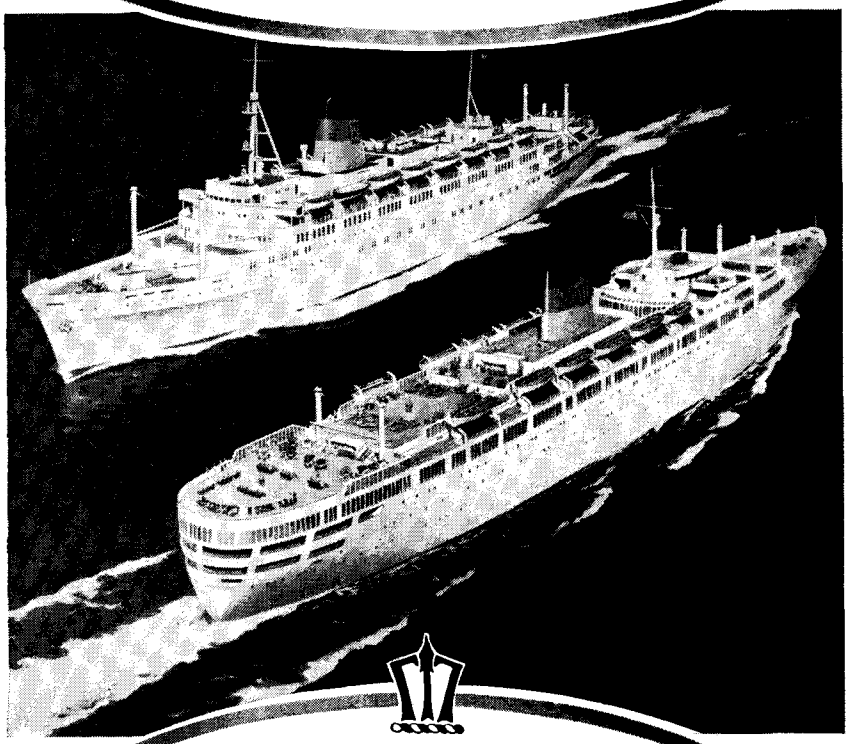

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party. The season begins on December 24 and runs for ten days. Ever imitative of American methods, they have found that the hectic pace of the Christmas season is apparently better endured if lubricated with an occasional eggnog or two—or three. *Bohnenkai*—or "forgetting the year" parties—they're called.

The big bosses occasionally use the *bohnenkai* parties as a method of wooing favored customers or key government officials whose signatures can make or break a pending deal. The parties also serve to let off steam among employees down the line. The cardinal rule is *burei* —no manners—and this permits one to tell the fellow at the next desk what you really think of him, flirt with the secretaries, or inform the boss that you feel you are due for a big raise real soon. The parties often go on well into the night and when there are thousands of them tearing the top off downtown all at one time, things can get as boisterous as Dodge City at the end of a cattle drive. Close to a million revelers completely tied up the Ginza one memorable evening several Christmases ago.

The moment of retribution is the morning after. There are no days off during the Christmas season in Japan so each morning at 8 o'clock the revellers have to drag themselves back to their desks, and bow to each other civilly and try to forget everything that went on the night before.

The hardest-working people during all this holiday frivolity are the police, who have to lug several hundred otherwise respectable citizens down to the local Bastille each night for getting out of line. Some of this hauling is done now in a brand-new Black Maria that has been lined with foam rubber. This keeps the *bohnenkai* crowd from not only "forgetting the year" but forgetting everything else as a result of having their heads bashed in while careening around in the moving van. At the police station the cops don't use water drops or splinters under the fingernails. That's old hat as far as Oriental torture goes. They now tape-record the unfortunate inebriate at length and present the tape to his wife when she comes by with the bail bond the next morning. The revelers leaving in the custody of their kimono-clad spouses look pretty woebegone.

Perhaps the best indication of how wholeheartedly the Japanese have embraced Christmas was a conversation overheard by a BOAC executive stationed in Tokyo for some years. A petite, apple-cheeked Japanese youngster talked to his mother as the pair strolled past an American missionary church bedecked in holly wreaths with a Christmas tree outside. "Look, *Momma-san*," the youngster shouted, "*Kurisumasu* has become so popular that even the foreign devils are celebrating it now."

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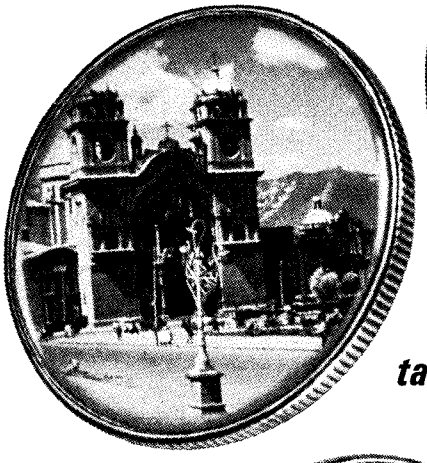

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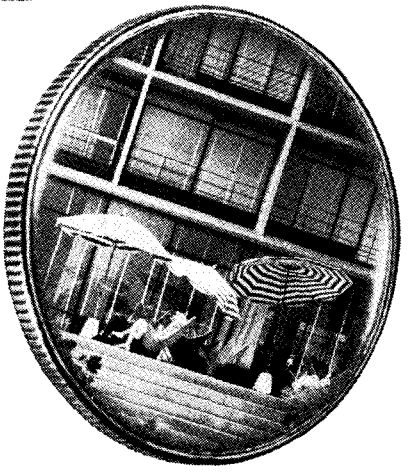

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At Sea in Asia

Continued from page 50

mariners invest their money in mutual funds.

There are few, if any, tourists, which some consider a blessing, but you will encounter, sailing up and down the coast, more characters than in *A Ship of Fools,* but characters out of Maugham, not Porter.

On a northbound P&O liner I boarded at Penang I became drinking friends with an ex-Foreign Legionnaire en route to Saigon to marry a Vietnamese, a freshly ordained Maryknoll priest who'd elected to spend his life in Korea, and a British rubber planter whose years in Japanese prisonship recalled *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* I did not converse with, but I did enjoy watching, several thousand monkeys en route from India to the States; they would have raised a yet more violent ruckus if they knew what contributions they were destined to make for medical research.

In addition to the sights aboard, the sights on arrival let you know, loud and clear, that you're well east of Suez. Some Asian port-hoppers prefer the grandeur of entering Sydney or Manila; for me, cruising into Hong Kong is Number One . . . the forests of junk masts, the bobbing sampans of ship-to-ship peddlers, then, as you debark from a lighter, the singsong shrilling of the *godown* coolies with their impossible burdens and, waiting in rickshaws for, we'll say, the unmarried crew members, clusters of Susie Wongs with smoked harlequin glasses, neat hairdos parted in the middle, and sheer black Shuntak silk dresses slit on one side to the thigh and as tight as bologna casings. Airports were *never* like this; they're identical the world around, east or west, as impersonal and antiseptic as a toothpaste model's hexachlorophened smile.

There *is* a smidgen of danger to Asian coastal travel, spice for today's Diner's Club adventurer. Pirates still function from remote islands, and on several occasions in recent years have boarded steamers off Indonesia and Burma, and in the Formosan Straits, to collect jewelry, watches, apparel, and currency for *their* war on poverty. There is in circulation, as might be expected, a spooky story about how pirates got a diamond ring off an Indian lady when it would not slide over her knuckle, but *that's* an exceptional incident. The raiders have, several times, been assisted by armed passengers who subdued the bridge with threatening hardware and forced the ship to heave to until their friends' slower boat could come alongside.

To prevent such once-in-a-blue-moon intrusions, most coastal steamers have tommy-gun-toting guards and segregate third-class passengers behind sturdy bars. It was not made clear to me, however, why it's assumed undercover pirates cannot afford first- or tourist-class tickets; from *their* standpoint the cost would be legitimate business expenses.

If a ship veers too close to Red China, bored coastal artillerymen might lob a shell or two, anticipating, perhaps, a visit from the China Lobby. Or a Nationalist patrol boat might halt a steamer and question all Chinese aboard about their political affiliations, even a Chinese from San Francisco with a Republican Party card.

Coastal steamers fly as many flags as the United Nations and you can let your palate choose your ship. One time, having concluded my Philippine research, I booked for Singapore on the Mitsui OSK Lines' *Ariake Maru*; then I noted that the Messageries Maritimes' *Cambodge* was sailing there the same day. Having had sukiyaki, I shifted to the French ship; first night out I feasted on a superior *blanquette de veau* and a splendid bottle of Beaujolais.

So plentiful are the good coastal feeders that when I return, say, from six months of Asian port-hopping I must pick for long weeks at cottage cheese and lettuce to regain my normal admirable silhouette.

The Swedish East Asia Line's *smorgasbord* makes Perle Mesta's buffets look like wienie roasts. The Australia-West Pacific Line's breakfast steak would be $12 at the Four Seasons. The Polish Ocean Line's hams would make a strict observer of dietary laws cry with envy. And the China Navigation Company's Pekin duck, lovingly wrapped in a delicate pancake, served at the last meal, leaves you in a proper mood to deal with the testiest customs inspectors.

The seaport inspectors *are* testy, particularly with natives, quite unlike the perfunctory examiners at airports, and they finger every valise's contents and its frame and skin as if seeking a well-secreted James Bond arsenal. I was fascinated, one day at a Rangoon *quai,* to see an official feel the stomachs and look down the throats of a dozen live, protesting chickens being imported by an aged overseas Chinese. On inquiry I was told that smuggling via chicken is an ancient dodge in the Orient. Like Strasbourg geese, chickens are force-fed forbidden gold nuggets or tiny gems just prior to landing.

Coastal craft of Asian registry are designed for transistor-sized passengers; before embarking on one, a king-sized American would be wise to put his Blue Cross affairs in order. On a Korean steamer out of Pusan I kept knocking my pate—six feet up—on the top of the 5-foot-10 passageways. To see myself in the mirror, I had to shave kneeling.

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The cabin I shared with four other non-Asians had no berths; we slept on the floor on *tatamis*. When the weather was heavy we were scrambled against the hull like a football scrimmage.

Asia's coastal traffic continues to boom; in Manila, Hong Kong, and Sasebo there are often extended off-port delays; dock space is as hard to find as parking space on Madison Avenue.

This is understandable; everything of value in Asia goes by water, for highways are designed for animal-drawn vehicles and generations of destructive troubles and closed borders have practically ended intercontinental railroading.

Besides scheduled ships of the established firms, some of whom are listed above, there are hundreds of unscheduled coastal freighters; they carry two to twelve passengers, but they don't care if they do or not. That is, they don't hustle for human cargo; they're not listed with Cook's or American Express. You find out if one's going your way in the local paper or at the nearest office of Jardine, Matheson, Ltd., the venerable British agents who've been in Asian trade since the Opium War.

Although it doesn't enjoy being so referred to, an unscheduled steamer *is* a tramp, but don't imagine every tramp a shoddy relic captained by an ever-swearing, whisky-swilling Humphrey Bogart type who keel-hauls sailors at whim. American tramps have a barracks atmosphere because of constant personnel turnover, but when a foreign sailor finds a tramp *simpatico* he makes it home for ten to twenty years until, as they say, he's a plank-owner.

I once sailed from Bangkok on a German tramp that, below decks, was a living room in Munich; some crewmen wore *leiderhosen*, antlers hung in the mess, each man had his own beer mug, a gramophone blared melancholy Bavarian tunes and there were fading pictures of Hindenburg and Adenauer; the years in between were ignored.

Tramps eventually get you to your destination, but sometimes, like foreign policy, they go in surprising directions. On unscheduled steamer tickets, Jardine's prints, in bold type: THIS CARRIER RESERVES THE RIGHT TO PROCEED VIA ANY OTHER PORT. You think you're going straightaway from Malacca to Karachi, but en route the ship is signaled to stop at Colombo for a load of tea. Such casual transport, which might hang you up for a fortnight at a Kiplingesque port, is romantic and all that, but risky.

Well, you *now* know that steamer travel in the Orient, scheduled and tramp, is for the free-lancing likes of me and for those who have weeks to squander, curiosity to burn, and, particularly during the typhoon season, a goodly supply of Mothersills.

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India

Continued from page 58

the great Mogul Emperor Akbar in the sixteenth century, it remains exactly as it was—a collection of red sandstone buildings and spacious courtyards spread over a low ridge. There are façades chiseled with intricate Persian designs, lattice-walled chambers and, in one broad quadrangle, the marble Dargah mosque, housing the tomb of the Moslem saint who foretold the birth of Akbar's son Salim. There is the imperial boudoir, where the royal bed stood over a cooling tank of water, and the regal pachisi board, a large surface of colored pavement on which the emperor played the game using slave-girls as pieces.

THIS elaborate metropolis was, in its day, serviced by pipes that brought in water from a nearby reservoir. After some years, however, the water gave out. The emperor and his court had no choice but to abandon the city, and the sermon in its lifeless stones may well be that man cannot live by art alone.

If Fatehpur-Sikri is wondrous human handicraft, Kashmir is exalted nature. We had perused the tourist brochures extolling Kashmir, and fully expected at least faint disappointment. But no blurb does Kashmir justice, perhaps because it is not really a sharply describable sightseer's place. It is, rather, a mood of mountains, lakes and streams, trees and gardens, mingled with some of the color and bustle of Oriental bazaars. In Kashmir we felt very, very far away.

PART of our pleasure may have stemmed from our leaving Delhi on the eve of the monsoon rains, when the muggy heat melts the brain into insensibility. To escape that steaminess and, two hours later, step out into the clear, cool, crystal air of the Vale is itself an experience of a high sensual order. And certainly much of the credit for our enjoyment must go to our major-domo, Abdul Aziz Wangnoo.

Conjured up by friends, Abdul Aziz is a small, trusting man with a black moustache who met us at the airport and scarcely left us during the week that followed. He installed us on Nagin Lake, outside Srinagar, in the *Snipe*, his three-bedroom houseboat, replete with four servants and attendant *chikara*, a handy gondola. He escorted us to gardens both hanging and floating, showed us ancient mosques, and delivered us up to merchants peddling rare gems, shawls, leopard skins, wood carvings, papier-maché bric-a-brac, sports coats, antique swords, and what not. He introduced me to Sheik Abdullah, the vocal Kashmiri nationalist leader, then briefly out of jail, and to Malvi Farooq, the young *imam*, Moslem religious chief for Kashmir.

And one crisp morning, under a rich blue sky, Abdul Aziz packed us, a brace of bearers, hampers, and rugs, and other paraphernalia into a rickety taxi for a fishing trip. At a bubbling mountain stream he adjusted our flies and spinners, guided our arms as we cast, built a fire, and sizzled the finest trout tiffin I've ever eaten. Then, as the day's warmth waxed, he laid thick rugs under a shade tree for our siesta.

For all this he probably robbed us blind—$5 a day, tax and service *compris*. In Kashmir it is a delight to be robbed. But then, the Taj Mahal by moonlight was surely worth three rupees.

Australia

Continued from page 67

advance. Australia lay almost totally exposed to the enemy. I felt then—and it is all the more true now—that the Canberra of that time, a new capital just beginning to be a government center, gave sense to Australia's nationhood more than Sydney, where the first British settlers landed.

Today a much bigger Canberra—with nearly 100,000 people and adding thousands more a year—is one of the world's handsomest capitals, with impressive new government and commercial buildings filling out the original great design of American architect Burley Griffin. Much of Canberra still has to be built, but already such monuments as the War Memorial, at the end of the majestic vista down Anzac Parade and across the meandering Burley Griffin Lake to the gleaming white Parliament House, the slender spire commemorating the U.S. role in the last war, the Civic Theater, and other structures symbolize the history and meaning of Australia.

TO SEE Canberra with its neatness, the quiet beauty of its tree-lined streets, the evidence it gives of a stable, progressive democracy is to wonder anew at the future of this prosperous white nation down under, remote from powers like the United States and Britain with whom it has most in common, living with its vast, still unexploited resources, its growing but still scanty population, and its empty lands under the shadow of aggressive Asian powers such as Indonesia and Communist China with their hungry, teeming brown and yellow millions. Will Australia and Asia be able to come to terms without Australia's being overrun? To view the life and varied attractions of this big, sunny, southern island-continent is to find a new understanding of what the question conveys.

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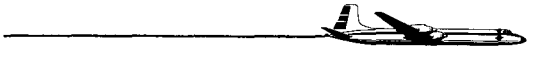

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A tulip festival right in your own backyard, or front yard for that matter, is easy enough to arrange. Just drop some Dutch bulbs into the ground this Fall and hang around till Spring. Note we said *Dutch* bulbs. Only the Dutch have put more than four hundred years into breeding tulips. And it shows in every flower, whether it be white, orange, delicate pink, the almost pure black or any of a hundred other delightful colors.

And because they're thrifty sorts, the Dutch figured out how to keep the price of their bulbs down. Way down. Sort of like how you plant them.

Of course, if you want to see a tulip festival that's as big as a whole country, start planning your trip to Holland now. The sight of Holland in the Spring is so incredible you'll never forget it. Mile after mile in bloom.

But there are a lot of things in Holland that you'll never forget beside tulips and canals, windmills, and pretty girls.

Things like fairy tale castles and surprisingly swinging beaches. Charming inns where you can spend the night, breakfast on fresh breads, sliced meats, a tray of cheeses, coffee, tea, milk or a big steaming pot of creamy Dutch cocoa and pay a tab that amounts to only about $5. (Remember, we *told* you the Dutch were thrifty sorts.) And, most important of all, people who speak English — 3 out of 4 Dutchmen do.

By the time you've spent a couple of glorious weeks in Holland, you probably won't want to come home. But there is a consolation. When you do, your yard will be full of tulips to remind you of the nicest vacation you've ever had.

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We thought we'd seen everything. Then we saw Punta del Este.

We had taken several long looks at the White Cliffs of Dover. We had watched the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. And we thought we had seen everything in between.

Then, one cold day last December, a doctor friend embarked on a nonstop travelogue about a warm place called Punta del Este and, before he was through, we'd made up our minds to fly to South America to find it.

Punta del Este is, it turned out, just a short drive from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, which is a pleasant Pan Am flight from New York.

Like most of the shoreline around Montevideo, Punta del Este is miles of soft, white beaches, with temperatures rarely above 80, and life in general an utter whirl.

You can take in a polo match as easily as a regatta and, for do-it-yourself people, there's everything from golf to aquaplaning. The casinos are marvelous and the people unpretentious.

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Sikkim

Continued from page 63

salad of unpronounceable herbs that are related to bamboo shoots, watercress, radish and fern leaves—and perhaps wild orchids and costly rhododendrons as dessert, if not as an hors d'oeuvre. Butter tea or darjeeling tea will be served with dessert.

Post-dinner drinking requires the exercise of extreme caution. Local brewmasters turn out a potent malt concoction called *chang*, while other entrepreneurs make and export a bevy of coffee liqueurs, brandies, sherries, and Scotch-like drinks. As pleasant and soulful as they seem, the Sikkimese are wonderfully adept at holding their liquor at the 6,000 feet altitude, while Westerners who drink without care tend to lose control. Queen Hope is a teetotaler herself and the word is out that evening alcohol consumption is not what it was in the old days.

How far afield one can roam inside Sikkim depends entirely on the security precautions of the moment. It's an extremely security-conscious place, and many regions of the countryside look like military camps. The Indians are here in force. The Chinese are encamped in Natu Pass, only fifteen flying miles away. Sikkim has been a major trade route between Tibet and India and it is this short, natural route linking the two countries that requires Indian watchfulness.

Most often, as a consequence, sightseeing is confined to Gangtok. But should there be an easing of travel restrictions, the wildlife reservation in the Royal Deer Park is a splendid afternoon's outing, as is the new road linking Lachen and Lachung. This roof-of-the-world trail soars toward 15,000 feet, just twenty-five miles from towering Mount Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest peak, called by the Sikkimese "the abode of the Gods." And there are the wildly beautiful lower regions to see, with meadows ablaze with wild orchids. (Sikkim has the greatest range of elevation of any nation in the world, from 500 feet in the orchid and orange country to the icy, desolate reaches of Kanchenjunga at 28,000 feet.)

The best time for visiting is the period between December and April, when the climate is like Switzerland in the spring. Monsoons, the snows, and furious hailstorms come at other times of the year. During the season in Sikkim, the days are brilliantly sunlit, and the nights sharply cool. Moreover, a good share of the Sikkim festivals occur in this period, occasions of feasting and pageantry that invoke the phantoms of local mythology. Fiendish wizards prance in rainbow-colored costumes, fire-breathing dragons fight demon-masked priests. Prayer wheels turn and an orchestra of woodwinds, bells, gongs, and drums provides background music. A chorus of lamas invoke occult incantations between the stately blasts of six-foot-long horns. It may be the New Year's Festival (one in January and one in February), or it may be Losoong or Nempa Guzom or the Dancing Feast of Lamas—but all of them seem to share the wizardry and symbol of medieval pageants that once were real only in the pages of a book.

"Which are the phonies?"

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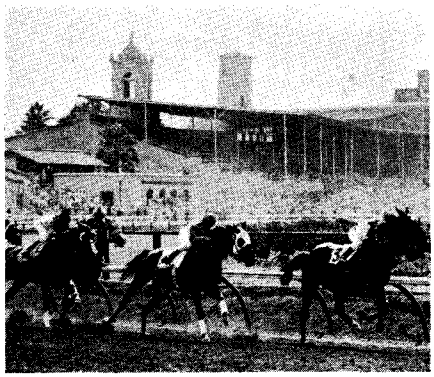

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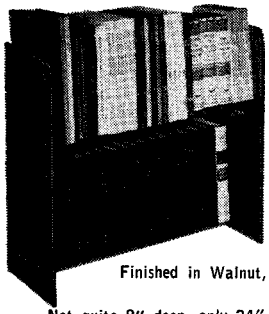

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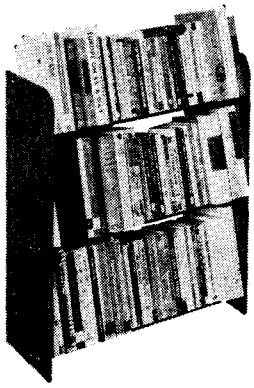

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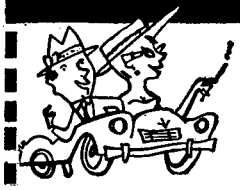

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Asia

Continued from page 37

whether American tourists should duck away from a salvo of rehearsed epithets rather than brave them—if, even apart from the personal pleasure of travel and discovery, only to demonstrate that Americans are seriously curious about the world, that there's a lot to learn about each other on a people's level.

What, then, determines danger? Or the itinerary? It's all very subjective, which brings us back to that old Javanese proverb. Maybe it all depends on what a tourist wants, or expects, from a trip to Asia, and just which Asia he wants to see, to taste. The fact is, Asia is an extraordinary menu; it offers a tremendous variety of Asias to the tourist. The hotel-collector will pick one kind of Asia, the traveler with real curiosity another. Both, though, will be journeying through a part of the world that is not only "underdeveloped" but underknown and underunderstood, that was once a colonial backwater but is now responsible for keeping the midnight oil burning in the foreign ministries and war offices of Peking, Moscow, Hanoi, Washington. Each tourist ultimately will have to work out his own itinerary, his own definition of what is danger. Nobody can help him.

Classroom on the Move: Latest educational venture is the Asia Pacific Seminar in Hawaii, scheduled to be held from January 20 to February 3 under the sponsorship of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Association and the Institute on Man and Science in Rensselaerville, New York. Emphasis will be on Asian history, philosophy, arts, and culture. Among those who will brief the eighty participants are General Carlos P. Romulo, president of the University of Philippines, U.N. Under-Secretary Ralph J. Bunche, and Dr. Philip Handler, Science Advisor to President Johnson.

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Ian Fleming

Continued from page 40

ian disdain and moved languidly past the furtive, silent, and puzzled table. He surveyed the group with open contempt, shrugged, and passed on. I was forced to conform. I can still see their tense, angry, but frightened masks.

NEXT morning, Fleming, in a mood for mischief, sighted the hairy man on arrival at the Tokyo terminal and the end of our mission. He was getting out quietly enough but recoiled as he met Fleming's gaze and glared around him like a hunted beast. Fleming compressed his lips, brandished his shooting-stick, and walked to the nearest railway policeman, who saluted him.

"Where may I buy choice seaweed?" Fleming inquired, pointing his stick deliberately, as it seemed, at the hairy man —now a desperate shaggy stag at bay. Tiger translated. The policeman bowed and peered along the platform toward the station arcade. The hairy man suddenly broke into an anxious shamble,

—*Susan Perl.*

"By God, it's still alive!"

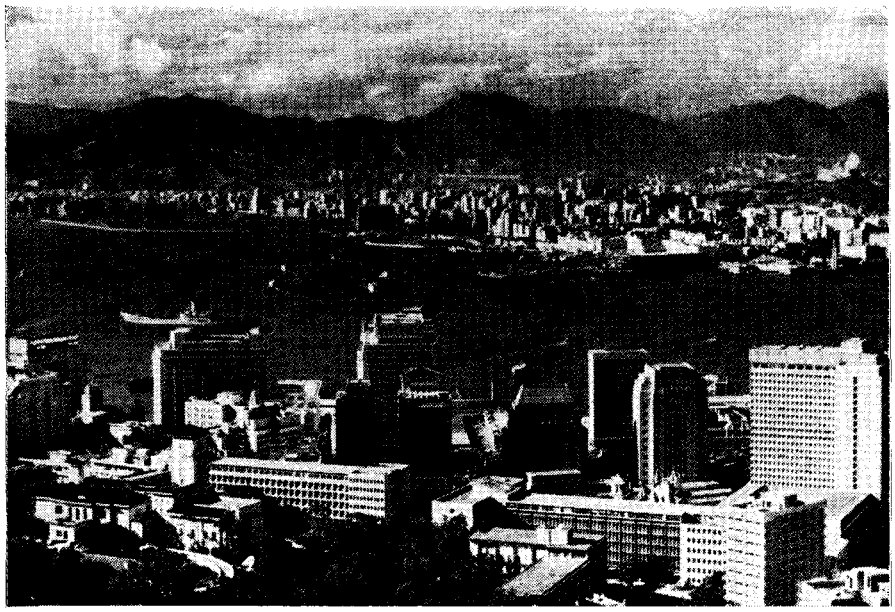
carrying his own luggage, brushing aside porters, glancing back over his shoulder, disappearing fearfully down the crowded stairways.

It could have been the opening of a new Bond adventure. I still wonder who the unhappy fellow was, what his sins were, what he had in his luggage, who the devil he thought we were, whether he has yet had his hair cut. Fleming watched his flight, expressionless.

"You see, Tiger, Dikko," was all he said. We did see, and we went, brooding, toward the shopping arcade. There was luscious *wakame* seaweed ahead, and there were memories behind.

Morning cold;
The voices of travelers
Leaving the inn.
—Basho (1644-1694)

why people come to HONG KONG again and again...and again



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NOTE TO GOURMETS: *Hong Kong has more different and exciting kinds of restaurants than practically anywhere else in the world. There is Portuguese food and Balinese food; African and Danish and Hindu and, naturally, American and a dozen others . . . and if you think you've had Chinese food and haven't been to Hong Kong—you just don't know!*

THE BARGAINS—FABULOUS. Because Hong Kong is a free port prices are far below those in other parts of the world. You can buy cameras from Germany and Japan, perfumes from France, shimmering silks from Thailand and India, linens from Ireland, watches from Switzerland and tweeds and worsteds from Britain. But the best bargains of all are those made by Hong Kong's own craftsmen; delicate ivory figures, exotic textiles, rattanware, camphorwood chests, beautiful scrolls—to mention only a few.

The facts of life in Hong Kong are fascinating. Come see them for yourself! For a colour brochure see your travel agent or write Hong Kong Tourist Association, 291 Geary St., San Francisco, California 94102.

THE ORIENT IS
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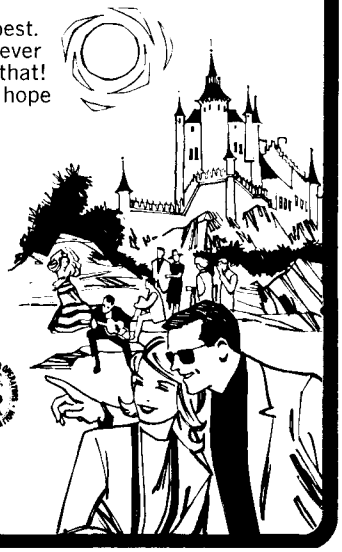

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Philippines

Continued from page 55

dence of the President of the Philippines, was inhabited earlier by American governors-general and, before that, by the Spanish viceroys. What is now the U.S. Embassy main building was the residence of the U.S. High Commissioner. The war crimes trials of Japanese Generals Yamashita and Homma, both of whom were executed, were held in the grand ballroom of this classic, colonial-style, mansion.

If the traveler has no time for exploration of the islands beyond Luzon, where Manila is located, he should at least try to make the drive to Tagaytay, the nearest hill resort, which has the famous view of Lake Taal and the volcanic lake within a crater on an island in a lake within a crater on an island. The trip can be combined with a drive around the city's sights in a standard tour taking four to five hours. For a visitor with a couple of days to spare, a short flight to Baguio, the lovely summer capital in the mountains, is recommended.

BEYOND Baguio is a breathtaking sight that Filipinos advertise as the "Eighth Wonder of the World"—the 3,000-year-old Banaue rice terraces, carved out of the mountainsides by Ifugao tribesmen and rising 5,000 feet from the floor of a canyon. If all the terraces could be stretched out end to end, they would reach around the world. The site is a few hours' journey from Baguio by car or bus, and the trip is one of extraordinary beauty but is not for anyone prone to nervousness on mountain roads.

The possibilities for glamorous, offbeat travel in the Philippines are endless. One can fly to Palawan and, in a dugout or outrigger canoe, explore a recently discovered underground river two miles long by the light of kerosene and carbide lamps. Or go down to Mindanao, the island of the Moslem Moros. Farther south, in the Sulu Archipelago, one is in the heart of ancient Moslem pirate country where freebooters still prey on small vessels out of Indonesia's Spice Islands, and one of the biggest local industries is smuggling American cigarettes from the free ports of nearby Borneo. The hotels in this part of the world are straight out of Somerset Maugham.

One of the most convenient points of interest in the Philippines that a casual visitor may overlook entirely is the country's capital itself. The national capital is not Manila, although the Presidential Palace and most of the government offices are there, but Quezon City, a suburb.

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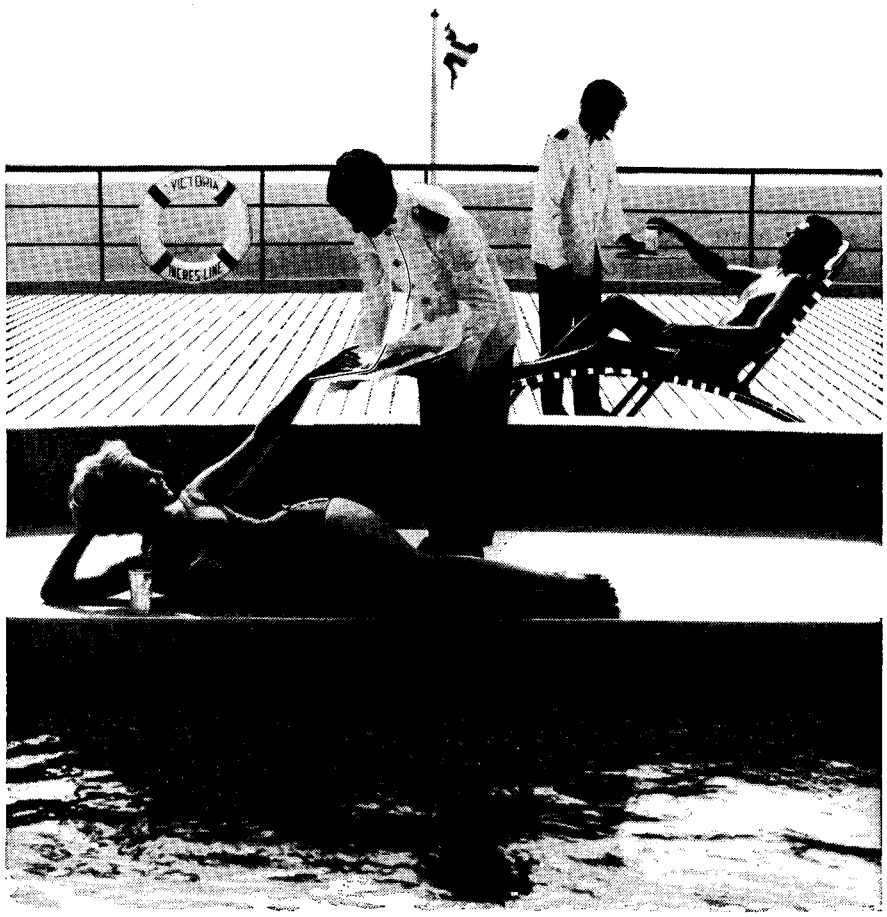
Hong Kong

Continued from page 44

somewhere underfoot, the ever-present jagged-edge sails of the junks skimming back and forth among the liners and the freighters.

All this new-found luxury laid out for the businessman, for the Grand Tour tourist, and for visiting Congressmen who manage to divert their itineraries from a tour of the critical areas of the Orient, is not to say that the flavor of Hong Kong as a Chinese city has been totally camouflaged or even lost. It still seethes with the essence of China, distilled perhaps, or even compressed, into one city where the cross-currents of different civilizations crash upon each other like competing tidal waves somehow caught in a head-on collision. It is, for instance, only a few steps from Corrigan's Hilton Hotel, built by Texans, and for that matter run by Southwesterners, too (Conrad Hilton's first hotel was in Cisco, Texas) to the Communist Bank of China. Walk out of one and cross the street and you're in the other. The Bank of China is no ramshackle money-changing arm of the Peking government. It is a huge, seventeen-story stone building whose first-floor tellers are watched by menacing guards carrying enormous shotguns.

Although it may be the most imposing, it is by no means the only vestige of Red China in Hong Kong. Perhaps it could be said that it is indeed the integration of Red Chinese into the life of the otherwise Western Crown Colony that adds to the fascination of the city. Shops and businesses that use the word "China" in their titles usually are Peking Chinese selling goods manufactured on the mainland and therefore not to be purchased by American citizens who wish to import them into the United States. Chinese Arts and Crafts, Ltd., at the corner of Wyndham Street and Queen's Road, offers fake Thai silk cushions made in Peking, carved ivory, cloissonné vases, glass flowers, soapstone carvings, figurines whittled of lime-green jade, urns of Honan jade, elephants of Indian jade, chess sets of Peking glass, turquoise rings from Hupeh as big as quail's eggs, rosewood chests, beautiful carpets from Tientsin woven of Mongolian wool guaranteed to be better than Australian wool, brilliant silks from Nanking, nubby India silks from Shanghai. The fine consumer goods are made for export—one could hardly imagine a woman of the People's Republic sporting an egg-sized turquoise ring—and indeed the packing cases piled up outside indicate a certain success. Although Americans cannot buy and bring them home, the Communists were selling to customers in Brus-



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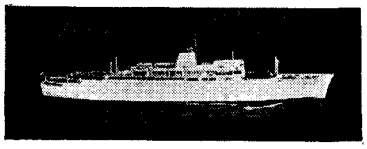

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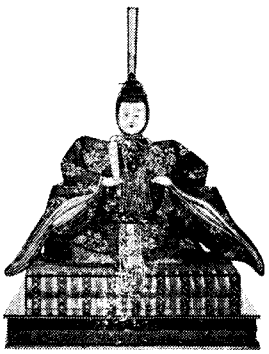

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An even more penetrating look into life in Red China can perhaps be had by traveling no farther than China Products Co. Ltd. on Percival Street in Hong Kong. There the shelves are lined with such gastronomical necessities of the hard life as frozen pheasants still feathered, frozen ducks, and peanut butter marked "Peoples' Republic of China." There are dozens of teas, walnuts, lichee nuts, Ancient Coin Champagne in the traditional bottle distilled by the Peking Grape Wine Manufacturing Company of China. The Chang-yu Pioneer Wine of Chefoo, China, also makes such potables as Vermouth and Chefoo Red Wine. A bottle of Tiger Bone Tincture is a thinly veiled pass at Hong Kong's ever popular panacea, Tiger Balm.

There is a hint that Red China is concerned with beautification, if perhaps only for the oversea market. Available are scented soaps called Jade Leaf, a product of the Shanghai Soap Works, Maxam Dental Cream from the China Chemical Works, Ltd. More serious apothecary items include seahorses and deer tails, items which the realistic regime still provides. Nor are oral pleasures overlooked – Double Happiness Candies are on sale and so are boxes of dried pork for nibblers (they come with the printed assurance in English that "It's Delicious"). The Peoples' Republic even produces fur coats, available in such pelts as tiger and rabbit. The Dah Hwa Toy Factory of Shanghai makes rifles and for that matter a machine gun labeled in English "Burp Gun."

While the U.S. entry restrictions make it sticky for American travelers to bring back any item that *might* be Red Chinese, it is no secret that the Crown Colony buys, and American travelers drink thousands of gallons of water purchased from Peking. Unlike New York, Hong Kong's water problem is now over. It is now using between 120 and 130 million gallons a day. During the water shortage the Chinese were indignant because the surplus in the treasury was being sent back to England when the money might have been used to dig more wells or to buy more water from Red China.

IN the peculiar ways of the Orient, Hong Kong is not only a playground for Western tourists but also a rest center for American troops fighting the Communist spread in Vietnam. It is estimated that between a million and three million dollars, U.S., go back to Peking through the Bank of China every day. It is unlikely, what with the favorable flow of needed dollars, that Peking will eradicate Hong Kong, as it could so easily do with perhaps not much more effort than the Indians exerted when they took over Goa. If there is any doubt in any British minds it certainly doesn't show on Sundays out on the terrace of the old Repulse Bay Hotel where the tall English girls with their peaches-and-cream complexions take their lunch over the harbor, and the Englishmen in Ascots sip chilled hock while the fans spin in the ceiling, the palms droop contentedly, and the junks filter through the islands of Repulse Bay under the shadow of the giant apartment houses set into the hills by the imagination of a new age.

"All this has been Hong Kong in the twenty years of peace."

—Burt Glinn (Magnum)

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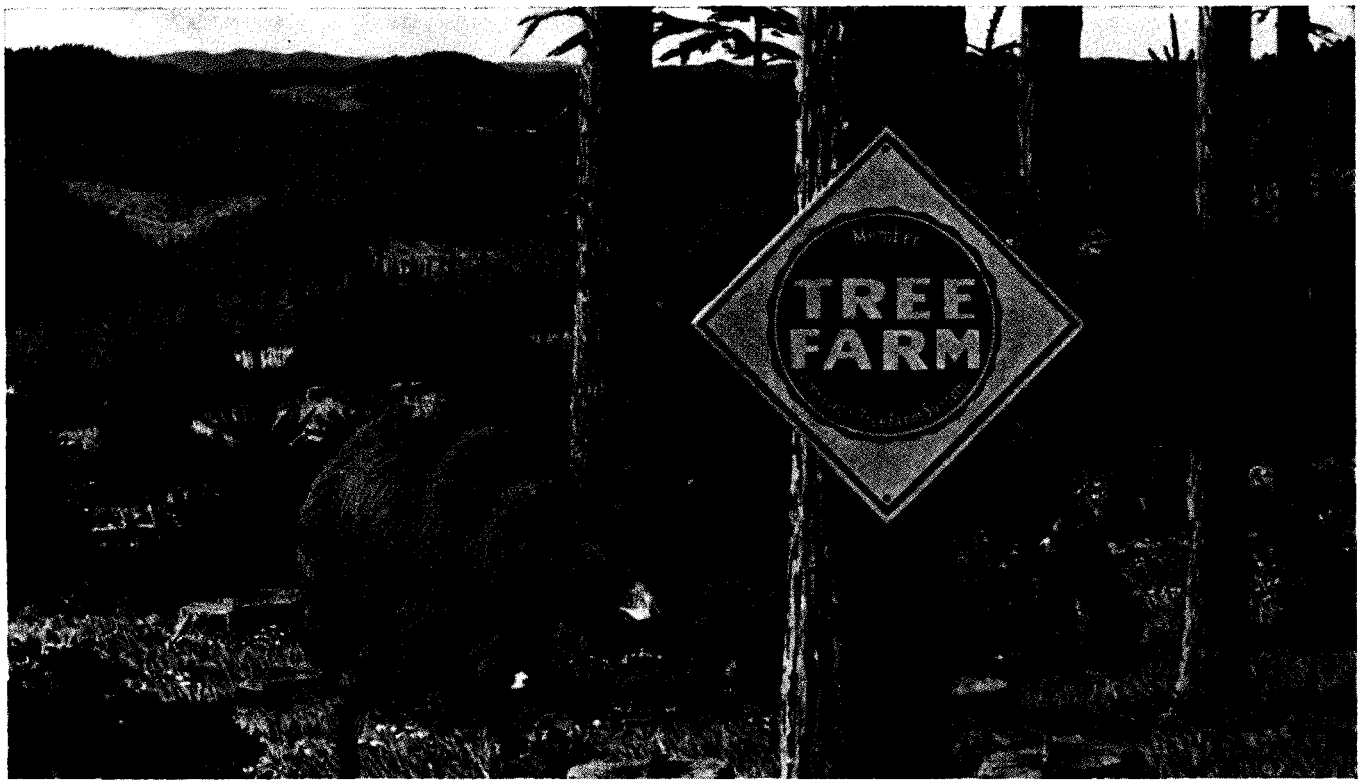

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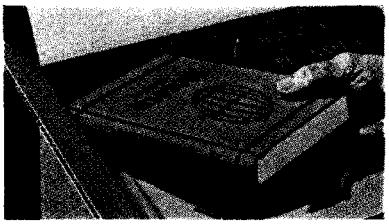

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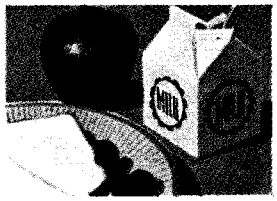

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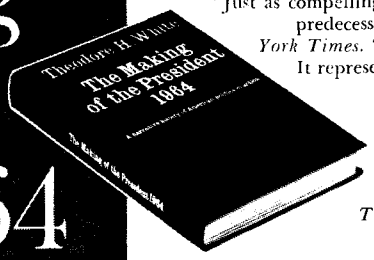

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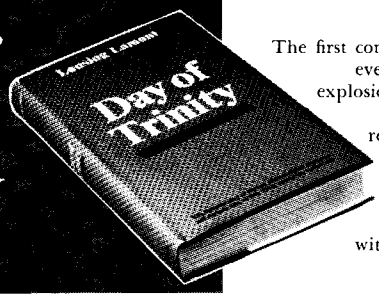

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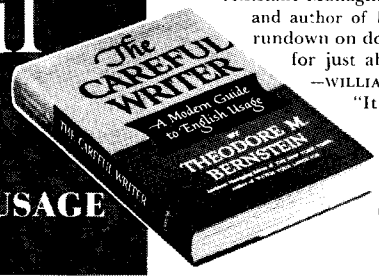

By THEODORE M. BERNSTEIN

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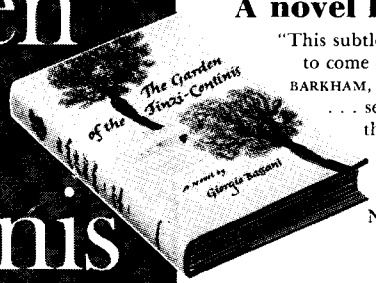

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"This subtle and beautiful book is the finest novel to come out of Italy since *The Leopard*."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*. "Masterful . . . seldom have the yearnings and sighings, the disappointments and palpitations of youthful life been conveyed so faithfully."—HERBERT MITGANG, *The New York Times Book Review*. Now in its 4th printing! $4.95

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

An Invitation to Live

WHERE does a writer of fiction get his subjects? A talented journalistic novelist such as James Michener can go here and there on the face of the globe, do some research, and come up with a best-seller about Japan, Hungary, Hawaii, or Israel. William Faulkner, on the other hand, found in Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, material for five or six major novels and a dozen minor ones. But the average novelist is not so easily satisfied as Michener nor so fortunate as Faulkner. He has to make what he can out of his own experience, which may be sharply limited. This need not frighten him if he thinks of such writers as Joyce and Proust, but he does have a problem.

Brian Moore, born in Belfast in 1921, moved to Canada in 1948. In 1956 he published his first book, a beautiful novel called *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*. This was followed the next year by another and excellent, though less excellent, book called *The Feast of Lupercal*, also set in Belfast. With his third novel, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, he drew on his experiences in Canada. By the time that was published, Moore had moved to the vicinity of New York City, which became the setting of *An Answer from Limbo*. (My review of that book, together with an interview with Moore by Rochelle Girson, appeared in *SR* for October 13, 1962.)

With *The Emperor of Ice-Cream* (Viking, $4.95) Moore has returned to Belfast and to his own boyhood in that city, for this is almost certainly a more closely autobiographical novel than anything he has previously written. He has waited twenty-five years to tell this story, and he has gained greatly in perspective without losing a sense of immediacy.

This is the story of Gavin Burke, seventeen-year-old son of a Roman Catholic family in Protestant Belfast. It begins in the autumn of 1939, the period of what was known as the phony war. Gavin's father, a solicitor, hates England so bitterly that he welcomes each of Hitler's victories. His mother, who constantly bows to the will of her domineering husband, hopes only that her son will remain loyal to the true faith. Gavin, who has flunked what we would call a college entrance examination, is in revolt against both his parents, is troubled by his vices, and is in love with a pious Catholic. Completely at loose ends, he joins Air Raid Precautions, which pays him a pittance for doing little or nothing.

Much of the book is concerned with Gavin's experiences while he is in ARP, with his tyrannical superior, Craig, and with his companions. One of his companions, Freddy, who has literary tastes like his own, interests Gavin in a left-wing theater that is producing a play by Clifford Odets. Another companion plots to kill the outrageous Craig. A third gets drunk on the occasion of a Royal visit. Meanwhile Gavin has his troubles with the stalwartly chaste Sally, and quarrels constantly with his father.

It is all quite banal and perfectly real. Moore presents the conflict that tears Gavin by letting us hear his two counselors—the White Angel, speaking for all the traditional values, and the Black Angel, encouraging both his animal instincts and his rebellious impulses. Acutely conscious of the changes going on in the world, Gavin resents the fact that he and Belfast are stagnating.

Then, in the spring of 1941, Belfast is bombed. As the ARP goes into action, Gavin feels a sudden exultation: "And in that moment, within Gavin, there started an extaordinary elation, a tumult of joy. He felt like dancing a Cherokee war dance on the edge of the parapet. The world and the war had come to him at last." Hard work and danger do not dispel his euphoria: "The driver was afraid. Freddy was afraid. Why wasn't he afraid, then? Why was he filled with excitement, with a feeling that, tonight, nothing could kill him, that, like the knight in some ancient romance, he carried a shield which stood between him and all harm?"

97 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Emperor of Ice-Cream," by Brian Moore
98 Letters to the Book Review Editor
99 The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood: Mirror to His Times, 1896-1939, by John Mason Brown
100 Reggie: A Portrait of Reginald Turner, by Stanley Weintraub
101 Starting Out in the Thirties, by Alfred Kazin
102 Oppenheimer: The Story of a Friendship, by Haakon Chevalier
103 The Italians: Face of a Nation, by John Phillips
106 The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea, by Yukio Mishima
106 The Travelers, by Andrew Fetler
107 Socialist Humanism: An International Symposium, edited by Erich Fromm
108 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books
110 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh
112 Day of Trinity, by Lansing Lamont; The Decision to Drop the Bomb, by Len Giovannitti and Fred Freed; Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam, by Gar Alperovitz

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After carrying stretchers through a raid that lasts seven hours, Gavin and Freddy volunteer to work in the morgue with the corpses and fragments of corpses. A recognized hero at last, he is able to face up both to Sally and to his father. Watching his father cry, he hears "a new voice, a cold grown-up voice": "He heeded that voice, heeded it as he had never heeded the childish voices of his angels. Black Angel, White Angel: they had gone forever. His father was crying. The voice would tell him what to do. From now on, he would know these things."

We have read many novels about young men and their coming-of-age, one of the most memorable being James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Moore's Gavin Burke does not commit himself to exile and to literature as does Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, and he could not have said, as Stephen did, "I

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go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of the race." But Moore himself became an exile and a writer, and it is easy to believe that Gavin Burke would have made the same choices. At least Gavin is saying at the end essentially what Stephen says: "Welcome, O life."

I am not suggesting that Moore's book has either the intensity or the profundity of Joyce's, but it arrives by its own course at somewhat the same end. In the first three-quarters of the novel Moore portrays with his usual candor the life of a boy who doesn't know where he is going. Nothing is overplayed, nothing is underplayed. Gavin's vices are not so egregious as he believes, but they are considerably more apparent than his virtues. As for the tedium of the phony war, Moore portrays that as convincingly as did Anthony Powell in *The Dry Bones*. Then comes the air raid, changing everything, including Gavin. Moore describes the raid very well, without exaggeration and yet with a full awareness of danger and suffering and heroism. Gavin does what he has to do, and it makes a man of him.

This is not the best novel Moore has written, but I think it has an important place in his development as a writer. The title, by the way, is the title of a poem by Wallace Stevens, a poem admired by young Gavin Burke. Exactly what it means in this context I'm not sure. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1154

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1154 will be found in the next issue.

IJ YIMY VMFFW HD FSXJ RHYI

IHEWJFV RHFF IMXJ DS AHX-

MFW.

NJDGMEHD VAMDTFHD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1153

Swans have an air of being proud, stupid and mischievous—three qualities that go well together.

—Diderot.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Shades of Ringwood

Too bad the real Ringwood ghosts [On the Fringe, *SR*, Aug. 14] did not show for the séance! The best known is of the coach which drives up the avenue of trees to the front door. A Miss Ryerson, an early dweller, was to marry a young man from New York. On the day of the wedding, he took a boat to Nyack and started for Ringwood in a carriage, but no trace of him or the vehicle was ever found. It was thought he might have been shanghaid.

The room in which someone felt hate might have belonged to one of my husband's aunts who indulged in that. She was much like Queen Victoria, in looks and dress, and possibly she was meaner. Once when my husband was spending the night there she opened the door carrying a carriage lantern, saving gas. When she wanted to call her coachman or gardener she blew a coach horn. Also I'm sure she could outdo "our dear queen" in most masterful swearing. She possessed a large pornographic library, which is, I imagine, on locked shelves at Cooper Union or in the East River. . . .

Elizabeth Hewitt.

Pasadena, Calif.

Kirkus Correction

A thank-you note to David Dempsey for his entertaining article on the Virginia Kirkus' Service, Inc. [*SR*, Aug. 28]. We made Mr. Dempsey's acquaintance at one of those cocktail parties we seldom attend.

There are one or two further impressions I would like to correct. The Kirkus staff is a considerably more experienced and concomitantly older one than indicated and includes people with both library and publishing background.

I would also like to say that since our reviews are not commercial in their emphasis, we also hope that they are critical and a little more than just "notes passed around in school." While many are written in an informal style, they can achieve depth and authority.

Alice E. Wolff,
Managing Editor.

New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: SR *itself finds the reviews in Virginia Kirkus' Service concise, penetrating, and astute.*

Like It Is

The Aug. 28 issue of *SR* makes plain the stupefying extent to which the white community has become the victim of its own inverted thinking about the Negro. On page 29 we have Granville Hicks, in his review of the anthology *New American Story* edited by Donald M. Allen and Robert Creeley, praising the work of LeRoi Jones ("I have read about his plays, but haven't seen them.") and on page 49 we have Warren Miller condemning Claude Brown's autobiography, *Manchild in the Promised Land* for its "impoverished patois."

The point here is that when Jones's racial double-bill, *The Slave* and *The Toilet*, opened off Broadway, the consensus of the following morning's critical opinion was summed up best in a headline which ran, "*The Toilet* Is Several Thousand Dirty Words." . . .

While the vocabulary of Mr. Jones, as one critic wrote, was "employed infinitely for its less than infinite shock value," the language of Claude Brown was not. His argot may make for a "literary disaster" but, as the book makes abundantly clear, that was not in his mind as was neither the aptness and adequacy of the answers to his search for the "why" of life that happened to him as he sweated upward to his maturity.

Indeed, "Dr. Kenneth Clark's teams of sociologists in their statistical tables" may put it more accurately and succinctly—and so, by being at a distance removed, more safely—but Claude Brown tells it like it is. Baby, you better know it.

G. C. Oden.

New York, N.Y.

Biased

Charles Shapiro's review of "the recent avalanche of volumes about Mississippi's sorry history" [*SR*, Aug. 14] is typical of the one-sided, bigoted attitude of certain writers today. . . . It is that very "We are right, you are wrong" attitude—and "the people be damned"—that makes the whole civil rights movement certainly a "sorry" aspect of our history. If they had as much concern for the white people of Mississippi as they do for the colored people, they would realize how misguided and biased they are.

Erich Christopher.

Kirksville, Mo.

Charles Shapiro's rage leads him into insults and sarcasm—surely poor weapons. His condescension to Mr. Hodding Carter is unworthy. His whole attitude is holier-than-thou . . . . One wonders at Mr. Shapiro's understanding of definitions—particularly of the word "hypocrite" (which he astonishingly equates with the word "gentleman"). . . . Did he himself really want to participate in and worship at [the church service in Alabama]? If not—if he were just posturing to air the Negro's problems—he is quite as great a hypocrite as the deacon who turned him away.

Nancy Plummer Faxon.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Long Trail A-winding

I made the same calculation Arthur Piaggio makes in his letter concerning my review of Thurman Arnold's *Fair Fights and Foul* [*SR*, Aug. 28]. . . . Mr. Piaggio mistakenly assumes that the traveler can follow a straight line across the thirty-square-mile ranch. But the country was wild, and "It

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spread from the meadowland on the Little Laramie River to the dark pine timber that covered the foothills of the Medicine Bow Range, with its perpetual snow." The trail miles wound in and out and around foothills. The distance covered was several times the axis of the ranch. The author assured me it took two full days by pack animal. Today it can be done in one hour.

MYER FELDMAN.
Washington, D.C.

Burns and Burns

DONALD W. Cox's letter (*SR*, Aug. 28), complaining of my review of his book, *The Perils of Peace* (*SR*, Aug. 7), confuses me with Arthur F. Burns, who was the able chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in the first Eisenhower Administration. My tour of duty on the White House staff during the second Eisenhower Administration embraced different duties. Probably neither of us deserves the rebuke Cox mistakenly makes in his letter.

In any case, the point has little or nothing to do with the question, "Conversion to What?"

ARTHUR E. BURNS.
Washington, D.C.

Prophetic

THOSE WHO ARE used to fleeing through Irwin Shaw or Daphne du Maurier and stopping at that point are stumped by Saul Bellow or Günter Grass (who, although livelier than Bellow, needs just as much thought). I must place full support behind Granville Hicks and his opinions regarding *Herzog* [*SR*, Sept. 10, 1964; Aug. 7, 1965]. At any rate, Hicks was prophetic in his words . . . "A novel that is certain to be talked about and written about for a long time to come. . . ."

CURTIS M. ARNSON.
Cleveland, O.

Contradiction?

GRANVILLE HICKS [says] of Donald Harington's *The Cherry Pit* [*SR*, Aug. 21]: "Harington writes . . . sometimes brilliantly, and if he comes to no particular conclusions, that can't be held against him. What does bother me is that, like many first novelists, he writes as if he were never going to write another book and must say here and now all that he has to say." Admittedly, an author's conclusions are not always his point. But his points, particularly if they suggest he is saying "all that he has to say," must surely be conclusions of some sort. May I suggest a contradiction on the part of Mr. Hicks?

JANE COLETTE BRITTENHAM SEABOLD.
Altadena, Calif.

De Vries Analysis

ROD JELLEMA has done a most creditable analysis [of Peter De Vries], by very far the best review of *Let Me Count the Ways* [*SR*, Aug. 28] that has been done in any major periodical. Commendations for you (as always) and for the reviewer. Let us hear more from Mr. Jellema.

HAYDN L. GILMORE,
Ch, Capt, USAF.
Aurora, Colo.

The Ripening of the Dream

The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood: Mirror to His Times, 1896-1939, *by John Mason Brown (Harper & Row. 409 pp. $6.95), seeks the secret of the late playwright's growth from a playboy, soldier, and "Shaw in short pants" into a distinguished historian and four-times Pulitzer Prize-winner. Lewis Gannett, the author of "Cream Hill," was for many years subsequent to 1930 daily book critic for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By LEWIS GANNETT

"THERE'S one fundamental subject with which I am concerned," Robert Emmet Sherwood wrote in 1937: "Growth. My own growth and that of the characters I write about." Growth was the subject of the memorable play on which he was then working, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. Growth is the subject of John Mason Brown's lively and sometimes startling account of Sherwood's early years as playboy, soldier, and playwright. Those first forty-two years were preparation for his blossoming in World War II, as assistant to Cabinet secretaries, spokesman for democracy, intimate of and speech-writer for Harry Hopkins and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and, later, their historian and biographer. (Mr. Brown will devote a second volume to that period.) But for all Mr. Brown's intimate and intelligent probing, Sherwood's growth remains something of a mystery.

Like his hero, Lincoln, Sherwood was a man who, emotionally and intellectually, grew slowly, whereas physically he had shot up phenomenally. Sherwood stood six feet seven when, in 1914, he delivered the valedictory at Milton Academy, but, though he was permitted to appear on the platform, he did not graduate. In four and a half years at that school he always loved, Sherwood had, as Mr. Brown puts it, collected a "grubby harvest" of marks: two B's, eleven C's, thirteen D's, and two E's. His scholastic record in his three years at Harvard was about as dismal: by spring of his freshman year his balance sheet showed two E's and three D's (two of them in English). He had two sophomore years; Harvard never recognized him as a junior, although outside its classrooms he was a man of distinction, an editor of the *Lampoon*, playwright for the Pudding, and author of two lyrics actually sold to Flo Ziegfeld of Follies fame while he was still an undergraduate on probation.

His opinions probably faithfully "mirrored" those of the majority of his classmates at Harvard: he was a staunch Republican, an ardent war man; in favor of prompt conscription for all pacifists, bill collectors, and Cambridge cops. But the American Army had no use for such

Robert E. Sherwood in 1940—his development is beyond analysis.

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a skinny beanpole in 1917, when Sherwood tried to enlist. The kilted Canadian Black Watch, however, accepted him with enthusiasm, even though it was unable to find army shoes large enough for his feet, so that he trained, and even slogged into France, in the brown Oxfords he had worn at college. He must have been a startling sight, towering in his tartan, "acres of knees exposed," above those brown shoes. As was the case with so many in World War I, he was eager for battle; before the United States Army was well on the line, he had had five and a half months of active service. "I can stand anything except the lack of candy," he proudly wrote home. He was gassed in July, and again in August, when he was carried out on a stretcher. Although he sustained a lifetime disability, he accepted his pension for only three years. When the Armistice came, he went AWOL from a British hospital and celebrated in London for four blissfully unruly days and nights.

The mystery of his eventual growth haunts the reader. John Mason Brown probes his background with affectionate amazement: his father would have preferred to be an actor or a poet but instead was pressured into a Wall Street brokerage, and, about the time Bob was approaching the front on the Somme, took sick and went bankrupt for a tidy deficit of $450,000. His mother, Rosina of the Emmet clan, immediately sold the family's imposing forty-room mansion on Lake Champlain and the large house on Lexington Avenue in New York and set out to support her family by painting—and did so to a remarkable extent, earning $10,000 a year. But his parents hardly explain the evolution of Robert Sherwood, nor does his grandmother Sherwood, a showpiece of New York society who had, as Mr. Brown puts it, "a strong mind, weakly used"; in her several books, he says, she "did not so much write as pant in print."

Nor does Sherwood's dizzy life in the Twenties. Returning from the war, a twenty-two-year-old "troubled and uprooted young man," he promptly landed a job under his college mate Robert Benchley, then managing editor of *Vanity Fair,* and became a threesome with the increasingly Falstaffian Benchley and his incomparable friend, "Dottie" Parker, a deceptively lissome and pretty girl whose acid phrases remain, after forty years of abrasive quotation, sharp as a stiletto. All three were charter members of the Algonquin Round Table, though how Sherwood managed that—or the poker games of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club (table stakes, $500)—on a salary of $25 a week is another unsolved mystery.

By the time Sherwood was twenty-eight he was editor of the old *Life* magazine, helping to keep it alive with pungent movie criticism and helping it toward death with his schoolboy humor. John Mason Brown, himself no mean wit, paints vivid word pictures of the murderously articulate and sometimes, as in Sacco-Vanzetti days, intensely serious members of the Algonquin group. But his story suggests that for Sherwood it was little more than café society. Sherwood in those days was no social crusader, no prophet of democracy. His greatest moral indignation was reserved for the Chicago baseball players who sold out to gamblers and threw a World Series game. "The last illusion perished for us," he said of the occasion; the small boy's cry "Say it ain't so, Joe" touched his heartstrings. When he began writing plays, his expressed credo was that "a playwright should be just like a great big, overgrown boy, reaching for the moon."

He himself remained a playboy well into his and the century's Thirties. He who had been a romantic internationalist voted for Harding in 1920 and between wars was a rather naïve pacifist—a "Shaw in short pants," as someone called him. His greatest successes were other men's movies, for which he wrote scintillating dialogue. And yet, somehow, through those very years Sherwood was growing. Possibly, as Mr. Brown suggests, the frictions of his first marriage had something to do with his new understanding of world tragedy.

However that may be, his first real play with an American theme, *Abe Lincoln,* was the eloquent, original, curiously scholarly story of a man who, eighty years before, had yearned to avert the war he would be called upon to lead. It rose head and shoulders above all that Sherwood had done before.

Perhaps the real moral of Mr. Brown's character-packed and constantly readable if somewhat puzzling biography—which ends with the production of *Abe Lincoln* and its reception by Mrs. Roosevelt—is that such growth is beyond analysis. Some men achieve success early, and stop growing; some passively accept conformity, and rust; a few grow beyond their own, or their parents', wildest dreams. Sherwood grew; but who, among all the relatives, instructors, and friends who loved him, could have foreseen or understood of how much he was capable?

As for the Twenties, which the subtitle suggests he "mirrored," John Mason Brown's own comment is surely the sagest in all the chronicles: "The Twenties were many times at one and the same time."

The Great Ones Loved Him

Reggie: A Portrait of Reginald Turner, *by Stanley Weintraub (Braziller. 293 pp. $5), throws light on the great figures who flitted in and out of the life of an uncommonly witty and charming minor figure in twentieth-century British letters. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

STANLEY WEINTRAUB and Rupert Hart-Davis, who edited *Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner,* disagree sufficiently on Turner's parentage to arouse suspicion that they may have invented him. In any case, it would have been necessary. Somerset Maugham, for example, called Turner "the most amusing man I have ever known." Beerbohm described him as "the earliest of my great friends, and [he] remained always the greatest — and will always remain so . . ." thus giving Turner the distinction of being responsible for the one occasion when precision of speech deserted "The Incomparable Max." Oscar Wilde loved him (nonscandalously, though Turner's interest in women was moderate to the vanishing point), and Turner stuck by Wilde during the disgrace and the post-prison tragedy. Even D. H. Lawrence, in his own way, was as fond of Turner as he was of almost anyone, which is hardly an endorsement for the possibilities of friendship.

Turner wrote twelve novels between 1901 and 1911. There was also much journalism for his putative father's newspaper, the London *Daily Telegraph*; letters, short stories, etc. Turner lived most of his life in Florence, where he learned to love all things Italian, even Mussolini. The fact that Turner was half-Jewish made little difference to his way of life, because he died before the full impact of Hitler made itself felt in Italy.

The importance of this book stems from the light it throws on the great figures who flitted in and out of Reggie's life—Wilde, D. H. Lawrence, Beerbohm, and Norman Douglas. Weintraub earlier distinguished himself in the field of backstage literary history with his *Private Shaw and Public Shaw,* in which he proved GBS to be a shrew and Charlotte a major figure in English literary criticism (she encouraged T. E. Law-

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rence), and made himself heroic with a last-minute rescue of Colonel Lawrence just as the movies were tearing him limb from limb.

Weintraub's account of the relationship between Wilde and Turner shows London delirious with joy over *The Importance of Being Earnest;* shortly thereafter it was delirious with self-righteous hate against the man who rejected the first law of the empire: heterosexuality with publicity, homosexuality without. Wilde's revolt was esthetic; he won but his troops melted away. He could not believe London would take back his victory. Turner, almost alone among the followers, remained to give Wilde what help he could, both financial and, to use an indelicate but customary word in this context, moral.

Courteous to old ladies and young, Turner was ugly, extremely witty, kind and charming, with a translucent, minor literary talent; he was all Weintraub has put down on paper, and more.

—*Carl Van Vechten.*

Reginald Turner at sixty-five —a translucent, minor talent.

To America, with Some Regret

***Starting Out in the Thirties,** by Alfred Kazin (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 166 pp. $4.95), is "a memoir of a crucial era in our moral and intellectual history." Emile Capouya teaches English and American literature at the New School in New York.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

GOD IS good, say the French, but he is not a good-natured slob. Can we in justice say less of Alfred Kazin? If the attractiveness of his literary personality is notorious, it is not that he is incapable of giving offense in a good cause. Indeed, the wonder is that a writer who has so strong and characteristic a bias, and the habit of expressing it pointedly, can be so winning withal—at least for the reader who is disposed to agree with most of his judgments. I am that reader, mainly. Since the time during the Second World War when I fell upon Mr. Kazin's first book of literary studies, *On Native Grounds,* in its ineffable paperback Armed Forces Editions incarnation, and read on a sand spit in the Western Pacific his essays on Hawthorne, Melville, Howells—news of home.

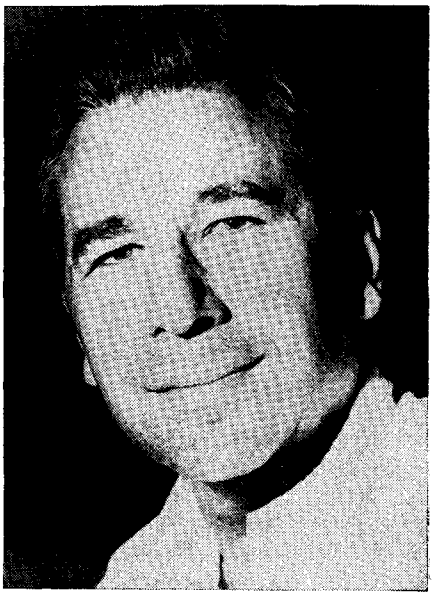
But it was years later before I caught his essential tone during a radio discussion in which Mr. Kazin attempted to persuade those fiery evangels, James Baldwin and Lorraine Hansberry, to somewhat abate their fire and concede that Faulkner might be a great writer still, though a white Southerner, and Negro nationalism be nationalism, though Negro. In the context, those were unpopular theses—unpopular with me, too, I should add—but Mr. Kazin presented them in a spirit so respectful of his Negro friends and antagonists, so identified with their best aspirations, that it was patently inappropriate to reproach him with being that stumbling block, a white liberal. He was not so reproached, and that was an example of the power of the Kazin nectar—sweetness and light with a kick like white mule.

It is a complicated enough position, difficult to maintain, I should think, for almost anyone but Mr. Kazin. The same mild and implacable face that he turned that day to his allies on the left he habitually shows to his antagonists on the right, and even exhibits for the inspection of the great incurious mass for whom left and right are mere troublers of the familiar abomination-as-usual. Is that the most effectual attitude in every case? Probably not, but it looks more like justice over the long haul. And for that reason I must allow myself conquered by Mr. Kazin's second work of autobiography, in which that most remarkable decade, the Thirties, is the real protagonist. In any other context I would challenge some of his conclusions about the significance of the period. Presented in his own words, those conclusions do not propose themselves for challenge. As a memoir of a crucial era in our moral and intellectual history, Mr. Kazin's book is compelling as it is informative.

Mr. Kazin began contributing book reviews to the *New Republic,* under Malcolm Cowley's literary editorship, when he was himself nineteen, just out of City College, his briefcase "full of college essays on Henry Vaughan, T. S. Eliot, Thomas Traherne, John Donne, and other Anglo-Catholic poets who had come into fashion. . . ." The very same gentle ruthlessness that distinguishes his judgments of men and books was applied to keeping him unemployed, except at purely literary and not overremunerative labors, despite the pressures of fiancées and the American Dream generally. Mr. Kazin says that he sometimes made as much as $20 a week by writing reviews. Rates have gone up since—would that the standard of reviewing had kept pace.

But during that hungry decade Mr. Kazin was absorbing his real education, literary and political, and perfecting that unpopular habit of justice that provokes me to admiration and revolt. He met a good proportion of the radical intelligentsia of the country in those years —which is to say, the soul of the country. How irrelevant the country's soul has since been to the country's business is one of the unstated themes of *Starting Out in the Thirties.*

The song says, "Now, you so beautiful, but you gonna die some day." That is precisely not Mr. Kazin's tone. The patent mortality of the American empire severed from the inspiriting American ideal is much too present for him to permit such easy cynicism. It lends to these memoirs – recounted with enormously evocative energy, filled with living portraits of contemporaries, instinct with unselfconscious enthusiasm for ideas and personalities—an air of elegy. We shall not soon see another book so good-humored, spirited, and sad. Our business is to take it to heart.



Alfred Kazin—a gentle ruthlessness.

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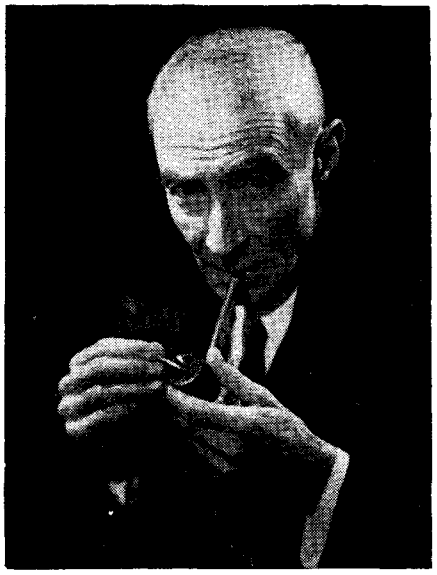
National Security, Global Safety

Oppenheimer: The Story of a Friendship, *by Haakon Chevalier (Braziller. 219 pp. $5), attempts to set the record straight regarding the author's involvement with an alleged breach of national security in the early Forties. Nat S. Finney as Washington correspondent of the Buffalo Evening News, and earlier as a member of the Washington staff of the Minneapolis Star & Tribune and the Des Moines Register & Tribune, wrote extensively about the development of atomic weapons.*

By NAT S. FINNEY



—Caby from Montreal (Pix).

J. Robert Oppenheimer—in need of no defenders.

THIS personal story of Haakon Chevalier's acquaintance with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer has two parts, and it seems appropriate to comment upon them separately. The first part is Professor Chevalier's account of the Oppenheimer he knew on the Berkeley campus of the University of California in the months before the young teacher and nuclear physicist undertook the direction of the Los Alamos laboratory in the Manhattan Engineering District. Professor Chevalier calls this "The Time of Innocence," and his prose glows with the reflected light of Oppenheimer's special brilliance. It is a fetching portrait, but it lacks depth and roundness and poses some question about how well Chevalier really knew Oppenheimer. Any reader interested in fleshing out the portrait can read Dr. Oppenheimer's own biography in the opening section of the now famous Hearings; and might find the testimony of two witnesses interesting. The first is Dr. I. I. Rabi's testimony beginning on page 451 of the transcript, and the second is the testimony of Dr. Wendell Mitchell Latimer on page 660.

Chevalier gets to the meat of his story in his fourth chapter, which he has entitled "Cat's Paw." This is a decidedly obtuse recitation of how George Charles Eltenton, a Shell Oil employee in San Francisco, solicited Haakon Chevalier's help in getting Oppenheimer's cooperation in forwarding information about the Los Alamos laboratory to Soviet scientists, and about how Chevalier broached the matter to Oppenheimer in the course of a dinner party at Oppenheimer's home. In retrospect Professor Chevalier's conception of the innocence of the incident is close to incredible, yet the balance of the account is to a degree persuasive that he—a Romance Languages scholar—lived and still lives in a dream world.

The Oppenheimer-Chevalier story has been endlessly complicated. But in the context where it belongs it is simple enough. Dr. Oppenheimer procrastinated for months before he tried to alert Manhattan District security people to Eltenton's activities, and then in an apparent attempt to keep his project from becoming involved in a hoorah, he lied about details of Chevalier's initiative. Neither he nor anyone else can quite recapture now his reasons for fabricating a story, but the one he used to keep counterespionage officers off Chevalier's neck put Chevalier's indiscretion in a more serious light than if Dr. Oppenheimer had told the simple truth.

What is lost is the essence of the situation that existed when Oppenheimer became director of the Los Alamos laboratory. The United States was under deadly pressure to get "the bomb" before Germany could get it, and Oppenheimer's job was to recruit the people who could do it, whether they were white, black, yellow or red, Republican, Democrat or Communist. To accomplish what he had undertaken, Dr. Oppenheimer undoubtedly felt he had to protect his people against the zeal of security people, who, in retrospect, appear to have preferred to be dead than red.

The rest of *The Story of a Friendship* is the dreary litany of an individual tainted by what we all came to call "derogatory information," and of his struggles to strike free from an ambiguous incident in his personal past. The incident itself, despite how endlessly it has been belabored, doesn't amount to much. Nor do Haakon Chevalier's tribulations if compared to the damage others suffered from derogatory information fished out of their pasts. It all somehow reminds this reviewer of the frontiersman who, when asked his opinion of tripe, allowed that it was eating the critter up a bit close.

The tale has its fascination, of course. But it is a borrowed fascination: borrowed from monumental events and transcendent accomplishments to which it has very little relevance. And it is marred by insignificant inaccuracies. J. R. Oppenheimer was not "head of the atomic bomb project," but director of one of its laboratories. Nor is it true that nothing was done about George Eltenton. Under the prevailing security arrangement Eltenton was the FBI's pigeon, and he was closely watched. Worse, Chevalier's tale is soured by a singular shortfall of charity and human understanding toward Oppenheimer. One is somehow reminded of a flash of insight supplied at the Hearings by Dr. Rabi, who said: "We have an A-bomb and a whole series of it . . . and what more do you want, mermaids?"

Despite all attempts to explain why Dr. Oppenheimer's clearance should have been lifted, the move still seems irrational. The Hearings explore the real reasons only by indirection. Dr. Oppenheimer had mortally offended the Air Force in an article in *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*, in which he bluntly described Air Force views of continental defense as "folly." And the havoc wrought by Senator Joseph McCarthy and his minions at the Fort Monmouth laboratory had provided a frightening object lesson in what could happen to the atomic establishment if McCarthy's investigating subcommittee ever got loose inside its security barriers. Were the Hearings held to forestall this?

There was an interlude after the Hearings when it was the fashion to defend Dr. Oppenheimer as if sanity depended upon his exoneration. A high point was publication of Charles P. Curtis's *The Oppenheimer Case: The Trial of a Security System*. It seems doubtful that Dr. Oppenheimer much relished this or any other defense. He knows, much better than his defenders, what his "trial" was all about, and he has signified this knowledge by characterizing the Hearings as, not drama, but farce. No doubt he uses the term farce

(*Continued on page* 112)

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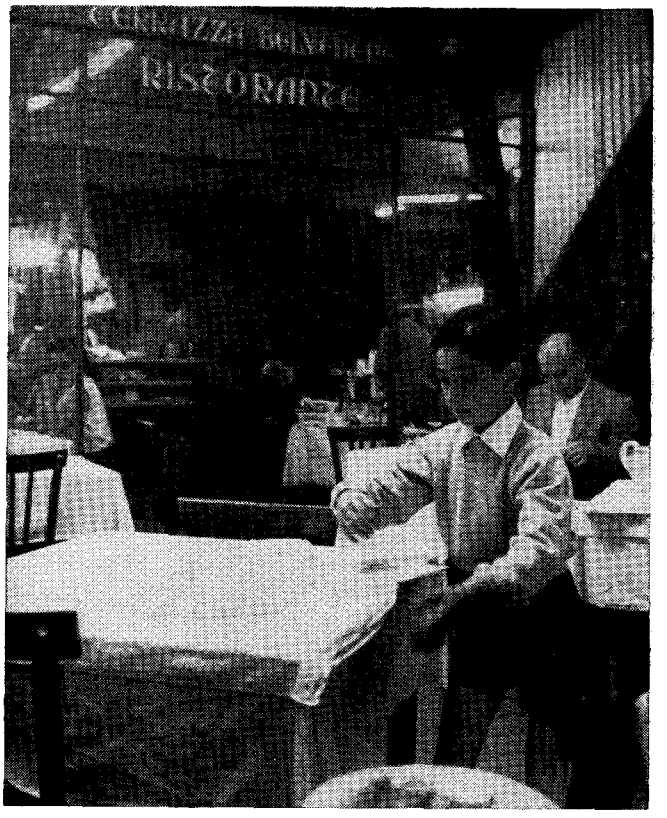
Graziella, centenarian street vendor, thirty-nine months younger than the independent Italian nation.



Luigino, restaurant apprentice, works for a better future than the farm offered him.

MAESTROS OF SURVIVAL

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IT WAS as a reporter-photographer in Naples during the chaotic winter of 1944 that John Phillips first came face to face with the Italian people. In the intervening years, which kept him on camera assignments throughout Europe, the Middle East, and South America, his sporadic visits to Italy only heightened his interest in the fabric of its national character. Now a resident of Milan and married to an Italian, he has had opportunity for a long, close look at a nation whose one asset—other than an enviable past and an equable climate—is its dynamic population of 52,000,000 crowded into an area no larger than Arizona.

Quick to sense the inaccuracy of the stereotypes—the "brightly tinted clichés" —that depict the Italians as a sunny blend of Pinza, pasta, and *la dolce vita*, Phillips instead sees them as "maestros of survival," a people for whom "gaiety is merely a fresh coat of laughter daubed over the problems which prevent them from being either carefree or lazy."

To support this thesis, he has elected for word-and-picture profile sixty-five

Gennaro and his pazzarielli perform "live" singing commercials, an eighteenth-century Neapolitan invention.

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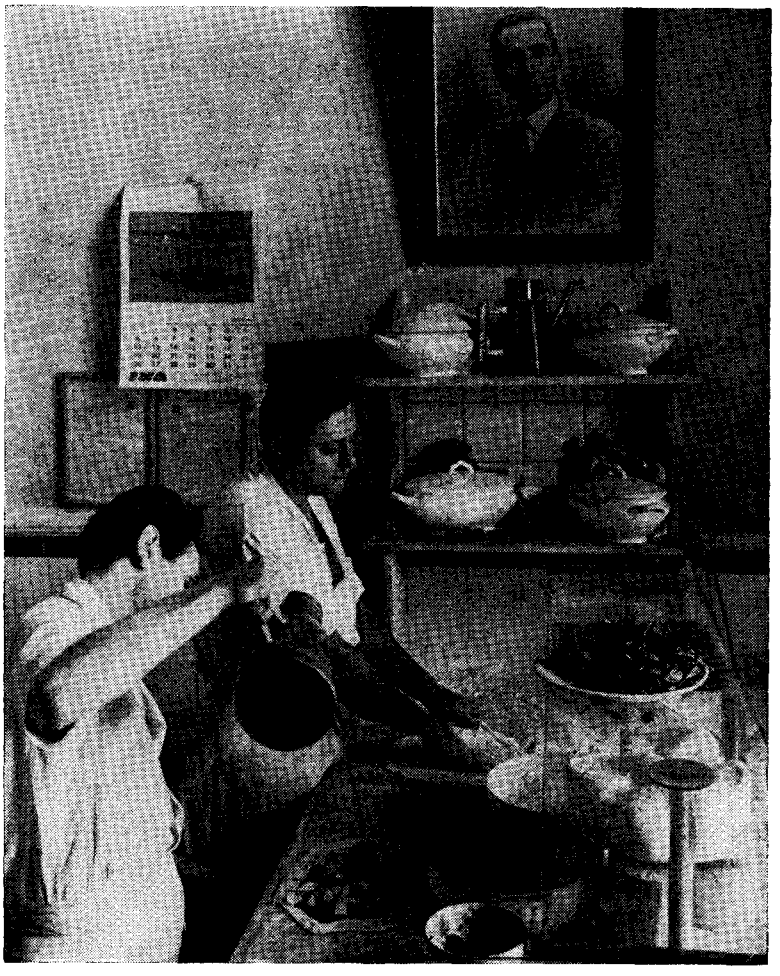
Wally Toscanini, Milan's uncontested First Lady of Music and La Scala's unofficial hostess.

Sophia Loren as a harassed Neapolitan housewife in "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."



Antonio, a pizza-maker who carries on family tradition by turning out 800 pizzas a day.

individuals whom he regards as representative of the manifold aspects of Italian life and society. What emerges in **The Italians: Face of a Nation** (McGraw-Hill, $7.95) is a stereoscopic view of the powerfully rich and the pitifully poor, the feudal and the enlightened, all the sharp contrasts and contradictions of an underdeveloped South and an overdeveloped North.

Photographically, the book presents an all-star cast—from cookie-vendor Graziella, whose 101 years almost match Italy's life as an independent nation, to ten-year-old *piccolo* Luigino, who is growing up in a country "at the crossroads between the past and the future, trying to make up its mind which direction to take."

AMONG those in cameo appearance before Phillips's camera are Alberto Moravia and Sophia Loren; the Vatican's Prefect of Ceremonies, dubbed by ecclesiastical associates "Director of God"; gravel-voiced Giovanni Borghi, who owns a solid-gold refrigerator; Buitoni of starch-reduced-spaghetti fame. There are the architects Luigi Nervi and Gio Ponti, Nobel Prize-winner Natta, fashion designer Emilio Pucci; the mink-mantled rector of the University of Padua, the pizza-maker, and the gravedigger; Fioravanti, who forges works of art, and Fra Placido, who restores them; death-haunted Ferrari and the star-crossed Agnelli of Fiat; Count Chigi, whose *palazzo* houses a private concert hall

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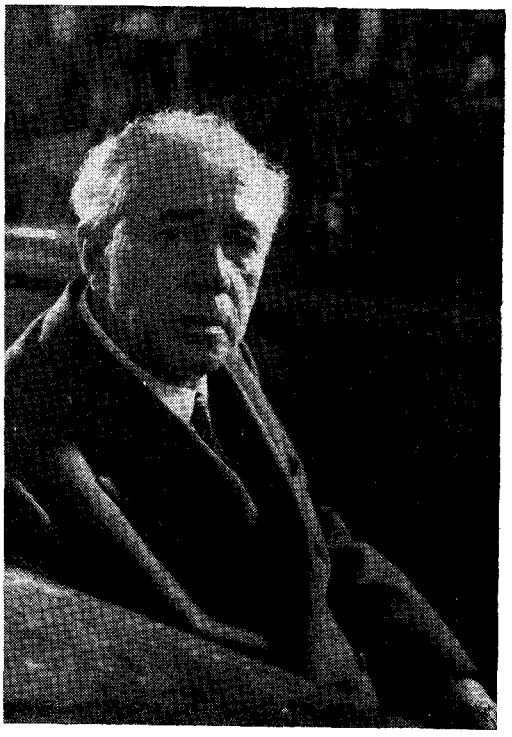
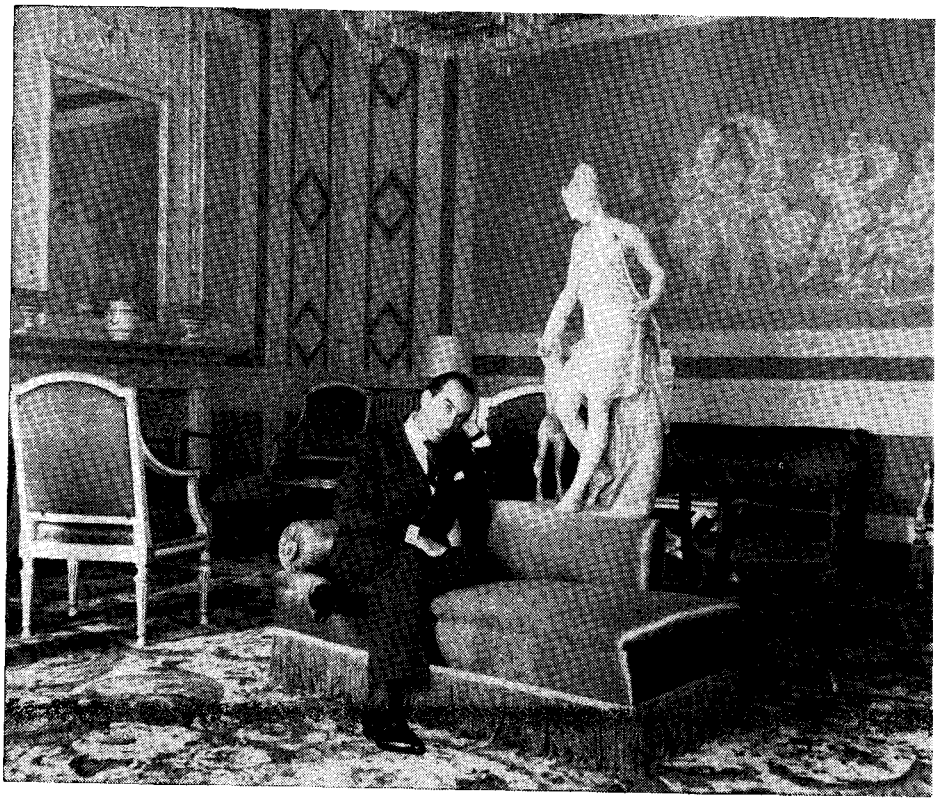


Professor Giulio Natta won the Nobel Prize for development of synthetic fibers that freed vast areas for production of food for an expanding population.



Emilio Pucci, a *marchese* by inheritance but self-made as a pacesetter in fashion design.

that has attracted guest performances by such artists as Casals, Enesco, and Segovia.

"I didn't want to compile a conventional picture book with the usual type of caption or text," the author told me. "That's why I finally decided in favor of the anecdotal profile—a capsule of no more than 500 words—to give an extra dimension to each camera image. It's rather like adding soundtrack to silent movies, aiming for a verbal-visual composite so blended that the reader won't be quite sure whether what he remembers is something he saw in the photo or read in the profile."

With these facile composites at work for him, he succeeds in documenting what he sees as the emergence of a changing set of values. "I believe that a new Italy was born from the ashes of war and that the great reconstruction which has taken place in the past twenty-one years goes much deeper than the foundations of the high buildings. . . . Italy today is respected abroad and the Italians are much more respectable at home."

By Phillips's own definition he is a "realistic" photographer. His book proves him to be a poetic one as well, for it evokes in the reader what Coleridge demanded of poetry: "a pleasure from the whole consistent with a consciousness of pleasure from the component parts."

Fra Placido directs restoration of medieval manuscripts in the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Oliveto Maggiore.

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A Failure of Feeling

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea, *by Yukio Mishima, translated from the Japanese by John Nathan (Knopf. 181 pp. $3.95), portrays adult love subsiding into domesticity, while juvenile idealism cultivates cold-bloodedness. Professor of English at UCLA, Earl Miner has written three books about Japan and its literature.*

By EARL MINER

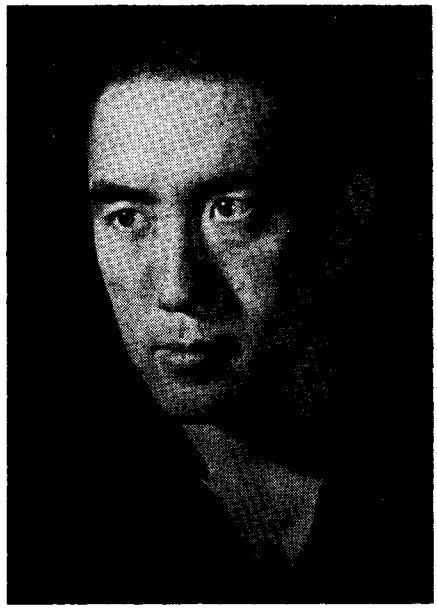
OVER the past decade Yukio Mishima has established himself internationally as Japan's foremost novelist. Consequently many of his countrymen think him somewhat foreign, somehow non-Japanese, and would rank him below others of their writers with whom the West is unacquainted or only slightly familiar. Mishima occupies, then, an unusual place.

The theme of his most recently translated work, *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea,* is at once special in character and an outgrowth of motifs developed in earlier books. The sailor of the title, second officer on a tramp steamer, has an affair with a sophisticated, wealthy widow, owner of a chic Yokohama shop specializing in imported clothes and accessories. The woman's son, thirteen-year-old Noboru, proves his right to membership in a gang of precocious, frighteningly cynical teen-agers by braining a kitten, which the gang's chief proceeds to dissect. The action is a parable for the boys' dissection of the adult world, with whose weakness they feel themselves totally, if furtively, at war. When they learn that the sailor plans to marry Noboru's mother, thus abandoning his adventurous life for domesticity and a partnership in the store, the boys decide that his only salvation is death.

This is strong stuff. It makes most sense in the context of Mishima's earlier writings. *The Sound of Waves* (1956) was a lovely seaside idyl of two young lovers; their idealism is mercilessly parodied in the ideal amorality proclaimed by the teen-age gang. *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* (1959) was a psychological study of a passion for destruction; the analysis of abnormality is carried into the child world in the new novel. *After the Banquet* (1963) developed the theme of adult love that is most common in the traditional novel; in *The Sailor* such love is "violent summer passion" yielding to the bourgeois reality of marriage. It is not necessary to believe that Mishima wrote according to a conscious design to see *The Sailor* as the culmination of his major fiction to date.

Inherent in this story are two artistic difficulties which the author does not entirely overcome: the credibility of the love affair between two characters with such widely differing backgrounds, and the credibility of the boys' inhuman sophistication and actions. Mishima seeks to transcend these problems by his emphasis on the symbolic. While the adults represent irrational ardor succumbing to practical reality, the boys represent "absolute dispassion" grounded in naïveté. What relates the two is death: in literature death is often the accompaniment of passion or the result of sterile abstraction.

The novel is profoundly, even beautifully macabre, especially in its reversal of the usual images of child and adult. In its portrayal of adult passion and its manipulation of narrative points of view, it recalls Henry James, while in its picture of childhood, and its almost allegorical approach, it reminds one of William Golding in *Lord of the Flies.*



Yukio Mishima—"too disturbing to be false."

Mishima is well served by his translator, John Nathan (who, however, does not seem to know the meaning of "disinterested"). If the sailor's stories of life at sea seem to the boys "too typical to be true," the novel itself is perhaps too disturbing to be false.

Crusader in the Steppes

The Travelers, *by Andrew Fetler (Houghton Mifflin. 273 pp. $4.95), follows from Bolshevik Russia to Nazi Germany the evangelistic trail and tribulations of a Russian Elmer Gantry. M. K. Argus, a native of Russia, wrote "Moscow-on-the-Hudson" and "A Rogue with Ease."*

By M. K. ARGUS

MOST of the novels by and about Russians have tended to create the impression that Russia was a country of immutable Greek Orthodoxy. It is refreshing, therefore, to read about Russian Protestants in this story of an itinerant preacher, the evangelist Ivan Solovyov, an uncompromising fanatic, who set out with his wife to save the world and, simultaneously, liberate his native country from Communism. Some people called Solovyov the Russian Martin Luther. In many respects he also resembles the Anglo-Saxon Elmer Gantry. But, being Slavic, Ivan is even more fantastic—and yet he is quite true to life.

Solovyov's Christ was very Russian—more Russian, indeed, than Lutheran. But this, of course, was inevitable: did not Ivan, on his way to meet his future bride Anna, stop at Tolstoy's home to argue certain points of Christian doctrine with that great religious agnostic?

Solovyov participated in uprisings and revolutions, was even incarcerated by the czar's police before he started on his wanderings through Europe preaching to simple peasants. From them he collected money to finance the publication of his translation of the Bible, which he planned to distribute among the religion-starved people of the Soviet Union.

In the course of their travels Ivan and Anna produced thirteen children—ten boys and three girls, each born in a different country. As they grew older they joined their father's crusade, entertaining their rustic hosts with their own orchestra and choir.

The book opens in December 1938, the eve of the Second World War. The

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Solovyovs' ancient, dilapidated bus is rattling through the poverty-stricken, icy Lithuanian countryside. Ivan is impatient to get to Finland; sensing that war is inevitable, he wants to be on hand when the Finns, who defeated the Russians once before, again force them to their knees. Leningrad, Solovyov keeps saying, must be liberated from the Red Satan. Unfortunately, by the time the family reaches the Gulf of Finland, it is already frozen solid. They change their plans and go to Germany.

In the Nazi Reich the inevitable conflict between parents and children begins to undermine the family's entity. Although Solovyov refuses to ally himself with Hitler's brand of anti-Communism, most of his sons and daughters fall for the cheap glamour of swastika-adorned uniforms and slogans. A beaten Solovyov flees to Sweden to end his days in a wintry Gothic nightmare.

In this, his first novel, Andrew Fetler, a native of Latvia who teaches at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, carries on well the tradition of Turgenev and Goncharov, creators of the so-called "superfluous men." Who is this Russian Elmer Gantry if not a superfluous man?

I wish, though, that the author had been a bit more careful with detail. Anna could not have left the *lycée* since a *lycée* in old Russia was exclusively a boys' school, something on the order of the British public school. And I doubt that the czar's government ever accused anyone of being "a lackey of British imperialism"; the Soviet government does that. These, however, are minor errors in a well-written, interesting book. Mr. Fetler has talent that bears watching.

No-Woman at the Bar: It is hard to imagine why the late Roger Vailland, author of *The Law*, chose to write such a trite travesty on chastity as *The Trout* (translated by Peter Wiles, Dutton, $4.50). On the assumption that the only possible interest a man can take in a woman is carnal, he attempts to show that a female who does not yield is a cheat of the most formidable nature because, being in full possession of her physical person, she is also in total control of her will, which she can employ as a powerful weapon to seek and protect her personal interests. This could have been the focus of a compelling tale but, unfortunately, the hypothesis is never proved.

The author makes an issue of the fact that he rejects the psychological novel. No analysis, he warns, only behavior will provide the clues and clarifications of character. He admits to having found his theme in *La Cousine Bette*, by Balzac, whom he dismisses as a mediocre philosopher. But in lieu of psychology Vailland offers neither philosophy nor poetry, only a rather knowledgeable account of the shady side of the international business arena, which serves as a background to the activities of his characters.

M. Vailland has an interesting way of bringing his people together and, as a lawyer at the bar, using their verbal testimonies to reconstruct their lives. The data thus gathered enlarges the surface of the novel but gives absolutely no depth. When we seek insight into personality we draw a blank; there is not a vestige of desire or emotion in any of his characters, and we have only the author's word that they are shrewd operators and intelligent beings. By the end of the book all we know of the twenty-three-year-old heroine is that she has a clear brow and an intact body. She has met all the other characters by pure coincidence, and there is no motivation for any of the relationships that are said to have occurred.

If there were satire at the bottom of these insipid encounters they might have added up to a Lolita-type novel; but Vailland brings to his brittle account of the mores of the times neither the broad dimensions nor the humorous tolerance of the satirist. He has added one more no-woman to the ever-increasing array of unbelievable heroines in contemporary fiction. Smart-sounding passages about the modern business world and the impermanence of sexual combinations are no justification for labeling this first-person commentary a novel; every character sounds unreal, but not enough so to step out of reality into the sphere of poetic truth. And where there is no truth there is no reading pleasure.

—ANNA BALAKIAN.

Marx, the Many, and the Mentors

Socialist Humanism: An International Symposium, *edited by Erich Fromm (Doubleday. 420 pp. $5.95), leans heavily on Eastern European contributors in its attempt to put Marx into proper perspective. Harvey Cox is associate professor of Church and Society at Harvard University. The author of "The Secular City," Dr. Cox has recently lectured in East Berlin and Prague.*

By HARVEY COX

SOCIALISM and Humanism: It is hard to imagine two words more blunted into imprecision by years of cant and rhetoric. Yet Erich Fromm has dared to put them together in the title of a symposium whose publication by its very nature is something of an intellectual event, quite apart from the content of the essays. At the very moment when in the name of "humanity" we are at war with people identified as "Communists" in Vietnam, there appears a book which unabashedly refers to the founder of Communism as a humanist, and roundly denounces those who use him in any other way. This will come as a surprise to many Americans since the Socialist intellectual tradition has not made a really serious contribution to our cultural life for some time. Indeed, in this book the indefatigable Norman Thomas is the only native-born American the editor can unearth to speak for us. The other Americans—Herbert Marcuse, Paul Medow, and Fromm himself—have brought their Socialism here from abroad. There are few followers of Eugene Debs in American philosophy today. Debs was no egghead, but the failure of American Socialism to develop a strong philosophical tradition has probably impoverished us all. This collection of essays, some very good, some mediocre, reminds us that our philosophy, like much of our cultural life, is quite provincial. The contributors give us a glimpse of a vigorous and living philosophical perspective which *is* Socialist and is humanistic and is well worth our attention.

A good many of the contributors to *Socialist Humanism* come from Eastern Europe and especially from Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. There are no contributors from East Germany or the USSR. Albania is also missing, which is hardly a surprise. Most of the thirty-six papers fall into one of two categories. They are either (1) clarifications of what Marx really said—or did *not* say, since there is hardly a thinker in history who has been more frequently misunderstood and misinterpreted—or (2) descriptions of what Socialist Humanism must do *now*. Some of the papers embark on constructive new work, but not many.

Clearing Marx from the horrendous misuse to which he has been put by advocates and antagonists alike is a herculean task. But in undertaking it few of the contributors have resorted to the dangerous if all too common practice of using the young "humanistic" Marx of the more recently published *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844* to bludgeon the older Marx of *Capital*. Most see, correctly I think, a continuity

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between these two phases. Furthermore, the contributors are refreshingly willing to differ with Marxism or to "correct" him when the occasion requires it. Many suggest that Marx must be revised in the light of things that have been written since he died. Their candidates for the sources of these adjustments reveal a lot about the diversity of the contributors themselves. Thus Eugene Kamenka, whose essay, "Crisis in Socialist Ethics," is one of the best in the collection, believes we should read Marx today in the light of Ferdinand Tönnies, whose work on *Gemeinschaft* and *Gesellschaft,* Kamenka believes, really describes the task Socialism must accomplish today. Some of the Eastern Europeans favor Max Scheler, whose book *Man's Place in the Cosmos* adds a phenomenological dimension to Marx's analysis. Fromm himself, of course, holds that Marx must be supplemented by Freud, while Lucien Goldmann's candidates include Beckett and Robbe-Grillet.

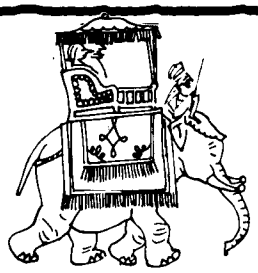
The collection is divided into five sections: on humanism, man, freedom, alienation, and practice. The section on alienation is perhaps the weakest; it includes only three articles. In the first, Predrag Vranicki of the University of Zagreb argues energetically that alienation is an issue for Socialism, a point which would seem to require little defense. Oskar Schatz and Ernst Winter collaborate on a Christian critique on the Marxist idea of alienation, and Mathilde Niel issues the kind of indictment of technology we have become accustomed to from both Left and Right among French intellectuals (". . . to speak frankly: machinery and technology have a natural tendency to enslave man . . .").

The first three sections are heavily weighted with Europeans, especially Eastern Europeans. They write on "Humanism and Dialectic" (Mihailo Markovic of Belgrade), "Marxism and the Existential Problems of Man" (Milan Prucha of Prague) and "Freedom and Polydeterminism in Cultural Criticism" (Rudi Supek of Zagreb) to mention a few of the most provocative pieces. There are a couple exceptions to the *Mitteleuropa* flavor. Nirmal Kumar Bose, a Bengali anthropologist, contributes a fascinating study of Gandhi as a Socialist and humanist. Léopold Senghor, president of the Republic of Senegal and the lone African voice in the book, is, like the other three or four active politicians participating, somewhat outweighted by the theoreticians making up most of the book's authorship. Still, the thoughtfulness, lack of stridency, and unhurried excellence of many of the Eastern European contributions will operate as a valuable correction to an American philosophical scene in which next to nothing is known about the present philosophy of that area of the world.

In clear contrast to the first three sections of the book, the final one includes no Eastern Europeans at all. Perhaps they have little to say about "practice." Here the British and the Italians come to the fore. There is a closely reasoned essay on welfare by Richard Titmuss of the University of London and an article by Danilo Dolci, the Sicilian reformer, in which he calls for a kind of Socialist planning that will insure the involvement of ordinary people in decision-making. In his demand for "intermediate groups," tying the individual to national policy formation, Dolci sounds very much like the community organization enthusiasts now at work in American urban ghettoes. The book closes with the widely discussed American document *The Triple Revolution,* which deals with the social implications of the revolutions of weaponry, race, and cybernation now sweeping our land.

Socialist Humanism certainly banishes any lingering ideas a Western reader might have about a "monolithic" Socialism. In fact, reading this book might prompt one to ask whether things have not gone a bit too far the other way. If Socialist thought begins to merge imperceptively with various kinds of social existentialism, participatory democracy, democratic reformism, and phenomenology, it will become progressively less useful to refer to it as "Socialist." But explorations along the borders of these other traditions must go on. As the writers represented in this book know all too well, a Marxist humanism which lives by exegesis and polemics will soon wither. Socialist thinkers will surely benefit if they continue to explore that tradition of humanist values which fed Marx himself and to which he made such a valuable contribution. They will also benefit if they cope with sciences that emerged after Marx's death. As they do so, however, they may find that Marx himself will become *one* of the thinkers, albeit a crucial one, in the development of a characteristicall twentieth-century humanism whose roots nonetheless reach back into the Greek and Hebrew wellsprings of our culture. Marx will become more useful the more he is demythologized.

The lack of any Chinese contribution to this volume reminds us that even after Marx and his European followers have been welcomed back into the Western intellectual forum, there is still much work to be done before the real breaches in our world are healed.



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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

THE BIG BOARD: A History of the New York Stock Market. By Robert Sobel. Free Press. $7.95.

INTERNATIONAL HANDBOOK OF MANAGEMENT. Edited by Dr. Karl E. Ettinger. McGraw-Hill. $19.75.

MONETARY REFORM FOR THE WORLD'S ECONOMY. By Robert V. Roosa. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Crime, Suspense

AIRS ABOVE THE GROUND. By Mary Stewart. Morrow. $4.95.

THE CONCRETE KIMONO. By John Paddy Carstairs. Walker. $3.50.

THE EXPENDABLE SPY. By Jack D. Hunter. Dutton. $4.95.

R.S.V.P. MURDER. By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House. $3.95.

SQUIRE OF DEATH. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE STORY-TELLER. By Patricia Highsmith. Doubleday. $3.95.

WHEN LONDON WALKED IN TERROR. By Tom A. Cullen. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

Current Affairs

A CITY DESTROYING ITSELF: An Angry View of New York. By Richard J. Whalen. Morrow. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, 95¢.

DISCRIMINATION AND THE LAW. By Vern Countryman. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

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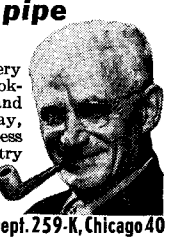

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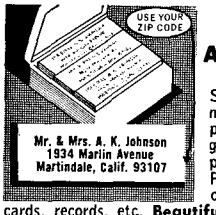

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The First Fleeting Images

By ALICE DALGLIESH

SHE IS spending the summer with her mother and me in Connecticut, and she is three-and-a-half years old. One day last week she was on the floor with a large sheet of paper and a crayon, drawing indeterminate forms. The floor is of wide boards, uncovered, and easy for large sheets of paper to rest on. What must small children do when all the floor space is covered with wall-to-wall carpeting?

What was she drawing? "Gemini space." (Many of her drawings are of "Gemini space.") In a few minutes she was sitting on a blanket chest, fastening a safety belt around her—approved procedure for the family car. Going where? "Gemini space." A good Latin word added by circumstance to her vocabulary. Television gave it to her as it gave her space and a man walking in space.

A little later: "Can I go and pick some Queen Anne's Lace?" At the moment she is on Earth and that is Earth's pleasantest flower. She loves its name and all the outdoor words she has acquired.

Still later, pausing in the middle of a game of "catch" with a big, shining plastic ball, she steadies the word as she steadies the ball in her hands. "We *are* playing 'catch,' aren't we?"

This is not a reading time, though she remembers some of her winter books. A drought-plagued summer provides opportunity for long days out-of-doors and for words that will be of use to her later, if she gets a chance to employ them. She is full of questions: "How did squirrels plant the nut trees by the barn?" She can tell you all about " 'vaporation" with a mixture of scientific fact and some trimmings of her own: Why not? Give any drooping plant a little used bath water and it (the water) disappears almost before your eyes.

The cows on a farm just down the road are a special interest. She also likes the word "unicorn" (from *Mother Goose*) and she drew "a lion and a unicorn"—the unicorn with two horns, like a cow. After all, cows (in quantity) are as exciting as a unicorn.

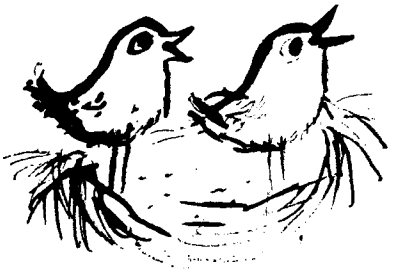
I have recently read, in the August *Horn Book*, Beni Montresor's interesting but occasionally debatable Caldecott Medal acceptance speech. He is a stage designer and illustrator in love with images, and he says:

> The story told with pictures has a language all its own. . . . Ours is a visual time, a time of great fleeting visions because it is a time of speed. It is the image that represents this best and it is the image to which we most naturally respond. I have the impression that words as an art form will give us less and less because we are becoming more visually oriented. . . . The word is the symbol of the adult world, which can speak and therefore must think. The image is the symbol of the infantile world which does not speak and therefore seems not to think.

But "the infantile world" soon has to learn to talk, and it is eager for words. My young summer visitor has an active imagination, and if you provide books without words she may ask for a story. Words, new and old, shine for her like her big plastic ball. She is a child in a century of wonders, and she needs all kinds of words—and adult patience to teach them as long as she is interested.

We have so many picture books now that we almost forget the days when we did not have them. When I first began teaching we had to rely on books from England and some from France, Germany, and Sweden with the translations pasted in, as well as on a few books of folk tales and collections of stories to tell. Then American picture books began to come, and some of those first ones were so good that they have carried through to the present day. C. B. Fall's *ABC* is still going strong. When it was published parents wondered about the fact that some animals were not in realistic color, but it didn't worry the children. Wanda Gág's *Millions of Cats*, which appeared a few years after the *ABC*, was a milestone, a book made popular more by its delightful refrain than by its black and white pictures. It was indeed the book of the week, month, and year for *all* the children. If I am not mistaken it was the first picture book to present the futility of war, for after the big cat fight what was left? "One little frightened kitten."

Experience with words—and things—is essential to enjoyment of reading; and reading, as we are being constantly reminded, is the key to getting anywhere in life. Television gives us "fleeting visions," except for its commercials, which are dear to children's hearts. In one of these, what is probably the child's earliest and perhaps most lasting vision of a knight on a white charger gallops by, leaving behind clothes magically cleaned and the memory of words that even young children chant to the rhythm of the horse's hoofs: "New Ajax laundry detergent. . . ."



—*From "Little Birds Don't Cry."*

"Little birds don't cry, they peep."

When it is in more general use, will color television allot a few minutes to pictures and rhymes that are not commercial jingles? Probably not, because for these there would be no sponsor and so no repetition. Meanwhile, one might encourage a very young person to carry around Arnold Spilka's tiny book *Little Birds Don't Cry* (Viking, $1), in which the child or his parents may be amused to find "Little mice don't roar/they squeak." "Children when asleep/don't speak."

Perhaps some children will fall asleep under the spell of Dahlov Ipcar's imaginative Garden of Eden quilt in *The Calico Jungle* (Knopf, $3.50). The quilt, pictured on the endpapers, and used in sections in the pages of the book, makes a good listening piece for going to sleep and a good conversation piece for waking up. The colors, as you might expect from calico and Mrs. Ipcar, are very gay.

Three to Get Ready. *By Betty Boegehold. Pictures by Mary Chalmers. (An I Can Read Book.) Harper & Row. 64 pp. $1.95.*

> "This is the story of three kittens . . .
> And their mother.
> Their mother is always there."

A poor last sentence for the page if you are reading it aloud! The book itself has good family feeling in somewhat the style of *Little Bear*, but Mother Cat has not the humor of Mother Bear; one feels at times that she's had *lots* of kittens. Otherwise she's kind and understanding and indeed "always there." It is a moral tale in which kittens find out what they can or can't do, and Mary Chalmers's pictures are amusing. It may be read to small children or by children learning to read. Ages 4-8.

Sven's Bridge. *Story and pictures by Anita Lobel. Harper & Row. 32 pp. $2.95.* This is Mrs. Lobel's first book though we have known the picture books by her husband, Arnold Lobel, for some time. Simply told and excellent for reading aloud, it is the story of a watchman on a bridge and an impatient king, who learned through experience that bridges are necessary. As the

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author was born in Sweden she sets her story there, with touches of Swedish art. Ages 3-6.

The Lord Is My Shepherd. The Twenty-third Psalm. *Pictures by Tony Palazzo. Walck.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Through the years artists have tried to picture this psalm—with varying success. Tony Palazzo does it all in terms of animals. His is a gentle book with attractive water-color sketches that children will enjoy while scarcely comprehending some of them.

It is a little hard for an adult to equate "He restoreth my soul" with the picture of a crowing rooster at dawn, or "Thou anointest my head with oil" with a polar bear caressing her cub. Yes, it is a gentle book, with touches of humor, but the fact remains that one of the Bible's great poems is teamed with pictures that cannot truly give its meanings. Ages 3-7.

The Giant Alexander. *Story by Frank Herrman. Pictures by George Him. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. The Giant Alexander lived on the English coast, and when a ship stuck on a sand bank he simply waded out and pushed it off. This seems (and is) more magical than walking in space. When Alexander went up to London and cleaned Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, the people gathered under umbrellas to watch, and after Nelson was clean they began to clap and sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Then the giant went to visit the Lord Mayor, and drank his tea out of a big golden soup tureen. He did many other kind deeds, being a friendly giant. In the last color spread he has invited all the children of the town to have breakfast with him, and they are sitting on the ground, on the fences, and in the trees as the giant brings out the food. Since this is a big book, it gives some of the same delightful contrasts in size that are to be found with Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Ages 4-8.

Aesop's Fables. *Selected and adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by A. and M. Provensen. Golden Press.* 92 *pp.* $3.95. The spacious pages (10 x 12 inches) in this very modern presentation of the famous fables give the artists a fine chance for display. In between the color spreads, Louis Untermeyer tells the stories in tasteful style with Provensen decorations. I see no reason why a book of fables has to be solemn; this one, in pictures, kicks up its heels.

Turn the page that tells the story of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse" and there is a lively color spread of the same story by the Provensens, who provide what the publishers call "lively talkative drawings," in which text (not in balloons) and picture share in narrating the story. Effective and very contemporary is "The Lion and the Hares," which shows the hares picketing with placards. A stylish book. No age level.

Is Anybody Hungry? *By Dorothy Aldis. Drawings by Artur Marokvia. Putnam.* 64 *pp.* $2.75. Children have loved Dorothy Aldis's poems throughout a number of years; now she is writing for her grandchildren. Most of these are pleasant poems about animals, though some are better than others. However, the encyclopedia would not mention the squirrel in connection with tree planting if he always was able to find all his buried nuts. But Mrs. Aldis is very right about the little wrens; those in the wren house outside my kitchen door certainly seem to say: "We need a worm/a fly, a seed/Oh yes we do./ We do indeed/ Whatever is a parent for/Except to feed her babies more?" The pictures are literal, with a little style of their own. Ages 6-10.

Here Come the Cottontails! *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Scribners.* 94 *pp.* $3.25. Mrs. Goudey's small nature books now number thirteen. They give authentic information about animals, a warm feeling about the creatures without personification (beyond names that are used for identification). In this book she establishes the difference between American cottontails and European rabbits: the European one is a true rabbit and—like everyone's friend, Peter Rabbit—he lives in a burrow, which our cottontails and jack rabbits (hares) do not. Garry MacKenzie's pictures for this series are both decorative and carefully informative, showing the animals in their natural settings. Ages 6-10.

The Dancing Camel. *By Betsy C. Byars. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. This slim, pleasant-to-read-aloud book is full of good words and good pictures—and it really takes one to Morocco. Harold Berson has an individual and lively line, and he gives Camilla, the camel who danced only for her own pleasure, an amusing personality but, in general, he keeps her a camel. According to the jacket flap some camels really do "dance," though possibly with not quite the awkward grace of Camilla. Ages 6-9.

Little Rascal. *By Sterling North. Illustrated by Carl Burger. Dutton.* 80 *pp.* $3.50. *Rascal,* the author's adult or young adult book, was a best-seller. *Little Rascal* will probably sell a million more, and both books will sell merrily on when Walt Disney's movie, made from the first book, is released. While most of us deplore "written down, watered down" versions of favorite books, there is no reason at all why the author himself, or somebody who respects his material, should not make a younger version of a book that is so popular. The pictures are of the literal type that a book like this calls for, and children will enjoy them. However, at least in my reviewer's copy, they seem to be printed a little too dark. Ages 5-9.

The Earth Is on a Fish's Back: Tales of Beginnings. *By Natalia Belting. Illustrated by Esta Nesbitt. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 96 *pp.* $3.50. Encompassing the Earth with its folk tales of how things came to be, this book has freshness and is a delight to read. None of the tales has ever before appeared in a collection for children, and probably none has been told in such an engaging way. The decorations, primitive and simple in feeling, complement the stories perfectly. It is hard to choose one's favorites among them. "How Men Learned to Build Houses" comes from Northeast India and has humor and charm. "Why the Mountains Are Snow-Covered" is from the Himalayas and has a surprise ending, in which the gods throw baskets of cooked rice down to hungry children. "The high Himalayas are still covered with cooked rice." Ages 9-12.

—From "Aesop's Fables."

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Days of Sunshine — Days of Rain. *By Dean Frye. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. McGraw-Hill. 32 pp. $2.95. The Lamb and the Child* was an adaptation of the fifteenth-century *Second Shepherd's Play.* This one by the same author and artist is adapted from *Play of the Wether,* by John Heywood, and was probably first performed before King Henry VIII. It is a very early "weather report," in which Master Merry Report was sent by Jupiter to find out what the people considered the best weather. As you may suppose, the answers differed widely and amusingly. Dean Frye is assistant professor of English at McGill University, and he has told this as a story, but, with the aid of Roger Duvoisin's lively pictures and their own lively imagination, children can easily make their own play. Ages 6-10.

Jean Ritchie's Swapping Song Book. *By Jean Ritchie. Preface by Oscar Brand. Photographs by George Pickow. Walck. 94 pp. $3.75.* Published in 1964, this delightful book of ballads from the Southern Appalachians should have an even better year in 1965, when the slogan for Children's Book Week is "Sing Out for Books." Not only should it be in every Appalachian school, but in homes and schools throughout the country.

Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Papa's goin' to get you a talkin' bird;
One to whistle, one to sing,
One to holler Hi-lo-ding.

It is a beautifully made book, in which, preceding each song, the setting is described in text and handsome, well-produced photographs

The New York Times describes Jean Ritchie as "one of the finest authentic traditional folk singers we have in the United States today. All ages.

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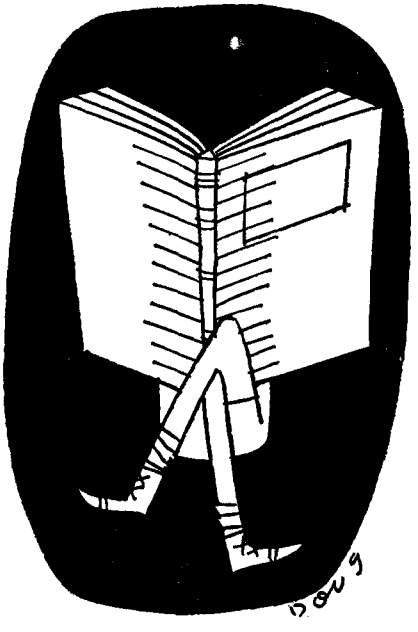

Global Safety

Continued from page 102

in a classical sense, but another dreadful journey through the damnably unindexed 992 pages of the 1954 transcript should convince most careful readers he is right.

More recently the fashion seems to have turned to using the Oppenheimer story to exculpate other sinners who, God knows, stand in need of exculpation. Robert Junck's *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns* fosters the myth that German nuclear physicists frustrated their Nazi masters out of compunction for the fate of mankind—a feeble story, as Dr. Sam Goudsmit might testify. And now—in Europe—a dramatization of the Hearings assailing Dr. Oppenheimer for much the same flaw of moral fortitude that Professor Chevalier discovers in his friend!

All this, it seems to this reviewer, is unseemly nonsense. None of the keys to Oppenheimer's character is missing from that ultimate invasion of privacy contained in the Hearings. And what of Haakon Chevalier, anyhow? The late H. L. Mencken once commented about an author that he mistook his own bellyaches for the cosmic urge. Many persons —including Oppenheimer's own brother —were hurt worse than Chevalier. But were they hurt by Oppenheimer? Was Chevalier hurt by Oppenheimer? Or was he hurt by George Eltenton? Or by his own indiscretion? Or by the malevolent ghost of the times?

The Fire of a Thousand Suns

***Day of Trinity,** by Lansing Lamont (Atheneum. 311 pp. $6.95), **The Decision to Drop the Bomb,** by Len Giovannitti and Fred Freed (Coward-McCann. 348 pp. $6), and **Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam,** by Gar Alperovitz (Simon & Schuster. 279 pp. $7.50), review the preliminaries and the consequences of the event of two decades ago that introduced a new era. A social scientist, Kenneth W. Thompson is a former member of the University of Chicago and Northwestern University faculties.*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

TWENTY years ago, before dawn on July 16, 1945, an explosion took place that to this day surpasses human imagination. The scene was a desert near Alamogordo, New Mexico; the scientists gathered there under the leadership of J. Robert Oppenheimer burrowed into the sand to await an uncertain result. When the experiment was over, the desert was aflame with "the radiance of a thousand suns," and nothing that could fly or crawl was left alive. It was, in President Harry Truman's words, "the greatest achievement of organized science in history." A group of supremely qualified men, including a few whose patriotism flagged, had labored for millions of man-hours and at a cost of $2 billion to produce an explosion yielding, in a fraction of a millionth of a second, energy equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT.

In *Day of Trinity* Lansing Lamont, *Time's* Washington correspondent, has chronicled the dramatic event step by step, beginning in early 1945 and culminating on the sands of Trinity when a bell-shaped fireball rose in eight-tenths of a second to a height greater than the Empire State Building. The temperature at its center—lest men forget the brutal and terrible fact—"was four times that at the center of the sun and more than 10,000 times that at the sun's surface. The pressure, caving in the ground beneath, was over 100 billion atmospheres, the most ever to occur at the earth's surface. The radioactivity emitted was equal to one million times that of the world's total radium supply." The story, here constructed through interviews with more than 100 scientists and military officers, should be required reading, at regular intervals, throughout the civilized world.

No one can leave this account with a matter-of-fact attitude toward the nuclear age. Nor can he fail to perceive the significance of another event at Hiroshima three weeks later. Chadwick from England, Fermi from Italy, the Hungarians Teller and Szilard, the Germans Bethe and Kistiakowsky, and the Americans Oppenheimer, Hornig, Conant, and Bainbridge—the full weight of the international community of scientists—had been enlisted against elemental forces previously unmastered by man. The reader is prompted to ask what might be possible through similar concentration on disease and deprivation.

The Decision to Drop the Bomb traces in stark, factual terms the attitudes and convictions, expressed in their own words, of the leading participants in that fateful choice. Len Giovannitti and Fred Freed tell the story of the 117 days from

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April 12, 1945, when President Harry S. Truman took office without knowledge of project S-1 (the code name for the bomb), to the morning of August 6, 1945, when a lethal strike unprecedented in history devastated Hiroshima. The book lays bare the thinking of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson (the only Administration leader informed from the outset of all facets of the project), General George C. Marshall, Secretaries of State Edward Stettinius and James F. Byrnes, Acting Secretary of State Joseph Grew, Major General Leslie R. Groves, the over-all project director, and the scientists at Los Alamos and Chicago. It reveals the debates over the prospects for producing the bomb, the choice of targets for its use, its relation to military and diplomatic strategy, its role in ending the war, and its part in determining the shape of postwar international politics.

NO case study could be more illuminating of the powers of the Chief Executive, the essential limits of human knowledge and ability to read the future, the primacy of harsh and inescapable military decisions, and the interplay of personalities, some more determined and influential than others, within the government. The controversy over "unconditional surrender" is reviewed, as is the judgment of history on those who favored and those who opposed an attempt to end the war by giving assurances "that unconditional surrender would not mean the elimination of the present dynasty if the Japanese people desired its retention."

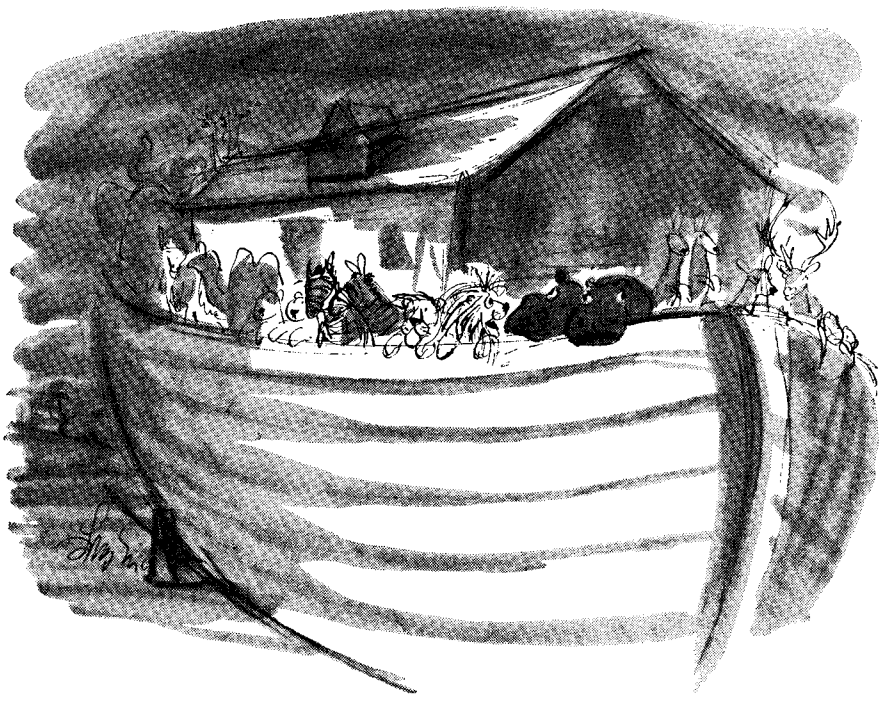
Stimson was appalled that so little anguish and concern were voiced over the morality of using the bomb. The Chicago scientists, led by Franck, Szilard, and Rabinowitch, were more outspoken than the Los Alamos group in opposing its use in the bombing of Japanese cities. In the end the decision rested primarily with policy-makers like Truman and Byrnes, whose preoccupation had been with domestic affairs. No treatise on civic and public responsibility could state so forcefully the need for superior, if not superhuman, qualities of wisdom and judgment in our national leaders. In the end, this is an account not of the clash between good and evil or wise and foolish men, but of limited human intelligence caught up in a terrible dilemma for which no wholly satisfactory solution was possible.

Atomic Diplomacy traces the interrelationship between force and diplomacy during the months from April to August 1945. Its rather too simple thesis is that the bomb was used not primarily to end the war with Japan, since the Japanese were already preparing to surrender, but as a "master card" in Soviet-American relations. Gar Alperovitz, Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, and legislative director to a United States Senator, sets out to prove that Stimson and Byrnes were primarily concerned with strengthening our over-all negotiating position through the bomb. He argues that the Potsdam Conference was delayed so that Churchill, Stalin, and Truman would not meet until the testing was completed: "Truman . . . twice postponed a face-to-face meeting with Stalin [but] in the end he committed himself to a meeting which was still a scant two weeks too early to be decisive." Perhaps the attempt at Potsdam to revise certain clauses in the Yalta Agreement and to diminish Russian hegemony in Eastern Europe failed because the supremacy of American atomic power was not yet evident to the Russians. It may also have failed because Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria constituted vital interests of the Soviet Union. Alperovitz implies that Churchill and Roosevelt understood this while Truman and Byrnes did not, despite Stalin's repeated assertions that Poland was "a matter of life and death" and despite Rumania's position athwart the southwestern invasion route to Russia.

Alperovitz may well be wrong in his major thesis, but his book has merit on two counts. First, he pursues more relentlessly than any previous scholar all the evidence that can be mustered that the Truman-Byrnes foreign policy of firmness toward Russia rested on a single-minded assumption that the bomb would control postwar diplomacy, outweighing all other cards including some already given away.

Second, Alperovitz has fewer inhibitions in making explicit the interconnections between diplomacy and power. He cites approvingly Churchill's dictum "that a settlement must be reached on all major issues between the West and the East . . . before the armies of democracy melted. . . ." He quotes Assistant Secretary of State William Clayton's remark at the time of Yalta that " a large credit . . . appear[ed] to be the only concrete bargaining lever. . . ." He notes Harriman's view that "Only by keeping our military forces in being after Germany and Japan surrendered could we . . . compel the Soviet Union to withdraw from the territory it controlled. . . ." And to underscore the limits of atomic diplomacy, he observes the reactions to our efforts at liberalizing the Bulgarian government, when "mass meetings filled the streets of Sofia with defiant, repeated chants of 'We don't fear the atomic bomb.'"

Thus, while Alperovitz fails to prove that American policy-makers were deluded by the omnipotence of atomic diplomacy, his study is a timely reminder that successful diplomacy is always inseparable from "situations of strength." But "strength" is more than a single factor. It is a subtle blending of military and moral factors, including the whole armory of national power, a military present at strategic points, and national prestige. Finally, successful diplomacy calls for supreme wisdom in measuring the interests, capacity, and intentions of friend and foe as they appear along a changing front of circumstances and commitments.



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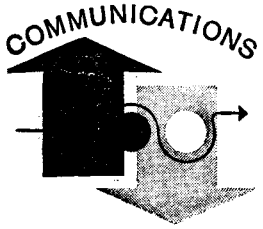


EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **115**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **116**

THE NEW FRONT PAGE
By John Hohenberg **117**

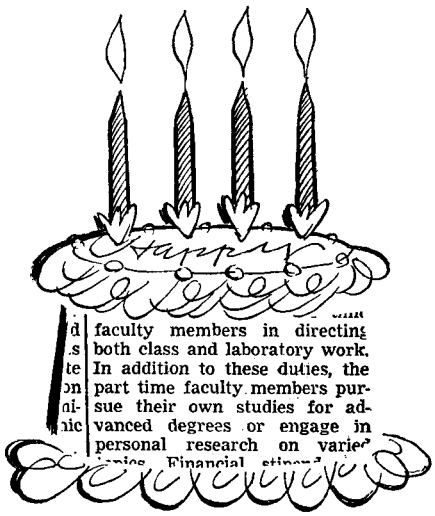
A FIRST FOR FLEET STREET'S CAMERAS
By Margaret R. Weiss **122**

THE PRESS IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES
By R. F. Rankin **124**

WHY THE COPYRIGHT LAW NEEDS REVISION
By William Steif **126**

PUBLIC RELATIONS: NOT BY DIVINE RIGHT
By L. L. L. Golden **129**

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: THE LIVELY ART OF NON-COMMUNICATION
By James F. Fixx **130**


faculty members in directing
both class and laboratory work.
In addition to these duties, the
part time faculty members pur-
sue their own studies for ad-
vanced degrees or engage in
personal research on varie

A Diamond in the College Press

THE University of Michigan's famous *Daily* celebrates this week its seventy-fifth anniversary of distinguished publication. Perennially listed in anyone's rating of the top college newspapers, the *Michigan Daily* has won just about every honor in the field. Recently the *New York Times* commented that the *Daily*, along with three or four other outstanding college newspapers, provided a superb training ground for newsmen, often superior to the college journalism school. With that we heartily agree, from personal experience.

The paper's claim to "Seventy-five Years of Editorial Freedom" is, moreover, no idle boast, for the *Michigan Daily* is published as an autonomous unit with its own carefully designed building, a staff of eight professional printers, a rotary press, and some $250,000 surplus in its bank account. While the University of Michigan buys a number of faculty and administrative subscriptions and in other ways gives the paper some sort of subsidy, the *Daily* can function—and has—without university support. Because of its unusual freedom from the normal yoke of faculty and administrative control, the Ann Arbor campus paper has developed a tradition of crusading and professionalism that probably accounts for the fact that only the Pulitzer journalism school at Columbia University can claim as impressive a list of journalistic alumni.

Besides normal campus coverage, the *Michigan Daily* specializes in live reporting of such off-campus news events as the Selma, Alabama, civil rights story and Presidential conventions. When the Michigan football team went to the Rose Bowl last New Year's, the newspaper sent staffers and photographers along for live daily coverage. The town of Ann Arbor also is served by this college press as its morning newspaper, which looks and acts in every way professional. David Boroff, writing in a recent *Saturday Review*, listed the college newspapers at Harvard, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Swarthmore as something more than bulletin boards, having become true reflectors and molders of student (and faculty) opinion.

The college newspaper in this country is a prolific and viable institution. More than 2,000 college papers will be published this fall, sometimes once a month, most often once a week, less frequently on a daily basis. Eighty-seven U.S. college papers are published three times a week or oftener, and sixty go to press at least four times a week and so are listed as "daily." Some of the great state university newspapers, like Michigan's, are published on Sundays, too.

Of the 5,000,000 men and women in college this fall, four-fifths will be served by college papers of sufficient standing to carry national advertising. In fact the business is now so big that College Publishers' Representatives, Inc., just off Madison Avenue, does an enormous trade as a unified national advertising service for close to 900 college newspapers representing a circulation above 3,500,000 students and faculty. Another organization involved with this proliferating journalistic form is the Associated Collegiate Press, which makes its headquarters at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis

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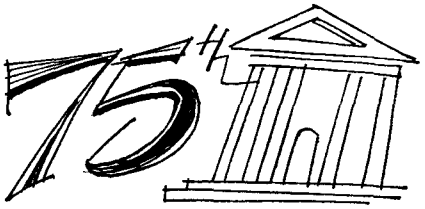
and is now so well regarded in professional circles that the American Newspaper Publishers Association uses the ACP's honor and quality ratings and "All-American" awards as the basis for ANPA's annual "Pacemaker" prizes to the collegiate press.

Naturally, anyone who has ever worked on a college newspaper (Franklin D. Roosevelt always made a point that he had) remembers those four years a bit more sharply for the experience. We are no exception, having been editor of the *Michigan Daily* from the fall of 1931 until graduation in June 1932, which is just about as near the bottom of the Depression as the graphs can get. Moreover, we had the unique experience as editor of the *Daily* of being asked to leave the university and our editorship because of what we had written and published, in a crusading spirit. But the newspapers of the state got together and, through the Board of Regents, reinstated us over the head of the presi-



dent of the university. So we went back to our job, kept on raising hell, and, we must say, it was quite a year. In fact, we engendered so much fuss across the country that we got hired by the New York *Herald Tribune*, where we stayed for twenty-four years prior to our coming to *SR*.

The college newspaper is, like the small-town paper, one of the world's best places to learn that tricky business. You are not an anonymous name on an anonymous publication, as in the great city press, and the social mirror is ever-present. Everyone knows who you are and somehow you learn to live with the fact that whatever you write or publish will be charged to you personally. If friends or advertisers get into trouble you have to print the story anyway, and sometimes they are no longer your friends or advertisers. If the university you serve makes mistakes and you say so, you must prove your facts or suffer directly the consequences of your published word. You cannot hide behind metropolitan anonymity. It has been said that an editor should have no friends and, ultimately, that is what one comes to learn through one's peers on a small newspaper, collegiate or professional. To have survived this testing formula for three-quarters of a century is no minor achievement and we doff our hat to the *Michigan Daily* for its diamond accomplishment, loving it now as we deeply loved it then, so many eventful years ago. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

How Not to Write Animal Stories

JOHN O'REILLY's article, "How to Write Animal Stories" [*SR*, Aug. 14], contained a particularly useful note of warning for animal reporters to be "on their guard against planted stories," and it was an interesting coincidence that the Trefflich Company in New York City, to whom Mr. O'Reilly must surely have had reference when he said, "We could almost predict the times when a monkey or two would 'escape' from a certain New York animal establishment with gratifying stories of cops chasing them across city roofs," got a large illustrated story in the *New York Times* of August 13.

In this case, not only publicity for the firm was involved but encouragement of the capture of infant gorillas, a species which is heading toward extinction. The capture of young gorillas is usually accomplished by shooting the mother and any other adult gorilla that may try to protect the infant. It was discouraging, indeed, to read of the promotion of purchase of two young gorillas from the Trefflich Company with S&H Green Stamps.

George Schaller's book on gorillas makes clear the grave dangers to the species of commercialized animal dealing. I have had personal experience in inspecting primates, in this case monkeys from Asia, imported by Trefflich's. The animals arrived in boxes too low for many of them to sit up in a normal position. They were allowed to sit on the hot airstrip waiting to be collected; and though we were promised that they would be immediately released to large enclosures at Trefflich's, a visit the following day revealed that the animals were still confined to their cramped traveling cages, their bruises and wounds untreated, and even lacking fresh water.

CHRISTINE STEVENS,
President,
Animal Welfare Institute.
New York, N.Y.

I READ John O'Reilly's article with interest and appreciation. I am one of those who bases his views of nature on two unrelated premises, one of little consequence except sentimentally, and the other of prime importance but all too frequently unrecognized. The first is that all the plants and animals were here first and therefore have a priority of claim on our planet. The second is that only man is the ultimate predator in the sense of denying the "rights" of all other organisms to live if they get in his way. Other predators are selective but not, in the ultimate sense, man. It is his world and he will run it as he chooses.

However, what prompted me to write this was another matter. I have spent my summer teaching in northern Michigan, my class each day preceding that of a colleague who also lived on the lake we enjoyed. This man, however, is one of the major supporters of our Vietnam program, very well known on the national scene. Napalm and indiscriminate strafing from our own sanctity of the air are accepted by him as supportable necessities at this juncture. We argued incessantly and to no point all summer.

An insight into the basic problem came out one day when my colleague quite casually remarked that he had solved his chipmunk problem. It seems that he had been annoyed by the numbers of the little creatures that shared the cabin he had rented for the summer. His solution was to scatter poisoned grain. When I thought it through and realized that I could not imagine the circumstances that would have led me to have carried out such an act against our little colleagues of the northern woods, I understood for the first time how far apart we really were. The step from poisoned grain to napalm on a Vietnamese village is a long one but it is negotiable—and along the same path.

ROBIN A. DREWS, Ph.D.,
Chairman,
Sociology and Anthropology Department,
Lewis and Clark College.
Portland, Ore.

Mr. Brucker's Turn at Bat

I APPRECIATE the opportunity to rebut the letters commenting on my article "A Crack in Canon 35" [*SR*, July 10]. But it is impossible to answer them point by point without taking vastly more space than serves any useful purpose.

Therefore I leave to one side what seem to me the many irrelevancies. One that appeared in several letters was the charge that TV coverage of trials would be bad because it would be sponsored. Leave that aside because it ducks the issue. Suppose that only coverage by noncommercial ETV were permitted. Leave even noncommercial TV coverage of trials to one side, and confine the question exclusively to coverage of the Supreme Court as it hands down its opinions. Indeed, leave the whole of TV out of it because unobtrusive news cameras are now barred just as rigidly as TV.

The sole issue, as I saw it in the Supreme Court's opinions in the Estes case, as I thought I presented it in the article, was this: Must *all* photography and broadcasting *necessarily* be barred from *all* courts for *all* time? That's what Canon 35 says. What I sought to point out, and analyze, was the fact that while a 5-4 Supreme Court majority did rule against TV in the Estes case, there was actually a 5-4 majority against the absolute prohibitions of Canon 35. Five of the court, in Justice Stewart's words, refused to escalate their personal view that

(*Continued on page* 132)

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The New Front Page

By JOHN HOHENBERG, *whose new book of the same title will be published late this year by Columbia University Press.*

JOSEPH PULITZER'S front page glowed with satisfying news in the closing years of his turbulent life. The new century was showering the marvels of a blessed age on a proud and self-confident America. As the old publisher's secretaries softly read to him from his *New York World*, he could meditate on the endless surprises that were the lot of mankind.

Everywhere the miracles of science were being felt and observed. The age of flight was dawning. Soon after the Wright brothers proved that man could fly a rickety craft that was heavier than air, Glenn H. Curtiss hurtled the 132 miles from Albany to New York City in the astonishing time of 152 minutes. In doing so, he won the *World's* $10,000 prize for continuous flight.

But there were scientific achievements of even more consequence to Pulitzer's front page. The wireless, Marconi's lusty infant, was being used to span the seas. Already, it had proved its usefulness by bringing rescue ships to the side of the sinking White Star liner *Republic*, thus saving all but six of her 1,600 passengers. With such an instrument, how could the whole world fail to be drawn together?

Andrew Carnegie had in fact already set aside $1,000,000 for an Endowment for International Peace, a princely sum for the noblest of causes. In that happy time, enduring peace not only seemed possible; it was almost at hand. Carnegie was so hopeful of the abolition of war, the "foulest blot on our civilization," that he instructed his trustees to select the next most noxious evil to be banished from the earth.

It was, on the surface at least, a time when men could look forward to universal brotherhood. Booker T. Washington still had enormous prestige in a black-and-white civilization that was theoretically separate but equal. He was much admired for his doctrine, which he propounded to his white neighbors, that in all things "that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

But there were many things that Pulitzer could not find on his front page; in the classic definition of journalism, they were not news. During the year of the great publisher's death, a solemn-eyed little professor at the German university in Prague, Albert Einstein, was molding the key to the atomic era by perfecting his special theory of relativity. Mme. Marie Curie was isolating a gram of pure metallic radium in France. And in the New England hills, Professor Robert H. Goddard was experimenting with rockets, not knowing all the while that an engineer in France, Rene Lorin, was working on the theory of jet propulsion. Thus, when Pulitzer died on October 29, 1911, the future was taking shape slowly under the crowded surface of daily events.

Today there is a new front page, an

The New York Times.

PARKER NOMINATED ON FIRST BALLOT

JUDGE PARKER SAYS IT MUST BE SAID HE WILL NOT RUN

Judge Parker's Ringing Message to the Democratic Convention.

The Convention's Ready Accepting his Position.

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

2 ASTRONAUTS END 8-DAY FLIGHT TIRED BUT IN 'WONDERFUL SHAPE'; JOHNSON HAILS U.S. SPACE GAINS

Before and after (the *New York Times* in 1904 and today)— "an enormous burden on editor, reporter, writer, and reader."

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ever-fascinating preface to history. Its headlines cast long, bleak shadows in an age of desperation when man has found the means to destroy himself and all the world about him. Its news would scarcely be comprehensible to the readers of Joseph Pulitzer's day. A cataclysmic change, wrought by a social and scientific revolution without parallel in history, has spread throughout the earth in the wake of two world wars, two American wars in Asia, a great depression, and the generation of terror that has become known as the Cold War.

The news of the new front page puts an enormous burden on editor, reporter, writer, and reader alike, a strain that can scarcely be lessened by the development of the electronic media that Pulitzer knew only as code signals that crackled through a rotary spark gap aboard his yacht. For today the news is of the harnessing of the atom, whether it is used for war or for peace; of the conquest of space and soon, perhaps, of time itself; of an era when an astronaut in his space capsule can cross the nation in ten minutes and orbit the earth in less time than it took Curtiss to fly from Albany to New York City; when American scientists can use the radio to send themselves pictures from Mars; when Russians and Americans are racing for the honor of being first to the moon.

Then, too, on the new front page is news of $50 billion a year for the defense of the United States, but woefully little for peace; of a sorely divided world torn between the doctrine of a free society, as represented in the American dream, and the closed Communist societies of the Soviet Union and China, now bitter rivals; of bringing that dream to realization at long last for the American Negro, who rightfully demands more than Booker T. Washington—the exercise of his birthright as a citizen in all parts of the land.

There is still more to that new front page: the dilemma of how to provide aid for tens of millions of people in the undeveloped areas of the world, and still meet the more pressing needs of millions of underprivileged Americans; the imperative necessity for better education, better housing, better highways, more water, better facilities for health, the conquest of disease and the extension of the benefits of improved medical care to all those who are most in need of it and least able to afford it; the urgent requirement for more modern government, a more adequate safeguard against crime and other breaks in the social fabric, a wiser accommodation in an industrial society to the coming of an automated work force.

Over the course of a year, all these facets of life in the latter part of the twentieth century loom large on the new front page. It would have staggered the imagination of even a Pulitzer to consider that newspaper readers would be asked to absorb—and to understand—so vast and complicated a spread of information. Even today, while locked in a continuing war against the consequences of dictatorship, there are the faint-hearted who are always ready to give up on the democratic ideal, to call for some kind of "elitism" to solve all our problems. These are the puny ones, small of stature and short on faith, who cry out at the first sign of failure, "The people don't care, the people don't want to understand, the people want to be left alone. Give the people a Leader." It is a sickeningly familiar gospel, which was heard so often in the Europe of the 1930s, and even in the home of free society, Britain itself. For Germany, it produced a megalomaniac; for Italy, a contemptible clown; for Russia, a paranoiac plotter; for China, a xenophobic guerrilla.

It is true that there must be a desire to learn before knowledge can be imparted; today, the new front page of a superior newspaper is compounded of such knowledge. And it is these newspapers that are not afraid to present masses of information to their readers, the *New York Times* being an example, whose circulation is steadily rising, while the fun-loving sheets, like the New York *Mirror* with its nearly 1,000,000 circulation, go out of business. It is no longer the business of a newspaper to provide shock, sex, and fun; television, to its discredit, has squandered its magnificent birthright on this sorry mess of pottage.

THERE is more than enough evidence that people *do* want to know something more than the bare events of the day; otherwise, they would be satisfied with five minutes of sketchy radio news rattled off by a singsong announcer in a bored voice who has neither talent nor conviction nor understanding of the importance of his job. Instead, despite a measurable drop in the number of daily newspapers from a half-century ago, the sales of daily newspapers have exceeded 60,000,000 copies, news magazine and current book sales are soaring, and the time given to network newscasts has more than doubled in five years without bringing much improvement in their substance. This is a veritable explosion of our information process, and it is not one that is being ignored. The expansion of our schools and the massive rush to our universities is sufficient proof of that. It is almost as if a whole nation were on the verge of being turned into an enormous classroom.

If there is a crisis, it is a crisis of understanding and not of the accumulation and presentation of information. Archibald MacLeish once summed it up in this fashion: "Our crisis . . . is a crisis in the human situation, not a crisis in a laboratory or on a launching pad or even in the office of a chief of state. Human intelligence has made certain discoveries culminating, over the course of forty years, in fantastic acts of mind which have changed everything including—and this is the most crucial and most critical of all the changes—the human mind itself. In altering the universe which mirrors us we have altered ourselves as figures in the mirror. And it is this alteration of the universe and of ourselves which has produced the problems which bedevil our times."

The daily presentation of the new front page therefore becomes a problem primarily of how to explain, in multiples of twelve and twenty-four hours each, the vast movements of peoples and forces within and without the nation as they affect the beholder on Main Street. True, he must have his quotient of local events; without them, neither he nor his newspaper has a point of reference, a place from which to view the panorama of changing times. But unless he not only knows but understands the forces that are bringing about these changes, he cannot conscientiously perform his function as a citizen in a democratic society. For lack of any permanent and readily available forum of discussion, which is so necessary to understanding, he must turn inevitably to his daily newspaper, and thereafter to the magazines, for a decent selection of the news of the day and a diversity of ideas on their meaning. It is hopeless to expect manufacturers of soap, drugs, and toilet products, among others, to spend the vast sums on public-service television, without hope of any immediate return, that are necessary to the fulfilment of the function of serious TV journalism day after day.

Those who point out the grave shortcomings of the average newspaper in carrying out this function also have the weight of evidence on their side. The average newspaper isn't very good and it isn't improving. But those who snort that the average reader spends only thirty to forty-five minutes a day with his average newspaper are drawing a misleading picture of the responsible citizens who, singly and in organizations, often find the evenings too few and too short for all the reading and discussion they feel they must do. In a nation in which 40 per cent of all the people are under twenty years of age, the constant reference to an "average man" as a standard of measurement is cruelly deceptive. It is also a false argument for a turn to elitism.

The five decades of the Pulitzer Prizes in journalism, whatever their limitations in scope, are a better standard against which to measure the development of the new front page and its aspiration toward excellence. As might be expected,

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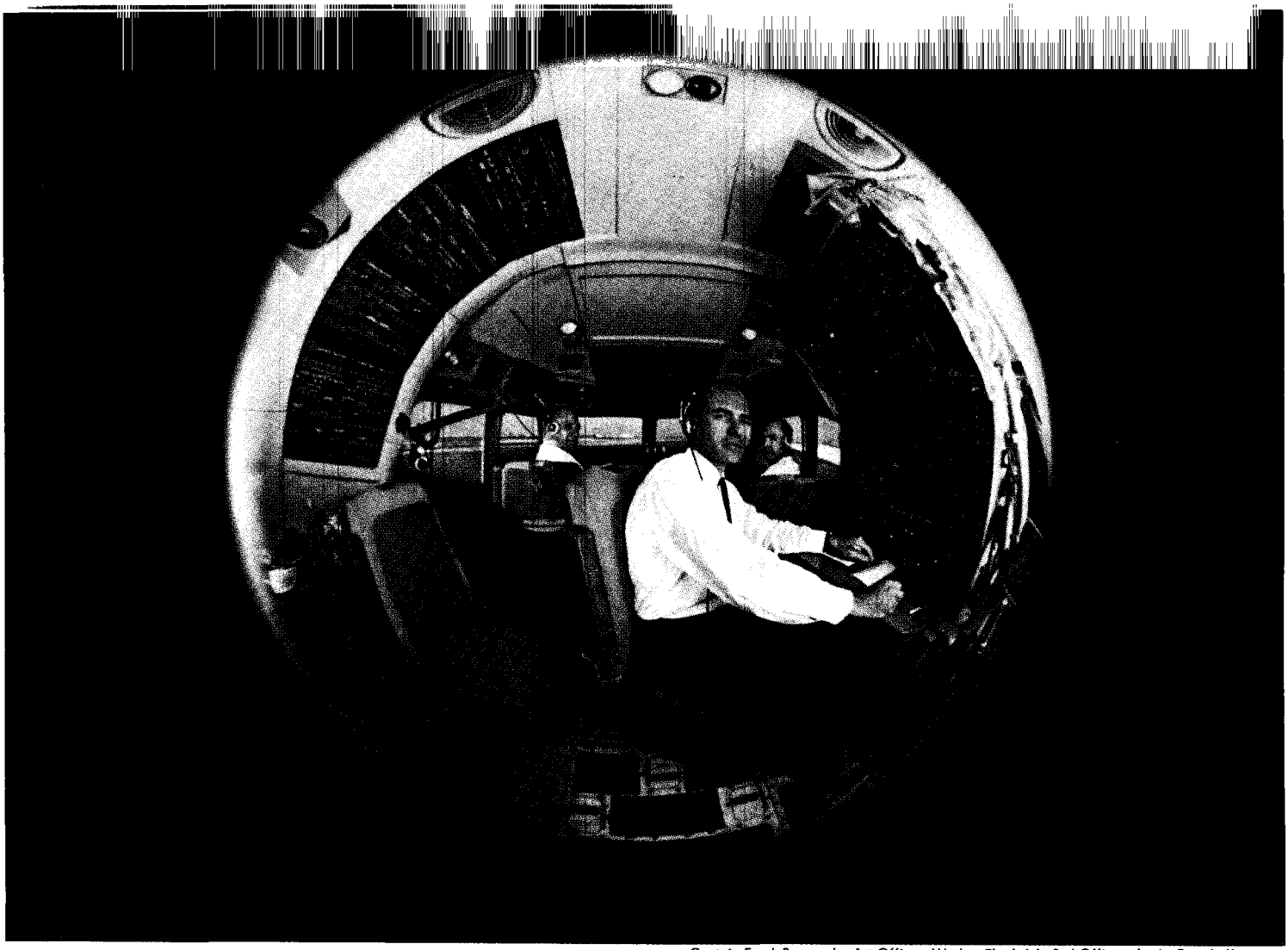

Captain Frank Baque, Jr.; 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick; 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell.

Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

For the same reason there is a nursery in every Falcon Lounge.

Why are we expanding our Whisperjet fleet? (Soon there will be 50.) Why may you dine aloft on famous Rosenthal China? Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

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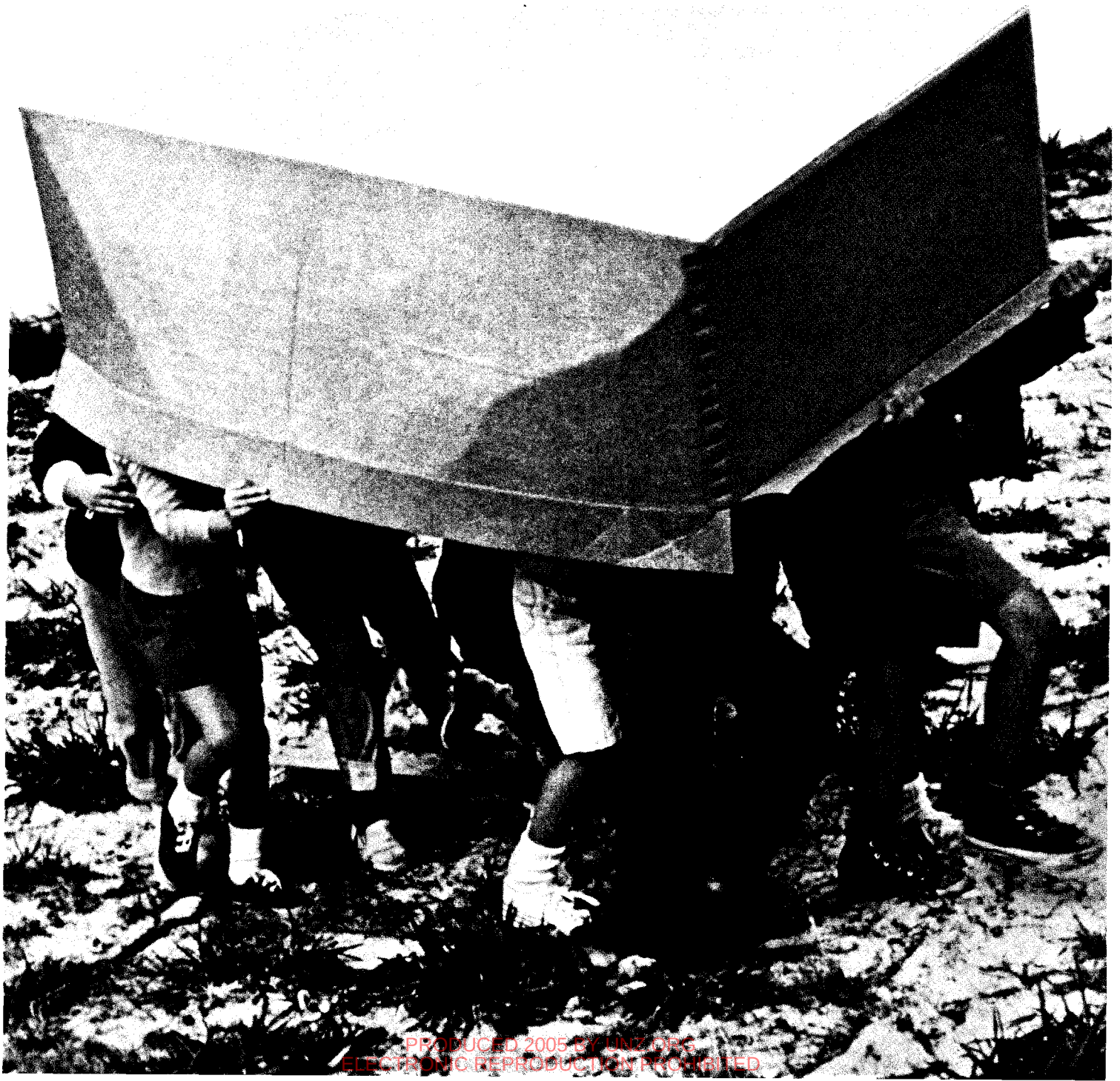

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the prizes themselves have developed into a barometer of journalistic change among the serious and respected newspapers that strive to fulfil the functions that are expected of them. In this respect, since the prizes were first awarded in 1917, they have realized the hope of Joseph Pulitzer that they would be "of the greatest possible benefit and renown" to Columbia University, to which he contributed the $500,000 Prize Fund.

While the computer now is a part of efficient newspaper operations outside New York City and the long overdue process of mechanical and electronic change has taken firm hold of all major newspapers, typography and production are less important than what has happened to the substance of journalism. After all, newspapers, like men, are conservative in dress and change slowly in outward appearance; the inner transformation, when it occurs, counts for much more.

It is scarcely an accident, in view of the nature of the times, that out of the 600-odd exhibits that were nominated for Pulitzer Prizes this year, the juries and later the Advisory Board on the Pulitzer Prizes itself recommended two inquiries, both requiring a profound knowledge of economics, for awards in journalism. These were the series by J. A. Livingston, financial editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, on the changing economic patterns in the Soviet Union's East European satellites, and the study by Louis M. Kohlmeier, a Washington correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, on the growth of the fortunes of President Johnson and his family.

Unlike the necessary and continuing crusades for better government at all levels, and the hard and less rewarding aspects of daily news coverage, these relatively new studies sought to educate the newspaper-reading public in some of the specialized areas of knowledge of our times. Such work was frequently a combination of expert journalism and thoughtful scholarship.

There were many such efforts, some modest and others quite elaborate in the exhibits that went before the Pulitzer juries, but all were aimed at providing the reader with far more background than he could obtain at a single sitting through any other daily source of information. As some of the judges said regretfully, it was remarkable that there was so much superior work and a pity that there were so few prizes.

The Providence (Rhode Island) *Sunday Journal*, for example, published a twenty-page illustrated section on American foreign aid programs—a definitive and favorable report to its readers on a controversial program. It was one of a number of similar studies in various fields—science, education, economics, and national and international affairs—that provided an appreciative public with fresh evidence of a deepening trend in the American press.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* ran a series explaining national and international affairs, using the resources of its Washington staff and sending some reporters abroad. The Kansas City *Star* did much the same thing with its studies "Background Through Better Understanding." The Minneapolis *Tribune* published a weekly science-reading series, enlisting the aid of distinguished scientists as well as its own science editor, Victor Cohn, and thus complemented the more familiar work of its sister newspaper, the Minneapolis *Star*, in the international field. The *Star's* international study program is known all over the Midwest. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* published a series of two-page pullouts on the background of "Historic Events That Shape Our World." And the *Christian Science Monitor*, mindful of traditional American weakness in geography, issued a beautifully detailed world map series.

Much of the educational aspect of contemporary American journalism was devoted to science and medicine. One of the most colorful exploits was the two-month voyage of David Perlman, science editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, to the Galapagos Islands with a crew of scientists who retraced Charles Darwin's historic voyage in the *Beagle*. One of the most astonishing was Alton L. Blakeslee's feat of covering a breaking science story for the Associated Press with the aplomb of a veteran at a political convention, although his subject was an abstruse concept of atomic particles rather than the simple business of tallying a vote. In another new area of journalism, Fred Garretson of the Oakland (California) *Tribune* specialized in water problems—drought coverage, the erosion of rich California farmland, and the effort to "save" San Francisco Bay by dredging off silt. In the Washington *Post*, Science Editor Howard Simons wrote a learned study of Soviet cybernetics, the impact of a computer-dominated civilization behind the Iron Curtain. Neither a Soviet Russia nor a computer were even dreamed of in Joseph Pulitzer's time, except by those who helped make both possible.

In medicine, Michael O'Neill in the New York *Daily News* wrote a fascinating study of the work of Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, the "master cardiovascular wizard"— and about a year later *Time* had DeBakey on its cover for a national audience. Josephine Robertson, the respected medical writer of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, did a series on kidney transplants, surely a difficult subject for the public to comprehend. In the Chicago *Tribune*, Joan Wagner Becker wrote a broader survey of challenges to modern medicine.

One of the most difficult and sensitive investigations in specialized areas of knowledge was carried out by J. Harold Brislin, the Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter of the Scranton (Pennsylvania) *Scrantonian-Tribune*, who wrote of the treatment of mentally retarded children. It won him a Sigma Delta Chi award. Loretta McLaughlin, medical writer of the Boston *Herald*, wrote a forthright report on emphysema and the perils of cigarette smoking. Many newspapers carried articles on teen-age drug addiction, among them Jules Witcover's excellent pieces in the Newhouse newspapers, and a spirited campaign in the New York *Journal-American* led by the talented reporter and novelist, James (Red) Horan.

Under the stimulus of President Johnson's anti-poverty drive, literally dozens

(*Continued on page* 131)

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—*All photos: Press Association Photos, Ltd. (European Picture Service).*

Sydney Street Siege, 1911—Winston Churchill (tophatted figure at left), then Home Secretary, watches soldiers and police round up East End anarchists.

A First for Fleet Street's Cameras

George V Visits Kaiser Wilhelm II, 1913—Friendly mood of two monarchs at the Potsdam Palace belies war's outbreak just a year later.

Chamberlain Returns from Munich, 1938—The Prime Minister waves the white paper that was to assure "peace in our time."

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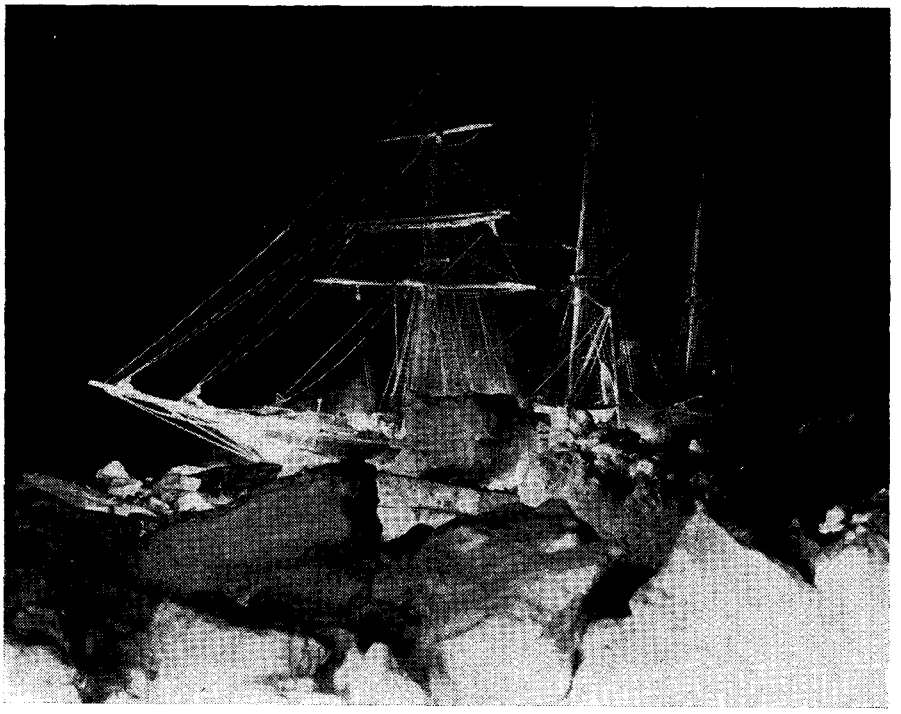


***Endurance* in the grip of ice, 1916—Flashlight shot of Shackleton's ship in the Weddell Sea documents survival of the explorer's aptly named vessel.**

Royal wedding, 1947—Princess Elizabeth, heir to the throne, marries Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

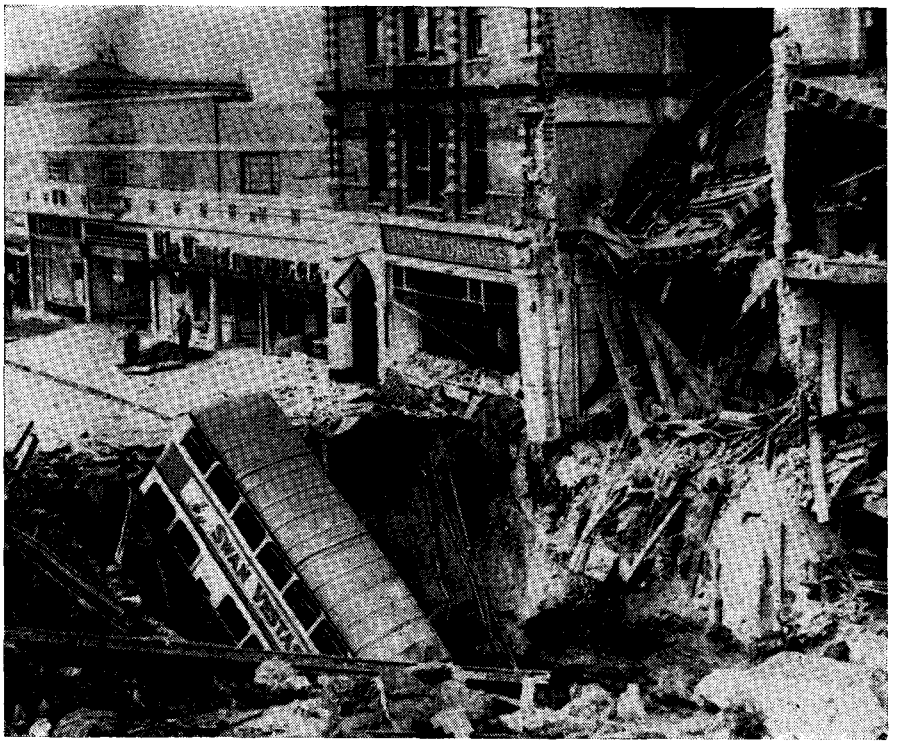
LONDON.

IN ITS recent acquisition of 200 news photos, the Victoria and Albert Museum has itself been making news. For although the museum's art library began amassing its photography collection as far back as 1854 and boasts a number of rare early photojournalistic items, this is the first instance of the cultural lion of Brompton Road giving the nod to the long-neglected lensman of Fleet Street.

Until now, according to C. H. Gibbs-Smith, keeper of the public relations department at the Victoria and Albert, the museum's concern has been primarily "to provide a record of the chief art treasures of the world, and to form a corpus of material for the study of certain branches of the history of art." And, to this end, more than a quarter of a million mounted prints—notable examples of architecture, sculpture, paintings, tapestries, textiles, ivories, objets d'art—currently occupy stacks of spruce-green, three-inch-thick booklike boxes classified by museum catalogue as a "subsection of the art reference library."

Presenting a sharp contrast in subject and point of view, the latest four-volume addition is a record not of art history but of living history—historic highlights of events mirrored in the British daily press by camera reporters from 1900 to the present. What makes this acquisition newsworthy is neither the rarity of the prints nor the gold-tone processing that ensures their permanency—though in this case both specifications happen to apply. The real news lies in the fact that the British press photographer, like his American counterpart, is belatedly receiving a measure of the credit and attention he merits as the chronicler of our time.

The prints, characterized as "an important ethnological document to be held in perpetuity as a national archive," represent a joint gift of the Institute of Incorporated Photographers and Ilford Ltd., under whose sponsorship a traveling exhibit of the pictures is being shown to audiences in England, Australia, and the United States.



London blitz, 1941—Bombed-out crater in a Balham shopping street engulfs a London Transport bus.

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The Press in Developing Countries

By R. F. RANKIN, *managing director of Samoa Newspapers, Ltd.*

WESTERN SAMOA.

A PRINTING MACHINERY SALESMAN called on me with catalogues of a new saw. "It cuts wood or metal; it measures absolutely accurately; it tilts; it cuts all angles; it does everything you want a saw to do, and all for only $350. You just can't do without it," he enthused.

"It's a good saw, all right," I told him, "but we do all that with a hacksaw blade for less than 50 cents."

This improvisation extends to all fields of newspaper production in developing countries. Ironically, the emerging nations, which desperately need reinforcement of the principles of democracy, possible only through a free press, find such reinforcement most difficult to get.

Newspapers of all developing countries face the same problems of inadequate finance, lack of trained editorial and technical personnel, inadequate distribution facilities, illiteracy and lack of education among the public, low national income, and limited purchasing power. The first aim of any newspaper is to survive, and in developing countries this leads inevitably to journalism on the cheap.

A substandard press, with its diet of insinuations, half truths, sensationalism, trivialities, and opinions disguised as news, can be worse than having no press at all, for an uneducated public does not by nature cherish honest objectivity, free expression, and the rights and dignity of the individual. These come only with an understanding and appreciation of the democratic process, and to most of the world today this is still a foreign concept.

Of the newly emergent nations, Western Samoa is one of the smallest and most enlightened. After forty-six years of benevolent administration by New Zealand under the aegis of the League of Nations and the United Nations, the 115,000 Western Samoans became independent in 1961. The executions, repression, and political upheavals common to so many emerging nations over the past decade have been foreign to these tranquil South Sea islands, and seem likely to remain so.

With a helping hand from New Zealand, and the greatest assistance per head of population of any country in the world from the U.N. Special Fund, Western Samoa is making an effort to increase its productivity in order to provide better living standards for its exploding population. But the effects of any effort are so far hard to see.

Only three out of every hundred children get a high school education. Average yearly cash income per head from the three main export crops of copra, bananas, and cocoa is less than $30. Newspaper distribution is about one copy to every eighteen persons per week.

I came to Western Samoa from New Zealand as a school teacher in 1950. I believed that the only newspaper in Samoa fell far short of what a newspaper should be in a country lacking in political awareness and on the verge of independence. Ten years later, convinced that a second paper could make a profit, I left teaching, set up a printing plant, and launched my own weekly newspaper, *Samoana*.

I knew nothing of printing or journalism. I merely taught myself the techniques of newspaper production as I went along. After five years the company looks for the first time as if it will show a small profit, but it owes my wife and me over $10,000 in wages we could not draw in the early stages if we wanted to keep the venture going. Without our very considerable sacrifices, the paper could never have survived.

During those five years the paper was violently attacked through official organs by a cabinet minister; it survived a threat of closure by the Prime Minister; it went through two libel suits during which I conducted my own case and profited by $125; and for two of these years my wife and I and our four children, unable to afford anything better, lived in a thatch-roofed native hut. In spite of it all, we enjoyed the whole experience.

Sophia, my wife, looked after the finances. I was sole reporter, editor, photographer, darkroom technician, advertising manager, occasional machinist and compositor, and general factotum.

I had a Samoan editor whose job was mainly translation of my copy. Occasionally a mistake in translation would slip through. Alarmed at the increasing incidence of drunkenness, one of the local missionaries advocated that henceforth all government functions should be liquor-free. He was reported in the Samoan section of the paper as advocating more free liquor at all government functions.

After five years, with the paper now economically viable, I have the satisfaction of seing *Samoana* firmly established as a bastion of free expression of opinion, and largely responsible for a faint but growing awareness throughout the country that the mantle of authority does not bestow infallibility, and that every man has the right of access to facts and is entitled to form and express his own opinion.

But there is still a long way to go. When in 1964 Prime Minister Fiame Mataafa Mulinuu Faumuina II suggested that the press in its criticism of authority was alien to Samoan custom and should perhaps be closed down, I asked Afoafouvale Misimoa, a U.S. army officer of World Wars I and II and one of the few members of Parliament with an education beyond the eighth grade, what other members thought of this threat to press freedom. "Most of them couldn't care less one way or the other," he said.

There were other threats to freedom. "The paper should never embarrass the government," complained the representative of a big local firm who had close family connections with the new hierarchy of government. "The paper should help the progress of independence by not criticizing."

"Should the truth be hidden?" I asked.

"It's not a matter of hiding the truth. Just tell it at the right time," he replied.

Overnight I lost $1,500 of badly needed advertising revenue because two local firms refused to be associated with a newspaper that saw its function as a

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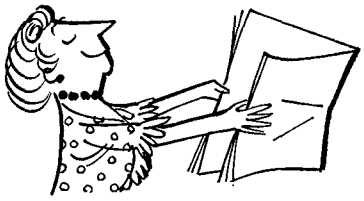
critic rather than helpmate of the government.

In all newly independent countries, insecure and inexperienced politicians tend to make a fetish of secrecy—and Western Samoa has been no exception. Several times, by devious means, I obtained and published reports of vital public interest that the government was treating as top secret. After one such incident the Prime Minister ordered the police to try to trace my source of information, and I was blasted by the opposition paper for my "unethical" attitude toward government censorship.

That week I wrote an editorial that summed up my philosophy concerning the role of the press. It is one subscribed to by word if not in deed by most newsmen of the world.

> There is a body of opinion in Samoa, both within the government and without, that holds certain preserves of government activities are beyond the scope and spotlight of public inquiry, and that any attempt to pierce this shroud of secrecy and reveal what is going on behind the scenes is unethical.
>
> If, however, one is to regard the government as an extension of the people's activities; as public administrators serving the people; then any attempt by government to work in secrecy; to hold back certain facts from the people; or reveal the facts at the "right" time, is an infringement of public trust and rightly a subject of suspicion. In government for, by and of the people, it is not the revelation of facts, but support for secrecy and censorship that is unethical.
>
> This newspaper believes in the dignity and freedom of the individual, and in democracy as the best form of government. It also believes that with suppression of the news, or without complete freedom of expression, neither democracy nor the rights of the individual can survive. In following this belief and in refusing to abandon its policy of completely independent, honest and objective reporting, this newspaper has aroused the wrath of government, cabinet ministers, rank and file politicians, church leaders, bankers, advertisers, competitors, some of its readers, and even its own shareholders. Had it at any time surrendered to the many pressures against this policy it would be but a mere shadow of itself—a gutless sycophanting newssheet bowing to authority and power, almost certainly making more money but at the cost of integrity and respect.
>
> The public will be pleased to know that until the unlikely event of this country becoming a police state, this newspaper will continue to refuse to subvert the news to its own or anybody else's purpose: and it will continue to seek out and print the news, regardless of the wishes of those in authority.

Without this pigheaded adherence to principle and a reckless disregard for consequence, and without more than its



share of good luck, hard work, and sacrifice, *Samoana* could not possibly have survived.

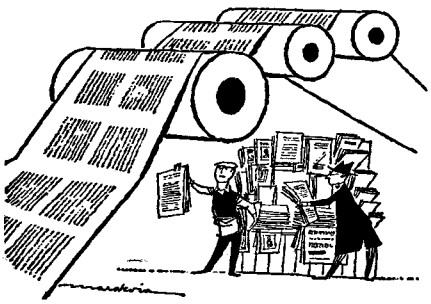
In an advanced society, the odds against adherence to principle and survival are high enough; in a developing country they are astronomical. The question arises: "Does it really matter if the principles of a free press are sometimes compromised in these new nations? After all it happens every day all over the world."

The point is that in more advanced countries, freedom of the individual, freedom of expression, and the rights of man are taken for granted, and the struggle to secure these rights is largely forgotten history. In developing nations, however, these terms are new and exciting concepts to the vast majority of people. They often prove an embarrassment to politicians, who in their zeal to cling to customs and tradition from which they derive their authority, see a threat rather than salvation in fundamental human rights.

In the conflict of cultures as the modern world inevitably encroaches upon the old, it is only a free press that can create that informed and critical public opinion essential to democracy. The alternative is censorship, totalitarianism, and conflict.

If, then, a free press is so desirable, what can be done to alleviate the circumstances that make it so difficult to attain in every developing country? Already such organizations as the International Press Institute and the Thompson Foundation (and, at the other end of the political spectrum, the International Organization of Journalists) offer valuable assistance in training journalists of African, Asian, and Commonwealth developing countries, but this is only a step in the right direction.

More often than not it is the small-weekly editor, working on a shoestring, who is most strongly motivated by high ideals, and it is he, because of his very situation, who is most difficult to help. He is almost certainly untrained in journalistic technique, unable to employ a trained journalist even if one were available, and often unaware of assistance that may be available. Even if he knew of some distant seminar, he has too much trouble meeting his monthly grocery bills to contemplate a trip overseas.



Until some extraordinarily philanthropic body starts handing out grants to needy newsmen, or until banks in developing countries accept feasibility as collateral, the financial problems of the press in developing nations appear inescapable. The peculiar nature of the press in that it requires private investment to ensure a public freedom makes this inevitable.

The services of visiting experts, already available in some parts of Africa and Asia, should be greatly expanded. Tremendous improvements in the press of developing nations could be effected by a visiting expert demonstrating faults, suggesting improvements in layout and general management, providing new sources of professional guidance and association, suggesting new possibilities in advertising revenue, putting forward schemes for boosting circulation, and generally putting the struggling and isolated editor closer in touch with the professional world he has never really known.

An expert, however, can only teach and tell. The real lesson comes by seeing and doing. Perhaps the best answer lies in some form of exchange whereby a competent journalist carefully screened by some controlling body, can, with his family, exchange home and employment in an advanced country with that of a journalist in some developing country for three or four months at a time.

Finally, some yardstick of standards has to be established for the press of developing countries. As things are now, there is no measure of excellence; few readers know what a good newspaper should look like or should be trying to achieve. Most of all, newspapermen in developing countries need prestige—not so much for their own efforts and particular skills but for the medium they represent. The public must recognize too, that the freedom of the press is really the freedom of the individual.

There are no Pulitzer prizes for journalists in these forgotten countries, where it takes considerably more courage and involves far more risk to print the truth and question the wisdom of authority than it does where freedom of expression is unquestioned. Yet in these new nations of millions, the basic human freedoms depend on a very few men of spirit.

All these measures demand action from outside the developing countries, and it is the sort of action from which, in the long run, the giver may well receive more than he puts forth.

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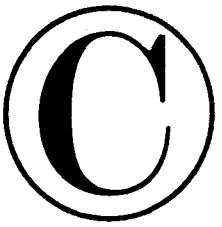
WHY THE COPYRIGHT LAW NEEDS REVISION



By WILLIAM STEIF, *of the Scripps-Howard Washington staff.*

WASHINGTON.

PUBLISHERS and educators are battling before Congressional committees over a proposal to revise the antiquated U.S. copyright law. The struggle's outcome will particularly affect educational publishers, who did almost $1 billion in business last year, and will influence the techniques of their best customers, teachers.

The House and Senate judiciary subcommittees, which eventually must approve copyright measures, are aware that what Congress finally decides will also affect TV and radio, the music business, movies, the dance, and all facets of writing and publishing. Indeed, changes made in the copyright law will be more important to creative Americans, from Elvis Presley to Samuel Eliot Morison, than dozens of private and governmental proposals to subsidize the arts.

Why does the copyright law need to be revised? The question was discussed by George D. Cary, deputy register of copyrights, in testimony before the House subcommittee. The first copyright law was enacted in 1790 and "since then has been revised generally only three times, the last being in 1909." In that "horse-and-buggy era," said Cary, there was no "radio, television, Telstar, tape recorders, long-playing high-fidelity phonograph records, video tape recordings, electronic computers, Xerographic copying machines, or Cinerama motion pictures in full color."

He defined copyright as "basically the statutory right afforded to an author which protects his writings – books, poems, dramas, musical compositions, motion pictures, paintings or other forms of artistic or literary expression . . . a form of exclusivity for a specific period of time." But the Constitution "made it clear the purpose of this protection was to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, which is another way of saying the protection was to be in the public interest."

Lawyers agree the 1909 law was so poorly drafted they don't know what many parts really mean. The law began breaking down several decades ago, so that gentlemen's agreements were made within industries to work around it. For example, the law could be construed so that a film's sound track would bring only a two-cent royalty; the movie companies simply ignored this.

The trouble with gentlemen's agreements is that often someone comes along who isn't a gentleman, and the courts uphold him. This, plus the tremendous technical changes of recent years, made revision imperative. Starting in the 1920s, efforts were made to change the law, but all failed. After World War II, copyright experts decided to try to get the international copyright convention amended so that the U.S. could someday become a party to it, and revise our copyright law afterward. The international convention was changed in 1955, and the same year Congress voted funds to the Library of Congress, which supervises the Copyright Office, to start studying the old law's revision.

A preliminary report came from the Copyright Office in 1961, and three years of redrafting culminated in the bill introduced last year. It was then that the education establishment woke up and began to scream. The chief point at contention is how far Congress should go in exempting nonprofit educational institutions from the copyright law. At present there is no exemption for schools, churches, and other nonprofit institutions.

"The courts have held down through the years," Cary testified, "that the exclusive rights of the author are not to be strictly construed but, broadly speaking, are to be subject to a limitation that a reasonable portion of a copyrighted work may be reproduced without permission where necessary for a legitimate purpose which is not competitive with the copyright owner's market for his work. It is this [fair use] doctrine that justifies a limited amount of copying for school use under the present law." The revision bill would make "fair use" part of the law. It would not, said Cary, "expand or contract the principle of fair use as applied by the courts." It would leave precise definitions up to the courts.

The bill would not give teachers "the right to make multiple copies of substantial excerpts and quotations and a full and complete copy of any copyrighted work"—rights the teachers don't have now.

A flyer published by the audiovisual division of the National Education Association outlines what the educational establishment wants as: 1) the right to use copyrighted materials for teaching and learning purposes, without the unnecessary delays arising from the need for copyright clearances and the payment of royalties, and 2) the right to make a single copy of a copyrighted work or a reasonable number of copies of excerpts and quotations. . . ."

The flyer, which went to the NEA's 942,000 members, also contained scare statements indicating that under the new bill teachers would lose rights they now enjoy. Hence publication of the flyer and a "defense bulletin" last spring brought the wrath of teachers down on members of Congress. Only a few weeks before, President Johnson had called education "the first work of our time." Yet here, it seemed, Congress was about to steal precious rights from teachers.

The teachers' wrath was fanned by a Washington lawyer, Harry N. Rosenfield, and by Harold E. Wigren, once head of the Houston schools' audiovisual section and now an official in NEA's audiovisual division, who, two years ago formed an ad hoc committee. It includes thirty-five organizations, ranging from the Council of Chief State School Officers and the National Catholic Education Association to the American Council on Education and the American Association of University Women.

Wigren, in his testimony before the Congressional subcommittee, said the committee's position represented a "consensus." When he and other education lobbyists were asked if they opposed the payment for copyrighted materials by schools on "philosophical" grounds, they said yes. Publishers responded in fury. "Pirates" was one of the gentler words applied to the educators.

The publishers' basic fear is technology. They say new copying machines

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make it possible to duplicate hundreds of copies of any printed matter easily, cheaply, and quickly. But the Xerox and other copying machines are only a part of the publishers' nightmare. Development of information storage and retrieval systems is on the verge of "making books a horse-and-buggy business," says Bella L. Linden, lawyer for the American Textbook Publishers Institute.

The medical libraries of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, for example, agreed recently to develop a storage and retrieval system so they would have to buy only one book instead of three. In June eight major universities—Duke, California, Illinois, Michigan, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Virginia, and the State University of New York—formed a communications council to "apply techniques of computer-communications to higher education."

These are straws in the wind. Other colleges, as well as grade and high schools, can be expected to follow these leads soon. Then the school copying systems could be hooked into storage and retrieval systems, and publication of only a few copies of a book— or theoretically even one—could cover the country.

The publishers also argue: "If we get what we want in the revision bill, we won't sue teachers anyway." The only infringement suit filed in recent years involved an Iowa junior high school teacher who didn't like the arrangement of a copyrighted hymn. He rearranged it for his chorus, made forty-eight copies and, for good measure, sent a copy to the hymn's publisher, suggesting that his rearrangement was better than the original. The publisher responded by suing, and won in appellate court.

The Congressmen are uneasy about the publishers' bland assurance that they won't sue. They don't like making law that necessitates going outside the law to achieve a way of living together. That's what Congress is trying to cure.

The teachers' letter-writing stirred up a counter-campaign by the publishers. Their aim is to show Congress that there's "a real split in the educational community," according to their Washington press agent. To this end, dozens of letters have been sent to Congress each week from educator-authors. Typical was Jacques Barzun's, calling the NEA's demands "wrongheaded" and adding: "The papermakers, printers and binders who produce books, the architects and bricklayers who put up schools, do not contribute their services free because their work will be put to 'educational use.' Why should writers, scholars and scientists be required or expected to do so?"

Congress isn't worried about the publishers' economic health. In fact, Rosenfield testified that educational publishers are in a "recession-proof" business which is growing at a rate of 10 per cent a year. Typical was the report of Scott, Foresman's president at the firm's July 27 annual meeting. Sales and earnings were expected to increase 10 per cent in the current fiscal year and could go higher, depending on the effect of federal spending. And the quarterly dividend was raised from 20 cents to 25 cents a share. Thus NEA maintains the publishers simply want to keep their "monopolies" and lift profit margins to take advantage of the new outpouring of federal funds for education.

THE publishers are now exploring one proposal that could move the dispute off dead center. This is a licensing scheme, similar to what ASCAP and BMI use for TV and radio stations. The 26,000 U.S. school districts would buy a yearly license for textbook use, with the fee dependent on the district's size and standards. Schools would have access to all the publishers' output. A central clearinghouse would sample textbook use, deciding which texts were best-sellers. "I don't know if we ever could go along," says Wigren. "It would mean a team of monitors would be checking classrooms everywhere. What little money the publishers would get wouldn't be enough to pay the monitors."

The teachers' lack of economic interest makes "fair use" the most unusual of the new copyright bill's clashes, but it isn't the only one by any means. The future of educational TV is involved, and the NEA enters here, too. As now drafted, the bill exempts "non-dramatic, literary or musical" works from infringement where an ETV broadcast is made primarily for classroom reception—closed-circuit and daytime ETV programs. But where ETV in effect competes with commercial TV no copyright exemptions would be granted.

Under the present law any nonprofit radio or TV station is exempted. But Cary testified: "It does not seem too much to ask that some of the money going to support educational broadcasting be used to compensate authors and publishers whose works are essential."

ETV broadcasters, working with NEA, oppose the new exemption. While the bill would grant ETV a right it doesn't enjoy now, in that an ETV station would be allowed to make one copy of a broadcast, which could be used on that station any number of times for six months, ETV protests it wants to use such copies indefinitely and make more copies to ship to other stations.

A second struggle involves community antenna TV systems. Up to now, cable TV operators have picked up commercial TV programs free. In the early 1950s, CATV's prime intent was to bring TV to blacked-out areas. Most early cables carried only three channels. But today CATV is a $100,000,000-a-

"Now what?"

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year business, with cables carrying as many as twenty channels into and around big cities. At the start of this year, 1,600 cable systems were operating in the U.S. and they were proliferating at a rate of forty a month. They bring more than 400 commercial TV stations to more than 1,500,000 subscribers. The new copyright bill proposes that CATV operators must get permission to use copyrighted materials. This will cost them money.

The "jukebox exemption" somewhat resembles the CATV loophole. The 1909 law exempted coin-operated music devices from paying performance royalties. Music publishers then thought "penny parlor" devices would help sheet music sales, their major profit item.

In the 1930s the jukebox industry grew up and today generates $500,000,000 a year, which is split between jukebox operators and owners of jukebox locations. The latter are mostly bar owners, and they and the bartenders' union have joined with the operators and manufacturers to fight a copyright law revision forcing them to pay per-play royalties. A royalty now is paid only when a record is bought to be put in the box. Every time it's played, the jukebox operator and bar owner get a free ride. Bills to repeal this anomaly have been introduced in Congress for a dozen years but have never passed.

The jukebox operators say that if Congress wants to give copyright owners more money, they won't object to increasing the two-cent royalty the record manufacturer must pay to press a record. Under the new copyright bill, the two-cent fee would go to three cents, a proposal that has the record companies wailing piteously.

But that still gives the jukebox operators a free ride, so it's likely that jukebox record plays will be blanketed under the new law. To soften the shock—and not leave jukebox operators at the tender mercies of music publishers—Congress may impose a ceiling on the performance royalty.

IN 1891 the printing trade unions and book manufacturers (a different breed from the publishers) hung the "manufacturing clause" on the copyright law, and they've kept it there ever since. "This clause," Cary explained, "requires a book in the English language to be wholly manufactured in the U.S. to be assured of the complete benefits of the copyright law."

If a G.I. stationed in Europe writes a book and it is printed in England, the present law protects his work for a maximum of only five years. If more than 1,500 copies are imported, his copyright is destroyed. This accounts for the fact that various editions of *Candy*, written by an American and published in England, are available in the U.S.

"Your plight touches my heart but all I have is a lot of credit cards."

The new bill would give full-length protection to American authors of books printed overseas, and would lift the import allowance of 3,500 copies. Oddly, publishers are much less exercised about the manufacturing clause than they used to be, for the Copyright Office lets them import proofs, set in type overseas, for wholly American manufacture "by lithographic process."

The present law's language is "awkward and ambiguous," Cary testified, but the publishers now care less, so the new bill picks up the clause as is. The printing unions and book manufacturers zeroed in on the paradox of picking up old, ambiguous language for a statute supposed to make the law crystal-clear.

Congress must also decide whether or not to change the term of copyright from its present twenty-eight years, with another twenty-eight years renewable. The new bill proposes a term of life plus fifty years, and no renewal. Publishers favor this, saying it would pave the way for U.S. entry into the international convention. Educators and librarians are opposed, suggesting an initial term of twenty-eight years with a forty-eight-year renewal. They argue that 85 per cent of copyrighted material isn't renewed and cite a 1956 Justice Department letter which says the "fifty-six-year monopoly is fully adequate to reward authors for their contributions to society."

In addition, the new bill would extend protection for the first time to sound recordings and choreography, change infringement penalties, and raise the initial filing fee from $4 to $6.

No one disagrees that the old law needs revision, badly, and that Congress will eventually come up with changes. The House subcommittee began hearings May 26, continued into early July, resumed in early August, and concluded in early September. Though Representative Edwin Willis is the group's chairman, Representative Robert Kastenmeier has chaired most of the hearings.

The Senate subcommittee, headed by Senator John McClellan, hasn't gone into the problems so deeply and didn't start hearings until late August.

A House subcommittee staff member doubts that a bill will be reported until early in the next session of Congress. At that time, Kastenmeier hopes the subcommittee's bill will crystallize the boundaries of the problems—in short, be a kind of trial balloon. After all the special interest groups get through shooting at this bill, the subcommittee will hammer out a measure it hopes will pass the House in 1966.

Kastenmeier worries about "the public interest," the consumer who is unrepresented at these hearings. But he realizes the big trick of revision is to do a balancing act on knives—and somehow avoid getting cut.

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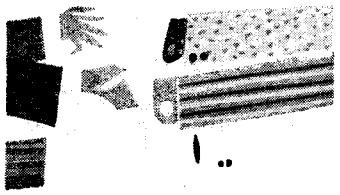
Public Relations



Not by Divine Right

TO Georges Clemenceau, war was too serious to be left to the military. Similarly, it may be said that the public relations of major corporations is too serious to be left to public relations people. For no matter how competent the public relations director may be, no matter how skilled his staff, corporate managers dare not divorce themselves from a continuous consciousness of public attitudes if they hope to avoid disaster.

It is sad to say that in far too many cases chief executives of corporations, having found an able man to head the public relations department, and having given him adequate support, have gone on their way with little thought of their own responsibility in the area of public opinion. To other managers, the public relations department is either a bulwark or a façade or both.

But to the wise executive, public relations is an essential part of his job. For unless he fully appreciates what is going on in the country, the context within which his company operates, and the public effect of his decisions, he is letting himself in for serious trouble. And the larger the company the truer this is.

Corporations cannot operate, let alone operate profitably, unless they have public acceptance; that is, unless the public believes that they are functioning for the national good. In a society in which the voter is king, the public interest must always be paramount, for it is not a very long step between public objection to business and action in Congress.

Today, even more than in the recent past, it is vital for business managers to understand, or try to understand, what is bothering the country. Why, for instance, is there so much unrest in the colleges? What happened to so stir the students that authority seems to mean little to many bright young people? Not since the depression days has there been so much ferment at the universities, yet on the whole the country has never been more prosperous.

What was the meaning of Selma, Alabama? What do marching nuns mean? What is the effect on national opinion of the ecumenical movement? Why the violence of the academic debate over the American positions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic?

What effect is the civil rights movement, including the Voting Rights Act, having on our society and therefore on business? What shifts of balance will take place as a result of the Supreme Court's decision that there must be reapportionment so that one qualified voter is equal to any other? What will this do to the power balance within states and in Congress? What does greater urban representation really involve?

It is as important for business managers to see where their business fits into this changing pattern as it is for them to try to understand what is happening in the trade union movement. It is obvious that the "labor bosses" can't boss their own people, for even in the case of the powerful Walter Reuther, many of his United Auto Workers' locals would not go along in the most recent settlements with the automobile industry that were satisfactory to both him and management. What caused the revolt of the rank and file of the International Union of Electrical Workers when they rose against the heirarchy and threw James Carey out of the presidency of the union after nearly two decades? And why was I. W. Abel able to beat David J. McDonald for the presidency of the United Steelworkers after all these years?

Is the turmoil in the colleges, the unions, in the Southern states, in the Negro community all part of a greater upheaval? Whether it is or not, what is happening in these areas, and the sharp conflict among intellectuals (whose attitudes forecast what the general public will perhaps be thinking a generation from now), have a direct bearing on business, for business must adjust itself to the climate of opinion in the nation or it may be caught in the wringer.

To some business leaders, all this will sound like so much "garbage," the new word for anything that one doesn't understand or that takes one's time away from "running" the business. Yet this garbage has a direct relationship to the profits of a corporation. The business leader with a long-range view understands this clearly and acts accordingly.

For those businessmen who think they have no time to worry about public opinion, and to whom public relations means only product publicity, there is plenty of testimony to the contrary from others who have a deep concern for public opinion and are profit-oriented managers of highly successful companies.

By any criterion Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) is a successful company. Its profit position is good. Management runs a tight ship. Waste is poison. Yet M. J. Rathbone, who retired earlier this year as chairman of the board of directors and chief executive officer, has some views on the importance of public relations and management that are worth noting.

Mr. Rathbone knows his company, for he was with it for forty-four years. Of these he was president and chairman for a total of nearly twelve years. He was chief executive officer of the company for five years. To say that he is a competent witness for modern profit-minded management is to make a prize understatement.

In October 1962, Mr. Rathbone, at a company meeting, told his managers: "I do not think it would be possible for a senior executive of Jersey to reach any position of high operating responsibility unless he has developed a very great sensitivity in the public relations field."

And on a more formal occasion, before the Wharton School Alumni Society some three years ago, he said: "We know perfectly well that business does not function by divine right but, like any other part of our society, exists with the sanction of the community as a whole. The interests of the community are in turn expressed through governments."

On the same occasion Mr. Rathbone said: "As a business manager I am absolutely certain that we must keep in touch with the points of view of a great many people. To do this we must tune in on public thoughts and attitudes and, insofar as possible, consider them in our decisions and actions. And the larger and more complex the business, the more essential such tuning-in must be."

After listing the basic groups affecting business—stockholders, customers, employees, governments, the general public, and the educational field—he said: "Today's public opinion, though it may appear as light as air, may become tomorrow's legislation, for better or for worse. Therefore a wise firm makes public relations a function not simply of a staff department but of top management, so that every major business decision is considered from the standpoint of its public impact."

To intelligent business leadership, public relations involves continuous concern by all who have an interest in the corporation's success.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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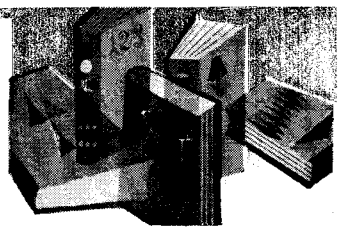
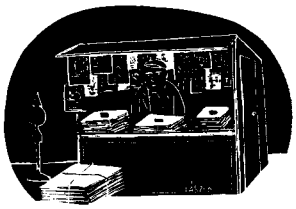
Books in Communications



The Lively Art of Non-communication

WE LIVE, or so we are told, in an age of communication. From Madison Avenue to the campus, and over the whole wide and wordy stretch in between, a vast army of writers endlessly flails its typewriters in hope of bridging the gulf between mind and mind. Communication has indeed become so flourishing an industry that professors are rated on it, admen are promoted for it, fortunes are made in it, and the ordinary man is battered and dizzied by it. At the very height of this war of the words, therefore, it comes as a refreshing surprise to find a man who admits without apology that he doesn't much care about communicating—at least not for the 300-odd pages of a book called, appropriately enough, *Language on Vacation* (Scribner's, $6.95). The author of this stunningly entertaining heresy is Dmitri A. Borgmann, and his book is the record of his long love affair with language, "not as a medium of communication but as a form of art."

Shaking the foundations of linguistic custom, Borgmann gives his credo: "Virtually everyone suffers from the deeply ingrained habit of considering language as a medium of communication. . . . However, there is another aspect to language, one to which scarcely any attention has heretofore been paid. Language consists of words, and words can be looked at as objects of art, to be examined and evaluated, admired or criticized, accepted or rejected. . . . [A great word] comes to occupy a place similar to that held by the *Mona Lisa* in the



world of art. It affords the word lover the same degree of pleasure that a great painting gives the art lover." Borgmann's *Mona Lisas* are single words, combinations of words, words backward and upside-down, words transposed and transmuted and turned topsy-turvy—all for the wondrous fun of taking language apart and seeing what's there. And the tools of this odd trade are such things as antigrams, palindromes, anacyclics, apocopes, isograms, lipograms, tautonyms, alternades, and a miscellany of other oddities sufficient to keep a true word lover sleepless for weeks.

Consider, for example, the ordinary anagram, constructed by rearranging letters to change the meaning ("beats" and "beast" is a simple one). Disdaining anything so elementary, Borgmann lists several that go so far as almost to define themselves: "A cent tip" is a "pittance"; "antique furniture stores" "are in quest of utter ruins"; "old masters" are "art's models"; and "Presbyterians" are "best in prayers." Give the game another twist and you have the antigram, producing a meaning opposite to that of the original: "A tragedy" is "rated gay"; "the Louvre" is a "true hovel"; "the Waldorf" is a "dwarf hotel." Or, to while away the time in your dentist's waiting room, try making anagrams of your own name, as Dmitri Alfred Borgmann has done with his. After reading the book you can take your choice: "Grand mind, mortal fiber" or "damn mad boring trifler."

Consider, too, the palindrome. Everyone, of course, knows the old standards, such as "Able was I ere I saw Elba." But Borgmann has unearthed a profusion of others, among them: "Pa's a sap," "Ma is as selfless as I am," "Ten animals I slam in a net," "Was it a bar or a bat I saw?" and "A dog! A panic in a pagoda!"

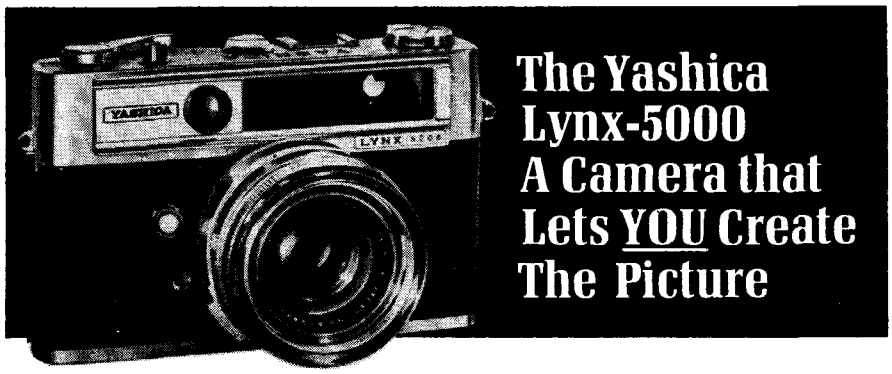
But words, as Borgmann makes clear, are not to be used only for fun. They can also be put to serious purposes. Predicting election results, for example. For in the twenty-two Presidential elections from 1876 to 1960, the candidate with the longer last name won in all but one year (1908, when Taft defeated Bryan). But presumably President Johnson, an underdog by two letters in his campaign against Barry Goldwater, is no more than slightly worried by the near-infallibility of this prediction technique.

Borgmann calls all this recreational linguistics, offering it as an escape from the ubiquitous crossword puzzle. But it is more than that. *Language on Vacation*, with its page after page of puzzles and challenges and quizzes, gives the person who likes words a chance to find out just how much he really knows about them. It can be a chilling discovery. But win, lose, or draw, it's a dazzling adventure.

Telling All: Marie Torre, one-time television columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune* and now a commentator for Pittsburgh's KDKA, is probably best known for having chosen to go to jail in 1959 rather than reveal a news source in a column she wrote about a dispute between Judy Garland and CBS. She had a principle on her side then, but her new book, *Don't Quote Me* (Doubleday, $4.95), has no such underpinning—with the result that the reader is likely to find himself wondering where all her late, laudable restraint has gone. Although television has an almost intrinsic fascination and Marie Torre knows her way around in it, her writing is so prolix and her anecdotes so formlessly interminable that her copy-girl-to-TV-personality saga at times needs nothing so much as a firm flip of the "Off" switch. Witness, for example, this gush of prose as she tells of leaving New York for her new job in Pittsburgh:

> A new career! A new city! New associates! New friends to be made! A house to be bought! A co-op apartment to be sold in New York! Registering the children for school!

Don't quote me, she calls it. Not much danger of that. —JAMES F. FIXX.



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New Front Page

Continued from page 121

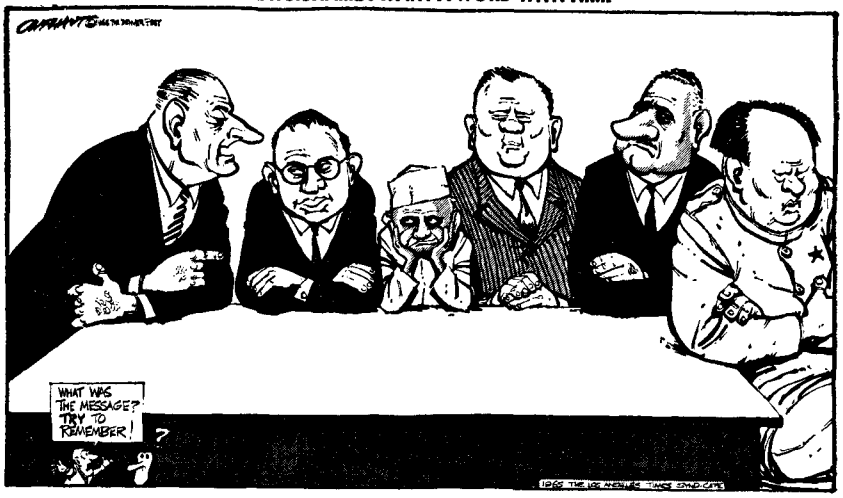
of local inquiries were conducted into the rundown areas of our cities and towns and the condition of people who were obliged to live in them. It was a year, too, for unusual pieces by newspapers of all sizes and in all areas—the *New York Times*'s story of the thirty-eight witnesses who did nothing to halt a woman's murder, reported by Martin Gansberg and his metropolitan editor, A. M. Rosenthal, and a scholarly study of the U.S.-Canadian treaty to develop the Columbia River Basin, reported by Elton Troth of the Columbia Basin *Daily Herald*, Moses Lake, Washington. The outstanding job, of course, was the legislative reapportionment victory won by the Hutchinson (Kansas) *News*, which climaxed a four-year campaign and earned the paper the Pulitzer Prize gold medal for public service. Scarcely less important to Florida citizens was the editorial-writing prize that went to John R. Harrison of the Gainesville *Sun* for his successful battle for housing reform in his community.

Thus, out of seven Pulitzer Prizes in journalism in 1965 (the cartoon prize was not awarded), four went to those who broke new ground in American newspaper work—the gold medalist, the

editorial writer, and the national and international reporters. The other three went to those who performed in a time-honored tradition—Horst Faas, the Associated Press combat photographer in Vietnam, and two local reporters, Melvin Ruder of the tiny *Hungry Horse News* in Columbia Falls, Montana, for alerting his community to a flood danger, and Gene Goltz of the Houston *Post*, for exposing a failure of local government in Pasadena, Texas.

When the fiftieth Pulitzer Prizes in journalism, letters, and the arts are awarded next May 2 and announced in the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism's World Room—a memorial to Pulitzer's old paper—it is safe to say that the newer areas of journalistic endeavor once again will be prominently recognized. For if there is one tradition in journalism that is inviolate in the United States, it is the constant effort of American newspapers to break with every tradition save one—the tradition of conscience. That is the basic strength of American journalism at its best—the willingness and the vitality to meet change and grow with it. That, too, is the reason for the rise of the new front page.

"ASK MR. SHASTRI TO ASK MR. TITO TO ASK MR. NASSER TO TELL WHATSISNAME I WANT A WORD WITH HIM!"



U.S. Peace Offensive Shows Promise

THE United States is beginning a two-pronged peace offensive aimed at ending the Viet Nam struggle.

On top of the table, the Johnson administration — through U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg—has asked the U.N. Security Council to join the U.S. in an "unconditional" search for peace.

The U.S., Goldberg said, is prepared to "collaborate unconditionally" with the 11 members of the Security Council in trying to find a peace formula.

The U.S. has made similar proposals before. As a consequence, the speculation about reports of private overtures concerning the future of South Viet Nam is more interesting. The offers are new and are thus most likely to be the springboard for progress—if there is to be progress.

Americans should not get their hopes too high. It takes two to make peace just as it takes two parties to make war. As one U.N. observer put it:

"The latest bid is a new departure in U.S. policy only if the Communists respond to it."

Thus, an unconditional "no" from Hanoi and Peking would effectively checkmate the U.S. offer to negotiate unconditionally. That would leave things where they are, with only a military escalation in prospect.

But the U.S. "private" overtures are still the most significant thing that has happened in the search for a Viet Nam truce in some time.

One of the key parts of the proposal is that the U.S. apparently is ready to negotiate the reunification of Viet Nam under internationally supervised elections. Since the Communists are regarded as a "sure thing" to win such elections, Hanoi theoretically would have much to gain by assenting to such a proposal.

Hanoi doubtless would be the moving force in saying how a reunited Vietnamese nation would be run. The U.S., in the past, has opposed reunification for that very reason.

There are signs, too, that the U.S. would concede a little more weight at the bargaining table to the Viet Cong guerrillas against whom we have struggled in the jungles of South Viet Nam for so many years.

THE dubious part of the peace picture is the question of how the Communists feel about victory. If they still feel they can beat us militarily, they may well decide to try for victory and thereby inflict a degrading beating upon the "Yankee imperialists" they accuse us of being.

Even so, the peace offers made by Goldberg — and their implication as another serious American effort to go all out at the bargain table—will be important psychological weapons if they should be rejected by the Communists.

The frank proposals of the Johnson administration will show the world we are prepared to go yet another mile in the search for peace in the face of a very truculent adversary.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

— THE DENVER POST —
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Communications Letters

Continued from page 116

TV in court is bad "into a *per se* constitutional rule." That was news, and that was what I was writing about.

HERBERT BRUCKER.

Hartford, Conn.

The Forgotten Non-Watcher

READING THE LETTERS to the Communications Editor in your July 10 issue has convinced me that there are a great number of people whose point of view has not been presented. I refer to the non-watchers, of which I am one.

I gave up on TV about three years ago. By that time the only thing worth watching, with a few notable exceptions, was the better and more imaginative commercials. I concluded that it was not sensible to sit through hours of tripe on the off chance that there might be a clever commercial. The result has been a wonderfully interesting and happy life with many outside interests.

The TV people claim that it is not true that their programing is pitched to the twelve-year-old mind, which may be true. All I know is that when I can't find anything better to do than watch TV I'll be in sad shape indeed. I recommend this course to all intelligent people. Maybe someday television will be so arranged that it can be enjoyed by a person of normal intelligence. But till then, I say kick the TV habit!

WILLIAM C. STARKWEATHER.

Rowayton, Conn.

RECENT ANNOUNCEMENTS by CBS and NBC relative to scheduling TV programs for "testing" the American public raise an interesting possibility. Such programs could conceivably be utilized for mass sampling of public opinion. These samplings could be on a large scale and could work somewhat like the CBS driver's test. Pros and cons of a national problem could be discussed; then the audience would vote on several potential solutions and mail their votes to several places throughout the U.S. Results could be quickly tabulated. It is possible that such an immediate response could possibly give the American people more direct influence in the government.

Several problems may be discerned in such a proposal, such as the potential radical shift in the philosophy of government with the voice of the people being heard immediately. Too, experts often possess more knowledge on various matters and are in a far better position to assay the effects of new courses of action than is the public. Though by having experts debate on TV before the vote takes place, part of this problem might be somewhat alleviated. Finally, one might contend that the public is not well informed enough to take an influential stand, that people wouldn't watch these programs after the first one or two, and that audience participation would be ridiculously low. All that must remain speculation until such time as this proposal might be tried. Although public-opinion polls have not noticeably affected government action, the results of these programs might. At any rate, even if the public whim is regarded as too temporal for serious consideration, these programs could serve as a widespread guidepost to the public's feelings and put the people's sentiments on record without the aid of polling agencies.

RICHARD ALLEN DRAPKIN.

Williamstown, Mass.

Failure of a Function?

R.L.T.'s EDITORIAL "Money, Merger, and Monopoly" [*SR*, July 10] has brought into focus the dichotomy of economic and journalistic aspects of contemporary American newspaper publishing. However, I seriously question the amalgamation of all newspapers – urban and suburban – under the same heading of journalism. Many suburban "newspapers" are dubiously placed under this classification. Some clearly fail in the function of enlightenment and are uneffective in improving the well-being of the community. Ostensibly, many are primarily motivated by the profit incentive.

STANISLAUS J. MARKIEWICZ.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

From a Normal Vidiot

WITH REGARD TO your August 14 editorial on loud commercials: As a normal slob vidiot I watch about six hours of television a week. The only exercise I get is getting up from the sofa to turn down the commercials for they are unquestionably much too loud. I called in to the stations a couple of times, but they explained it was impossible to predict the volume of the commercials before they played the tape and then they apologized. Later, a friend who is a disc jockey took me down to his studio and his engineer explained how much extra work it would be to find out how loud the commercial tape would be. It would take a good half-hour's effort. (Time is money and these guys make $1.50 an hour.)

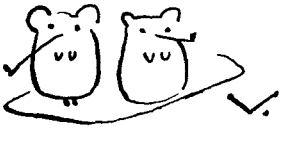
To keep from buying one of these Space-Command commercial cutters this engineer suggested that I fix up an outfit which he has—only on my set. Not only does it cut out loud commercials, but it depends upon their volume difference to cut them out! It also cuts out loud roars at football games, auto races, and variety shows. Maybe your *SR* reading public would be interested.

The only other serious alternative is to organize the viewing public by way of a magazine—such as *SR*, for instance—and actually make a weekly list of bad, objectionable, noisy, or otherwise nauseating commercials. There are such anticommercial organizations and the hope is to join one or let us know how to join one. Then I would make a point of telling my local businessmen why I am not buying such and such a product during this week. Another more grandiose possibility is to tax each commercial for the support of a noncommercial station to give the viewers some freedom of choice. Use part of the hair of the dog that bites you.

Commercials would hardly sell by themselves as entertainment. Until they do, the public is saddled with a nuisance that must be controlled. Best thing to do is withdraw and listen to good music—by record.

RICHARD D. JONES.

Tucson, Ariz.



SOME YEARS AGO I had a landlady who said sadly that she bought most of the products advertised on television, but none of them had been satisfactory. However, she indicated that she proposed to keep on trying. The fact is that she really paid attention only to the commercials. The content of a program was a matter of indifference, provided it was "exciting"—guns going off, lots of movement, shouting, and so on. There must be vast numbers like this good lady, for otherwise the broadcasting industry would long since have collapsed.

So, after brooding over your recent editorial discussion of commercials, I have evolved a plan for a revolutionary change in broadcasting procedures. Under regulations to be promulgated by the FCC or an industry "czar," sponsors will be required to separate their programs of entertainment, news, etc., from their commercials. All of the latter will be concentrated in "Bargain Opportunity Periods" of whatever length may be appropriate—fifteen minutes, a half-hour, or an hour. The sponsored programs will be allowed only a thirty-second statement at the beginning and the end, somewhat like this: "This program is (has been) presented by Cosmetronics, Inc., makers of such fine products as Rapture Soap for the girls who like to shower in public, Asphyxia, which really puts 'odor' in 'deodorant,' and Catastrophe, the radioactive detergent."

These new regulations will make everybody happy:

Viewers who dislike all commercials *per se*, and interruptions in programs they like, will at last have peace.

Viewers who enjoy commercials will revel in unadulterated advertising.

Manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers of TV sets will have sharp increases in sales.

Advertisers, and therefore broadcasters, too, will increase their profits, because commercials will have greatly expanded "exposure" to the real buying public.

E.D.W. [NAME WITHHELD]

New York, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dickinson: "I taste a liquor never brew'd," "A route of evanescence," "If I can stop one heart from breaking." 2. Frost: "The Cottage," "Stopping by Woods," "An Oven Bird." 3. Shelley: "The Cloud," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark." 4. Tennyson: songs from *The Princess*. 5. Christina Rossetti: "Eve." 6. Blake: "Auguries of Innocence." 7. Shakespeare: *The Tempest* ("Where the bee sucks"). 8. Yeats: "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "Lapis Lazuli," "Leda and the Swan." 9. Watts: "Against Idleness and Mischief," "Sincere Praise," "A Cradle Hymn." 10. Whitman: "Song of Myself," "Song of Myself," "A Noiseless Patient Spider."

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(Continued on page 134)

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(Continued from page 133)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1641

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

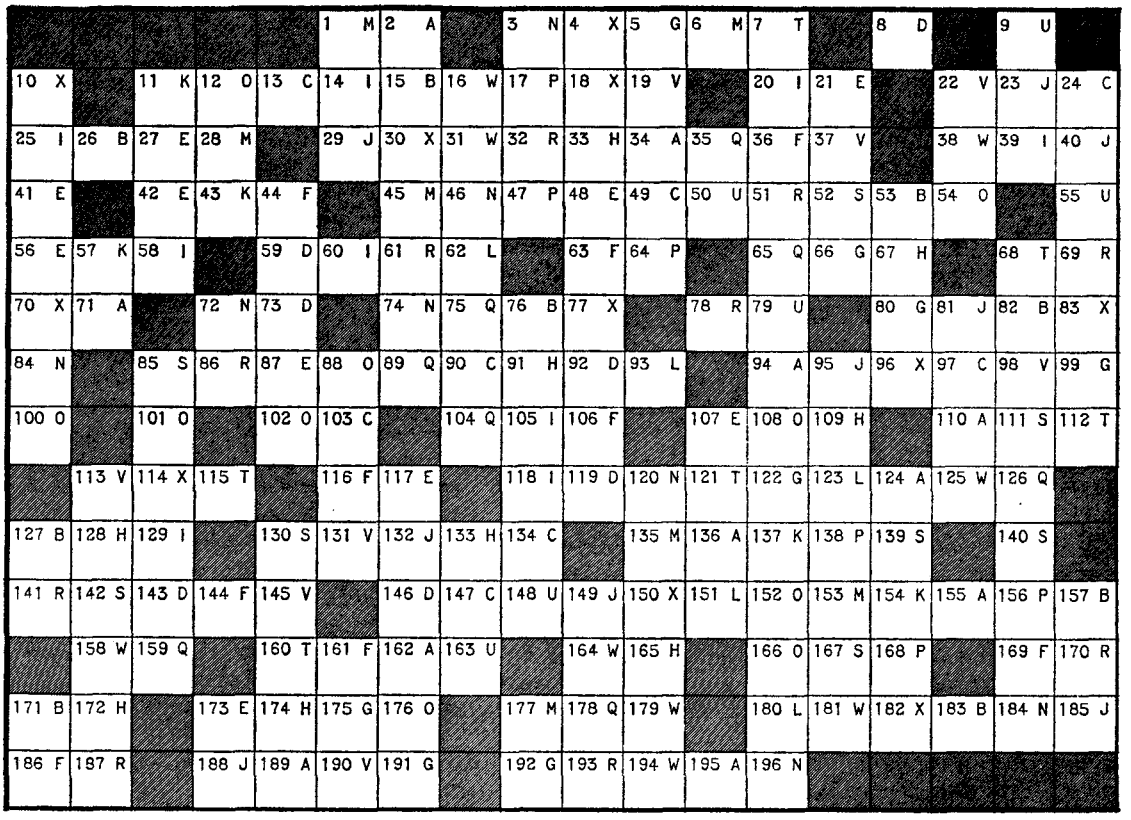
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Epithet applied to Dr. John Broadus Watson from 1925 for his psychological pronouncements.	136 195 34 110 162 155 189 94 124 71 2
B. Phrase accepted as placing a girl after her debutante party (2 wds.)	183 157 76 127 53 82 15 26 171
C. Rather small, hardy fowls of Mediterranean breed.	97 49 13 90 103 147 24 134
D. Departed in the direction of (2 wds.)	92 119 8 73 59 146 143
E. Music passage of tender, sentimental style.	56 48 117 173 41 42 87 27 107 21
F. See WORD L.	169 63 116 144 161 106 186 36 44
G. In similar manner; loosely, also.	5 122 191 175 80 66 192 99
H. Of the nature of a digression.	133 67 33 128 165 172 91 174 109
I. Something or someone fit, suitable, proper (2 wds.)	129 60 14 39 58 25 105 118 20
J. Mountain range of S California, running east and west.	188 95 185 40 29 81 149 132 23
K. Great multitudes.	43 137 57 154 11
L. Followed by WORD F, My Fair Lady.	62 93 151 123 180
M. Choral composition arranged in somewhat dramatic manner, sacred or secular.	45 153 28 6 135 177 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Special Scottish celebration of New Year's Eve.	84 46 184 74 120 196 72 3
O. Smaller than common, proper, normal, or average.	12 176 100 54 88 166 101 152 108 102
P. Residential suburb of Baltimore.	64 138 168 17 156 47
Q. Knots of hair, natural or artificial, worn at back or top of the head.	89 178 35 126 104 75 159 65
R. Common and essential chemical combination which has been made to contain more deuterium oxide than usual (2 wds.)	86 51 69 61 187 141 170 78 193 32
S. Where the early gunman registered each victim (3 wds.)	167 52 140 111 142 139 85 130
T. What Professor Higgins set himself to do with WORDS L and F.	121 7 68 112 160 115
U. Following *The*, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's hair-raising tale founded on fact.	55 79 9 148 163 50
V. Where that church is situated, to which evangelists summon their hearers.	22 98 37 145 113 131 190 19
W. Things intricate or involved.	158 125 194 164 181 31 38 179 16
X. Divination by means of ashes, esp. those from an altar.	77 18 96 30 10 114 182 4 150 83 70

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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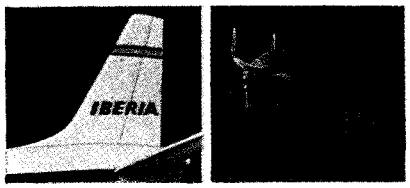

THE PLACE TO GO
THE WAY TO GET THERE

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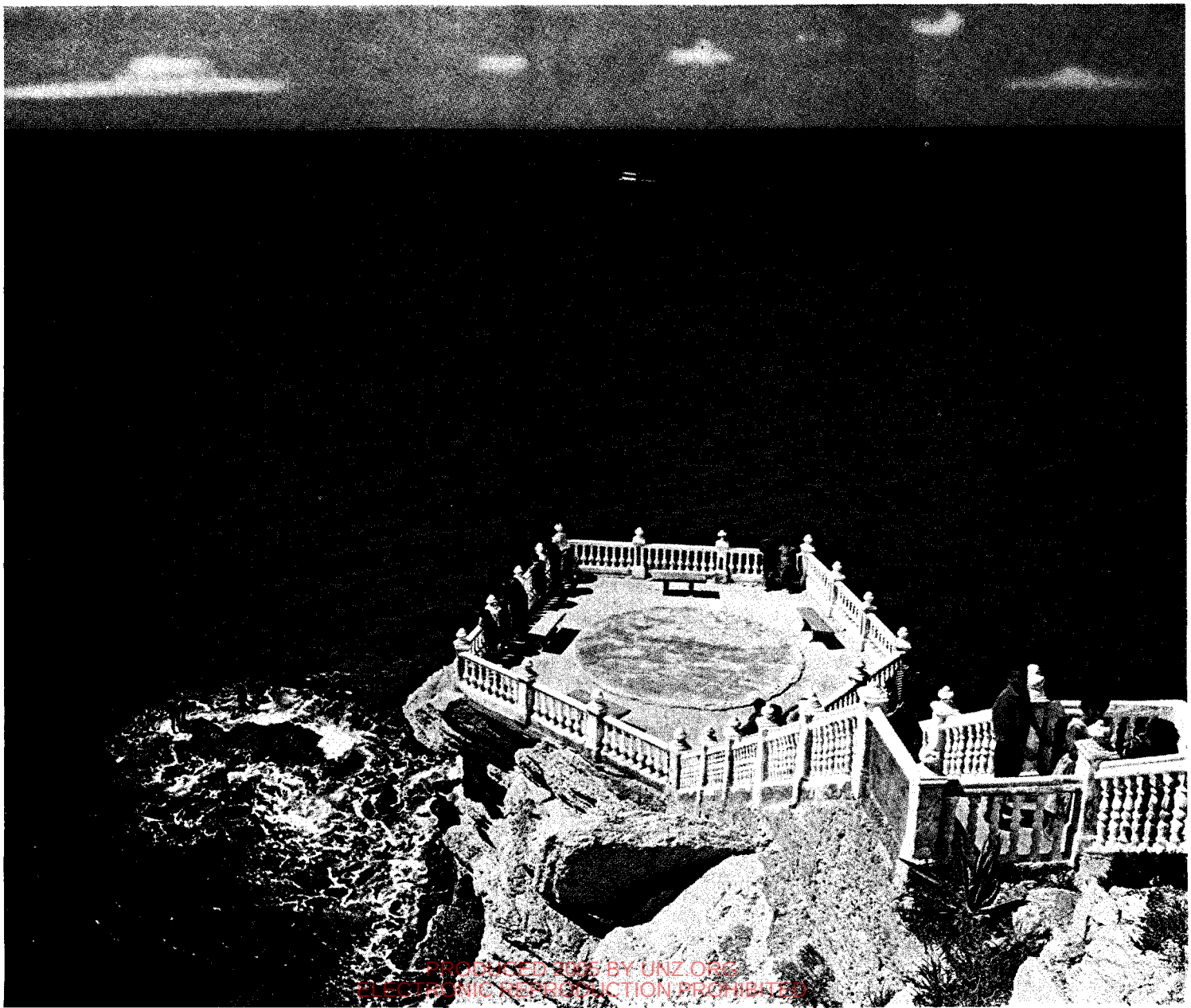

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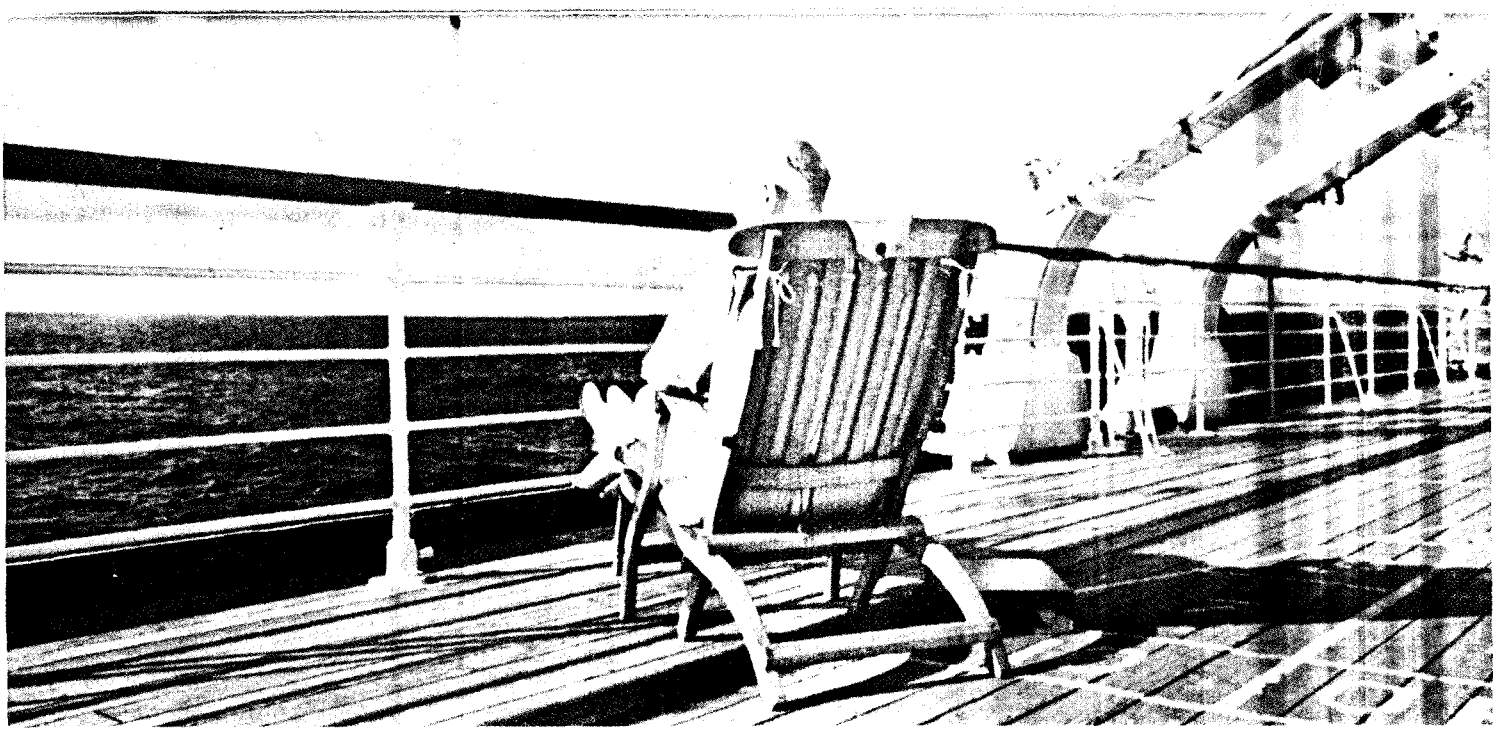
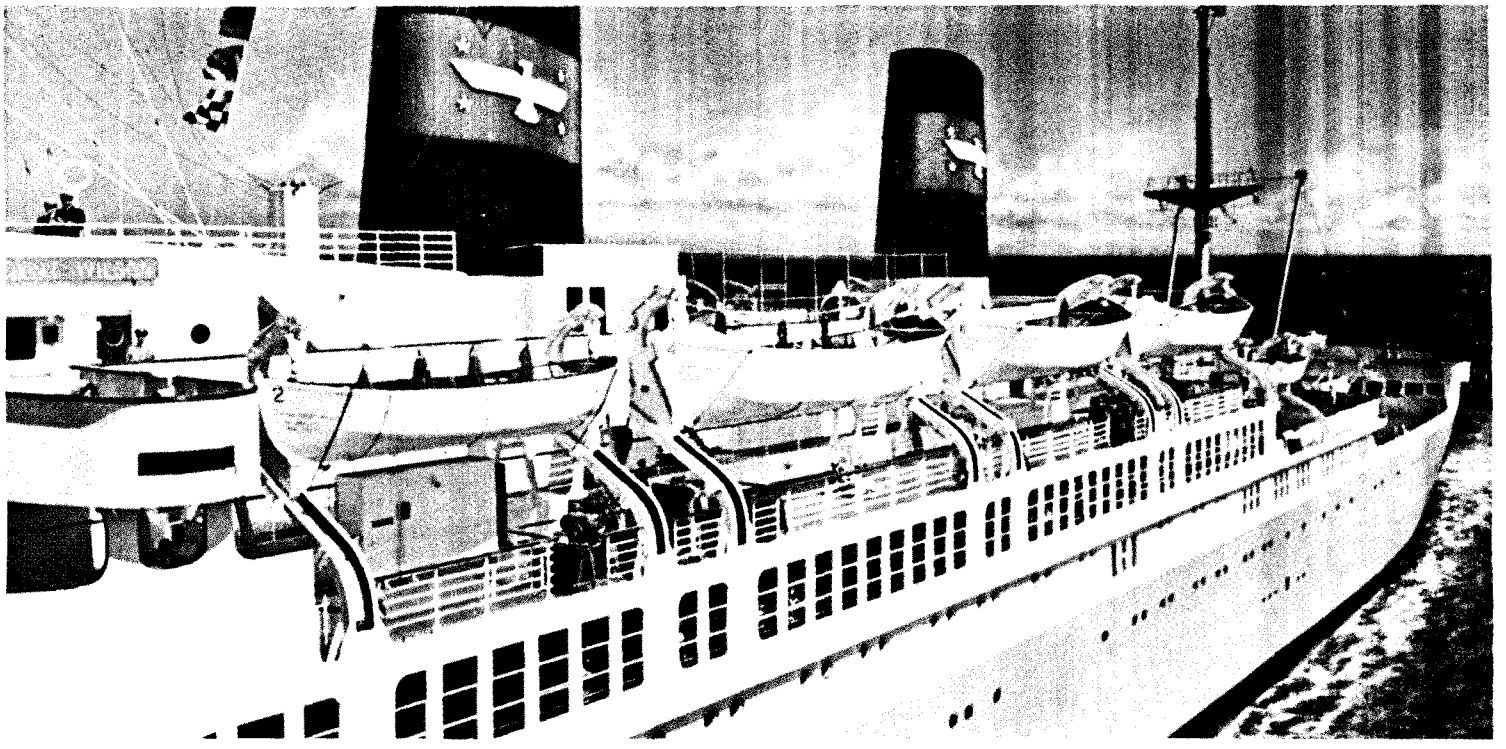


Why the man in Cabin 54



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